





THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR

N. J. COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

VOLUME I
AUG 27 1947



N. J. COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
NUMBER 1-4

FEB 27 1947

LIBRARY

Winter 1947—
Autumn 1947

LIBRARY

Education for Conversation, *Max Radin*

Timber King, *Richard G. Lillard*

The Breakdown of Intellectual Communication, *Louis B. Wright*

Prelude to Bikini, *Hugh Hildreth Skilling*

The Columbus Legend, *Francis R. Johnson*

The Decline of the Professional American Theatre, *Hubert C. Heffner*

Can Law Supplant Force in International Affairs? *A. C. Krey*

The Time of William Saroyan's Life, *Frederic I. Carpenter*

If We Shadows Have Offended, *Robert Hamilton Ball*

The Sick American Novel, *Sophus Keith Winther*

Shaw: Ironist or Paradoctor? *Alan Reynolds Thompson*

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Stanford University, California

214
new

Ref.
Period.

THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR

Editors

JOHN W. DODDS, *Chairman*

WALLACE STEGNER

GEORGE R. STEWART

DIXON WECTER

LOUIS B. WRIGHT

EDITH R. MIRRIELES, *Managing Editor*

The Pacific Spectator is published quarterly for the Pacific Coast Committee for the Humanities by Stanford University Press. Correspondence regarding contributions and other editorial matters should be sent to Miss Edith R. Mirrieles, Managing Editor, Box 1948, Stanford University, California.

Subscriptions, changes of address, and all correspondence relating to business matters should be addressed to Stanford University Press, Stanford University, California.

The subscription price of *The Pacific Spectator* is \$3.50 per year, single copies are \$1.00 each.

Foreign agents: Great Britain, Oxford University Press, Amen House, Warwick Square, London EC4, England; Latin America, Henry M. Snyder and Co., 440 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, New York.

Application for entry as second-class matter is pending.

COPYRIGHT 1947 BY THE PACIFIC COAST COMMITTEE FOR THE HUMANITIES

Printed in the U.S.A.

Stanford University, California

THE SPECTATOR'S AUTHORS

MAX RADIN ("Education for Conversation"), Boalt Professor of Law at the University of California, is the author of *Handbook of Anglo-American Legal History*, *The Law and Mr. Smith*, *Law as Logic and Experience*, and many other books and articles. A piece of fiction, *The Day of Reckoning*, published in 1943, foretold far in advance of Nuernberg the trial and conviction of German leaders.

RICHARD G. LILLARD ("Timber King") is the co-author of *America in Fiction*, author of *Desert Challenge: An Interpretation of Nevada* and of numerous articles in *Pacific Historical Review*, *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, *American Literature*, and other periodicals. He is also author of a study of the part played in American life, past and present, by the forests east of the Mississippi River. During seven summers he worked for the U.S. Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine in the sugar-pine forests of the Sierra Nevada Range. In February Mr. Lillard joins the faculty of the University of California at Los Angeles.

LOUIS B. WRIGHT ("The Breakdown of Intellectual Communication"), a member of the Permanent Research Group of the Huntington Library, editor of *The Huntington Library Quarterly*, and associate editor of the *Journal of the History of Ideas*,

prefaced a career as university professor and historian with several years as newspaper editor. He is the author of many historical studies of English and American culture. As editor and as consultant of various research foundations, he has had an unusual opportunity of observing the phenomenon of intellectual obscurantism about which he writes.

HUGH HILDRETH SKILLING ("Prelude to Bikini") is professor of electrical engineering at Stanford University. He is the author of two books and two dozen articles, all on technical subjects, but "Prelude to Bikini" is personal and nontechnical. It is taken from letters that he sent home while sailing to Bikini with American and United Nations observers on the U.S.S. *Panamint*.

FRANCIS R. JOHNSON ("The Columbus Legend"), associate professor of English literature at Stanford University, is the author of *Astronomical Thought in Renaissance England* and of numerous studies of the thought and writing of the sixteenth century. His especial interest is in the history of scientific thought in this period.

The general heading ("Tradition and the Skeptic") under which Dr. Johnson's article appears is one which will be used from time to time in later issues of *The Spectator* for brief articles which correct, as does this one, some

(Continued on page 132)

THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR

A Journal of Interpretation

Editorial Statement

"Your knowledge is nothing unless another understands it." — PERSIUS, *Satires*, I, 27

The Pacific Spectator, which begins with this issue, is published under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Committee for the Humanities, a group appointed by the American Council of Learned Societies to advance the work of the humanities in the Far West by encouraging scholarship and research and by fostering interest and activity in literature and the fine arts. The journal numbers among its sponsors twenty West Coast colleges and universities and a group of interested individuals.

The Pacific Spectator has for its purpose the interpretation and discussion of enduring human values, past and present, which have found expression in literature and the arts. It also proposes to concern itself with history in its human implications, to treat of men and events as they affect intellectual and social currents.

The Pacific Spectator hopes to persuade specialists to write of their fields of knowledge in a way that will interest intelligent men and women. The editors are determined to produce a magazine not dominated by any coterie or group predisposed to a particularized creed—æsthetic, social, or political. They insist that every contributor to the journal shall have something to say which is likely to interest and inform his readers and that he shall say it with clarity and as much felicity as he can achieve. Occasionally the magazine will reproduce some pertinent comment from the past, bearing upon the present world.

Edited and published in the West, *The Pacific Spectator* could not—even if it would—avoid the influence of its environment, but it will not be confined to Western topics. The sponsors propose that it shall serve as a spokesman for humanistic interests in the West and for similar interests everywhere.

Many readers may be occasional contributors. The editors will welcome such manuscripts. They will also be glad to receive constructive criticism. No publication reaches its full usefulness unless the insight of its editors can be supplemented by the judgment of its informed readers.

EDUCATION FOR CONVERSATION

Max Radin

THE QUESTION WHICH serves me as a text was asked by a young Southern lady of her Northern schoolmistress. She was a very proper young lady and it was a very proper school. The purpose of the school was to train the daughters of select Southern families to be ladies, and being ladies was understood in a definite if traditional fashion. It meant leading a life in which women were expected to dress elegantly and look beautiful in order to receive the purposive courtship of young gentlemen, and in which, after they were married, they were to spend such time as was left over from household duties in dressing well and looking beautiful, in order to receive the less purposive courtship of older gentlemen.

"Miss Gregg," asked the young Southern lady, "why do we study physical geography? My mother says you can never use it in conversation."

The young lady, I think, was perfectly right. The school would have been a better school for all purposes if all its subjects had been selected by the test she adopted, and not by the usual test—if there is any usual test. At any rate, the system and theory implied would have led somewhere. And if the people she was training herself to converse with were intelligent and humane persons, her life, and the world in which it was to be passed, would have been eminently satisfactory.

For it is quite evident that our existing education is extremely bad. We shall not agree on what makes it bad, but there is something decidedly wrong with it. The older generation complains of the deplorable education of the younger, the oncoming generation; and the younger generation, while contemptuous of the education its predecessors have received, has very little to say in favor of its own.

There is one type of education that has been tried ever since civilization began and has always been successful. That is what may be called technical education, the education in a craft requiring a certain amount of skill. Someone, several thousand centuries ago, discovered how to

chip flints and showed other men how to do so. And at the first differentiation of the arts of life, those who were most adept at any particular one were called upon most frequently to train other persons—especially younger persons—to acquire their adeptness.

The method of teaching that was first employed, the method that is still employed, the only successful method, is a simple one. It may be called the method of supervised imitation. The apprentice watches the craftsman work and is required to do what he sees done. His efforts are clumsy and unsuccessful at first but increase in effectiveness by practice until he can successfully produce the commodities his master produces. If the process is a complicated one, each stage of it is often isolated and is practiced separately until the apprentice knows them all singly or in combination. And if the process becomes very complicated indeed, the order in which these stages are to be practiced, the several preliminary combinations of them, will vary a good deal. There will consequently be great dispute about methods, but the disputes will not be about the essential method, which is that one learns to do by doing. The only purpose which supervision, admonition, or formal instruction can have is to suggest how mistakes can be avoided, or preliminary processes shortened. There is no reason why the apprentice should not be told, once for all, what the master may have painfully acquired by trial and error.

It is, as I have suggested, a very ancient method. As a matter of fact, it is hard to imagine any other. The most delicate surgery, the manipulation of monstrous telescopes, the manufacture of complicated engines, are all like flint-chipping in this one essential respect. The people who do these things successfully have been taught their business by watching some other person do it successfully, and by imitating him either directly or by the painful and slow practice of segregated stages of the process they are learning.

The one sufficient reason why this method of education has been so immediately and permanently successful is that at all times the purpose of the training was clear and apparent. The shoemaker taught his apprentice how to make shoes; the smith, how to work the bellows and shape the iron. It was concrete, definite, and unmistakable, and both master and apprentice knew what they wanted.

Not only was the purpose apparent, but the success of the process was determined with equal sureness. Was the apprentice properly edu-

cated? He was, if he could turn out a wearable pair of shoes or hammer a horseshoe on a hoof. If he could not, he had not been successfully taught—he was uneducated as far as his craft went. There were no qualifications, excuses, or mitigations. There was no such thing as a moral success in the matter. Either he knew his business or he did not. If he knew it, there was the concrete evidence. What he had been taught he knew; and if he knew, he must have been taught, for it could come to him in no other way.

The success of this method of education is so unquestioned that recurrently it is revived in one form or another as a modern and triumphant system. It becomes the Lancaster method in one generation, the Montessori in another. It is the method that gives the Dewey schools their special character. Indeed it is the method that makes all modern schools modern. One learns how to do things by doing them under greater or less supervision.

Only, the success depends on knowing what one wants to do.

Not everybody wants to be a smith or a cobbler. Only a few do. And the method by which they can be trained is open to them at once. But this method fails completely if there is nothing we want to do, or if we do not know what we want to do, or if what we want to do cannot be learned by supervised imitation of someone else.

Now, it is easy to imagine a society in which no other education exists than this specialized training that I have mentioned. Cobblers learn to cobble, tailors to sew, bakers to bake. And those who have no occasion to cobble or sew or bake can recline on couches and watch the sunset, or gather manna from the ground, or pick the fruit of the breadfruit tree. Every member of the society will acquire from casual contact, or learn over again in his own generation by personal experience, what he needs to know about the group to which he belongs in order to make it possible for him to function in it. Imitation will of course play a large part in this process of learning, but it will not be a supervised imitation, and hence if it is education at all it will not be the same kind of education as the other.

While it is easy to imagine such a society, most modern societies have refused to be of this sort. They have insisted that over and above the special education which makes cobblers and smiths and tailors, there must be a general education which makes men and citizens. And while that sounds like a definite purpose, so that education for it is logically as conceivable as training to be a blacksmith, it has one unfortunate but

ineradicable defect. We know what a blacksmith does and therefore we can supervise those who wish to become smiths. We are not quite sure what people do when they are just generally men and citizens.

There ought evidently to be different words for the technical training which fits us to do a particular skilled piece of business and the general training which fits us to be men and citizens. We have long used the term education for the latter and it is perhaps too bad—although inevitable—that the term was extended to the type of special training, a type best exemplified by the medieval apprenticeship. And as nothing is more tiresome and futile than the attempt to limit the meaning of words in common use, we shall doubtless have to continue to use education in both senses. However, education standing quite alone does after all usually imply general education, so that it will be necessary to use a qualifying adjective only when we mean technical education or apprenticeship.

Perhaps it may be well to note that the application of the term “education” to apprenticeship was an attempt to dignify the latter and was a part of the democratic revolt against the domination of a caste. In the same way, the attempt to withdraw apprenticeship from education will be taken as an attempt to degrade the former and will be resisted for that reason as well. Evidently, the notions of degradation and elevation are due to the historical accidents of European economic development and depend upon the fact that, in the main, until the middle of the nineteenth century only persons of inferior social status were trained for special tasks. We can, I believe, with an effort remove these notions from our mind completely, and we shall perhaps be able to do so more readily if we remember that any type of skill, from laying bricks to constructing bridges, from calculating orbits to sweeping streets, can today be acquired only by the same kind of education—a longer or shorter apprenticeship under a master who already knows how to do it.

But what of our general education, our education proper? How are we to manage that, and why is our present way of managing it so unsatisfactory? Was it ever successfully managed?

If we answer our last question first, we should perhaps be compelled to say, “No. Never quite successfully.” But at least there was a time when, if practice had kept pace with theory, it was possible to imagine a general education being successfully administered. That was during what the French call the High Middle Age, the acme of the Middle Ages, the thirteenth century, let us say. Then, except for a few excluded

groups, everyone was trained to a particular kind of skill. The nobles were trained to fight; the townsmen to carry on crafts; the peasant, free or servile, to till the ground. This was in every case a type of apprenticeship although it was not so called for the military caste. But over and above being a guildsman or a knight or a peasant, every man had another aspect. He was not, properly speaking, a citizen, but he was a member of a society that theoretically included the whole world and actually did include most of western and central Europe. He was a Christian.

Being a Christian meant something definite. It meant preparation for an eternal life in another and perfect world. The rules for this preparation were clear and precise, and whatever doubt arose about the rules could at once be authoritatively resolved under the guidance of an inspired priestly caste or clergy. There was no logical or theoretical reason why education of this sort should not be as completely successful as the more technical apprenticeship.

How and where this broke down is apparent. It failed just as soon as a great many persons doubted the reality of the other world and therefore the desirability of preparing for it, or when they ceased to be sure of how it was to be prepared for, or when they ceased to be sure of the authority of the clergy. In our present society, in any of its political units, it would be almost impossible to find any considerable group of persons who would agree on these three things, and agreement is essential. Least of all in the United States would there be such a considerable body of agreement.

The purpose of our general education, therefore, is still sadly to seek, and the fact that this is so is undoubtedly the real reason for our dissatisfaction with our present methods, just as we know that these present methods were adopted because we were dissatisfied with our former methods.

There is one general skill which all human beings must have if they are to live in communities—and they cannot help living in communities. They must be able to communicate. In small communities speech is enough for that, and speech they will learn of themselves by imitation without much supervision and therefore without much education. However, in larger communities speech is not enough. They must learn to read and write, and that is a skill which cannot be readily acquired without definite training. We may accordingly say that, as a citizen, a man must know how to read and write, and our education—all types of educa-

tion—begins with this or includes it in a very early stage. It would obviously be absurd to pretend that we could do without it. We are agreed that an educated man—today—must know his letters.

But unfortunately that is about as far as agreement goes. On anything additional, disputes are violent and acrimonious, and it is apparently impossible to convince or disprove any claim since the easy test of success is not available. We know when a cobbler is successfully trained—his shoes are evidence. But we do not know, outside of literacy, whether a man has been educated, because we do not know what we want him to do in order to prove it.

That is why the Southern young lady's theory impressed me. A thing was good to teach if it was good for conversation. That meant that you would have to learn it well enough to remember it, and to remember it for a relatively long time, because you could not tell when you would have a chance to use it. And the theory—she would be astonished to hear it called so—had a number of other implications.

Perhaps we shall see what they are when we consider two other examples of education. Whether we can call them successful or not, I am not sure, but in both cases they formed the type of education which a successful class received. The two classes in question were first, the Chinese mandarins, particularly during the Ming and Ch'ing (Manchu) dynasties from A.D. 1300 to 1900; and second, the ruling class of England, the landed aristocracy, between the time of Elizabeth and Edward VII, that is from about 1560 to 1900.

The education of a mandarin has been proverbial for futility. He studied with ferocious intensity for years and then was subjected to a most exacting written examination in which ludicrously minute precautions were taken to prevent fraud. But he studied only Chinese literature, the classic literature, poetic, philosophic, and ritualistic. Not only was an enormous amount of this committed to memory, but a very large part was played by the capacity to write things of the same sort, using only the words and the style of the classic literature.

Success in the examination was the sole avenue to preferment and social position, and since China had no hereditary nobility, entrance into the Mandarin class was intensely desired.

Now, it is quite evident that there is no direct connection between being able to recite and to write fine poetry and the capacity to rule a province. And without entering into a moot question of psychological

controversy, it would be practically impossible to show any indirect connection. We may take it, therefore, that whatever this education prepared them for, it was not for the task of administering the country, although only persons so educated were allowed to administer it.

If we turn to the English experience, we have approximately the same thing, although it is not so definite and clear-cut. The country, and later the Empire, was administered by English gentlemen, most of whom went to one of the famous endowed schools like Eton, Harrow, Winchester, or Rugby, and a great many of whom went to Oxford or Cambridge. In these places they learned almost exclusively Latin and Greek literature, some mathematics, and a little Greek philosophy. And as in China, a very large part was played by committing to memory and reciting verses—in this case Latin and Greek verses—and a small part was played by writing Latin and Greek verses modeled on those of the classic poets.

Once more, there is no real connection between the preparation and the task ostensibly prepared for. And although rationalizing schoolmasters professed to find a connection in the generalized judgment, taste, restraint, and acuteness this exercise was alleged to produce, I do not believe that they convinced themselves. They did not really convince their pupils and they hopelessly failed to convince the iconoclasts of the nineteenth century who knocked their educational system about their ears.

The curious thing about both the Chinese and the English experiences is that the tasks to which these men, so curiously and irrelevantly educated, were set, were very well performed indeed. Doubtless that will be questioned as far as the Chinese mandarins are concerned, but it ought not to be. There has been a tradition in the West that the mandarins were almost uniformly incompetent, cruel, and rapacious, but this silly legend is of the same sort as that other silly Western legend about the exceptional ferocity of the Mohammedan conquests and about the war cry "The Koran or the sword!" The facts, soberly examined, show the opposite. With due qualifications and with proper comparison with other parts of the world, the vast Chinese Empire in these six centuries or more, was well managed by the mandarins who had been taught poetry and philosophy and little else.

About the English experience, there will probably be less question. There was a great deal of corruption in the eighteenth century but very

little in the nineteenth, and during the whole time there was a high average of competence and a most extraordinary success. The success in either case may be accounted for in a great many different ways, one theory being as acceptable as another. Almost the only thing that cannot be assigned as a reason is the irrelevant and remote education which the administrators received.

But this education had one enormous advantage—it made communication between members of the ruling class (largely hereditary in England, slightly hereditary in China) far easier. Men who had received this education knew when they met other educated men that they would find persons as much like themselves as a common training could make possible. They knew that the words they used would have a large number of similar associations; their allusions would be understood; their imperfectly expressed ideas would seem at least partially intelligible.

We must not forget that not only is all speech symbolic rather than fully significant, but that within any particular group speech is largely elliptical and suggestive. There is a great deal of shorthand and signpost about it. We expect to be understood without being thoroughly explicit in everything we say. We want our ellipses filled out, our symbols recognized, and the places to which our signposts point so well known that we do not actually have to go there. The more highly educated members of a group are, the more they will speak by ellipsis, suggestion, and sign-pointing, and the more generally satisfactory their intercourse will be.

The education therefore of Chinese and English mandarins had no relation whatever to the work they had to do as mandarins. It did not in the least fit them for their business. For that, they doubtless received the usual technical training, somewhat disguised, it is true, but none the less a real apprenticeship. Each one served in a subordinate capacity for a time, and was either definitely instructed in his duties by his superiors or protected against common errors by older clerks. In any case, he learned by doing under some sort of supervision.

What his education did prepare him for was to meet members of his own class and be able to communicate with them easily and fully. He could not help meeting them, and he would normally meet very few people except them. If he were by any chance uneducated or poorly educated, he would be somewhat at a loss and correspondingly unhappy. He might be no worse a mandarin because of that, but he would be a

less successful man and citizen, in these portions of his time when he was acting only as a man and a citizen.

It was therefore not the fact that all the mandarins studied literature and philosophy which prepared them for their nonofficial life, but the fact that they studied the same literature and philosophy. Or, more correctly, that they learned the same things, whatever they were. Physical Geography would do as well as Horace or Li Po. If everybody had learned Physical Geography, then, instead of a quotation from Horace it might be an apt allusion to the turbulence of streams or to climatic variations which would enrich discourse and warm the cockles of a comrade's heart. It really made little difference what it was, so long as most people had a common fund of information about it.

Obviously this does not mean that they spoke of nothing except literature and philosophy, any more than people speak exclusively of grammar and vocabulary just because they use the same rules of grammar and the same vocabulary. The educated English and Chinese may have spoken of anything that came into their heads or was suggested by the circumstances, but they spoke with more or less reference to the ideas, images, and associations that were in their minds, and a large proportion of those were the same in all their minds.

Can that be done for a whole community which was done with tolerable success for a class within it? One may ask, why not? All the members of a community must communicate with each other, and if an education can be devised which will fit them to do so, that education has at once partially justified itself. And there seems to be no escaping from the fact that if they were all taught the same things they would certainly be able to communicate much more readily and fully.

Education for conversation seems a petty and low ideal. It is certainly low compared to the lofty ideals that have been announced in past times and in present as the goal of educational systems. It is a low ideal compared to education as preparation for eternal life in a perfect world. It is a low ideal compared to education for citizenship, for truth, for virtue, for service, for humanity, for the improvement of the race, for making the world a better place for our children, for any of the splendid things which so many people insist shall be the sole basis of an educational system. But our difficulty is that we do not know how to prepare people for these magnificent functions, and we have at least two examples to prove that we can prepare people for the relatively humdrum and pedestrian

business of communicating easily—of conversing in the ancient and the modern sense of the word.

It is quite true that nothing is so freely professed as the ability to train for truth, for citizenship, for life, for humanity, or similar ends. But when the plans are published, and still more when they are put in practice, they turn out to fall astoundingly short of attaining the purposes claimed. The point seems to be that these large ideals are fostered by qualities of mind and character like courage, kindness, sympathy, intelligence, and unselfishness—qualities which we cannot always define and which we certainly cannot systematically teach.

Of course there are a great many who cling to the famous educational theory that qualities can be taught by the simple process of abstracting them from the acts which involved them, or transferring them from one set of facts to a different one. A boy can learn to be brave in general by bravely tackling a difficult problem in arithmetic; or to be self-sacrificing by giving up his piece of pie to his comrade. Modern psychologists have scouted this theory and have had their objections scouted in their turn by conservative psychologists. Which is right, as a matter of psychological theory, we need not examine, but it is quite evident that none of the methods hitherto used in schools or elsewhere have made people virtuous, kind, or brave, because the majority of persons, however trained or educated, have not exhibited these qualities.

We must, I think, make up our minds that if people can be made virtuous, kind, and brave, it will not be by systematic general education. Some other ways of managing it may possibly be devised, but they will concern the whole organization of society in all its details. It will not be a matter in which schools will play as large a part as schoolmasters have declared and solemn reformers have hoped. The only things that we can teach systematically are two kinds of capacity—first, the capacity to do a skilled task successfully, which we teach by making the pupil do it; and second, the capacity to converse with others, communicate with others, which we teach by giving all those who are to communicate a common range of words, ideas, and information which they can assume to be constantly present in men's minds.

Will this produce a standardized uniformity? Doubtless, if general education could really create qualities of character. But that is apparently what it does not do. What it can do is to give educated men a social instrument which they will use as their personal character and impulses lead

them to use it but which has, as its primary purpose, the task of making intercourse facile. There can be no talk of standardizing by means of education when the purpose of the education is not life, or regulating conduct, or effectuating ideals, but merely making possible fuller communication between man and man.

The objection that the old type of education stifled individuality is surely not to be taken seriously. Perhaps individuality can be stifled, although an unmistakable case of such stifling would be hard to show. An artisan learns by imitating his master, but if that is all that any apprentice ever did, we should still be chipping flints. Evidently the apprentice must strive to do something better than his master, although of the same kind, or, it may be, something of a better kind serving the same purpose. At any rate, his imitation must never be exact. Somewhere, somehow, he must try to go beyond his master.

What is true of the artisan is doubly true of the artist, and any one who likes may formulate the distinction between the two. Individuality may conceivably be stifled if a hard and dominating master resents and tries to prevent any departure from what he himself has done and has taught. It may be that such a master could do it, but even that is doubtful. At any rate, it is under such circumstances that the stifling can take place.

Educated men, then, are men for whom full communication is possible, but evidently if they are merely educated they will not be particularly useful citizens. A man is useful when he is engaged in some sort of activity, professional, artistic, or economic. Most men must be engaged in some such activity or else they cannot live at all, since they must earn their living by these activities—"make their living" as it is quite commonly and properly called. A very few are under no compulsion to do so, but even these find it advisable to have some special business in the world, if only to save themselves from being bored.

Now, for these activities, the education I have been mentioning will not prepare us at all. Indeed, it makes no pretense to. To be useful a man must be trained, exercised, apprenticed, just as soon as he has determined what useful things he wants to do or must do. It must be a useful thing or he could not make his living by it. And this purposive, directed training may begin at any stage of his development. It may be attempted side by side with his general education. It may come after it. It may conceivably come before it, although that is rare and of dubious

advantage. But this we must remember: it is extremely unlikely that the same sort of training will serve both purposes. To say that a man can be educated as well by repairing a machine as by reading Homer involves a great confusion of ideas. If he repairs a machine, he will learn how to repair other machines. If he reads Homer, he will learn how to read other Greek poets. And if the purpose were technical in both senses, and it might well be, either would serve equally well as apprenticeships for an expert in machines and an expert in Greek poetry. But education is achieved not by what either expert learns in order to equip himself for his job, but by what all men learn, whether expert or not. Either machine-repairing or Greek would do, if all of them had it, and what would make it do is the fact that they all had it.

What should this common education consist of? I should myself prefer Greek to machine-repairing, because I already know some Greek and I do not know machine-repairing at all, and I am afraid I am too old to learn it. And I fancy if I were made Commissar for Education with absolute powers, I should use Greek to educate the new generation rather than machine-repairing. That may be the crassest prejudice, although I think this preference could be rationalized more readily than the reverse. But that has nothing to do with our present argument.

One thing, however, must be insisted upon. If anything is learned for purposes of conversation, it must really be learned. It must be well-enough learned to be permanently remembered; it will not do to have learned it and forgotten it. The disciplinary value of learning, if there is one, is equally unimportant. The purpose of education is to be mutually and fully intelligible, and we are not intelligible if we have forgotten what the symbols or signposts mean that those about us constantly use. In technical training things need not be learned for keeps. If a man can do the thing he has been trained to do, it makes no difference whether he does or does not remember the exercises he took at some stage of his training in order to enable him to do it. But for his education proper he learns for keeps, or there is no sense in his learning at all, and there is no point in asking him to learn anything unless it is meant that he should retain it.

I think the young Southern lady—I have forgotten her name—should rank at least with Rousseau and Pestalozzi. In one respect, I believe she should rank higher. She had a clearer notion of what she was about than either of them.

TIMBER KING

Richard G. Lillard

FREDERICK WEYERHAEUSER was one of the great industrial captains of the Gilded Age. During a period when civilization followed the sawmill, Weyerhaeuser stood pre-eminent among lumbermen. He is the biggest single man in the long story of harvesting the American forests. But he is also one of the least known. For no other distinguished American is information so scanty. When he died in 1914 the only reliable survey of his whole life was the latest entry in *Who's Who in America*:

WEYERHAEUSER, Frederick, capitalist; *b.* Niedersaulheim, Germany, November 21, 1834; *s.* John and Katherine (Gäbel) W.; came to U.S., 1852, and located in Pa., removed to Ill., 1856; *m.* Elizabeth Bladel, of Erie, Pa., Oct. 11, 1857 (died, Nov. 29, 1911). Went to St. Paul, 1891, engaged extensively in lumber business; commonly known as the "lumber king." Pres. Weyerhaeuser Timber Co. and various other lumber cos., and head of the so-called "Weyerhaeuser Syndicate"; also extensively interested in timber lands and many business enterprises. *Home*: 266 Summit Av. *Office*: Nat. German-Am. Bank Bldg., St. Paul.

The obituary notices in the newspapers added a few details to this barren summary but little more of significance. Most readers had never heard of him, and to many of those who had he was only a vague part of "the mysterious octopus"—the mythical lumber trust.

He was not a splashy capitalist. His biography had appeared glamorized in few of the vanity publications of the day, such as *Prominent Men of the Great West*. *Who's Who in America* had ignored him until its third volume. A magazine article said he was "richer than Rockefeller," but he was never muckraked as the oil king was. He never became involved in bribery scandals as did Senators Isaac Stephenson and Philetus Sawyer, Wisconsin lumbermen, or Edward Hines, the Chicago lumber dealer, who helped buy William Lorimer into the Senate. He was never accused of land frauds as were C. A. Smith of Minnesota and Oregon and

many other "looters of the public domain." Nor did he ever attract attention by making conspicuous cultural benefactions, as did Thomas B. Walker in Minneapolis.

Today, a third of a century after his death, Weyerhaeuser firms are mighty factors in the life of the upper Mississippi Valley and the Pacific Northwest, and the Weyerhaeusers are perhaps the richest family in St. Paul, but the founding grandfather remains in prominent obscurity. He does not appear in the *Dictionary of American Biography* or in accounts of American economic history. The Minnesota and Wisconsin historical societies have virtually no material about him. Until the family archives in St. Paul are opened to a biographer or historian, there will be a large gap in the story of the lumber industry during the boom days when it ranked in importance with iron and railroads. At present any appraisal of his achievement must rest on incomplete and scattered data and claim no more than tentative conclusions.

In its outline his life is the familiar tale of the poor but hard-working immigrant boy who combines piety and acumen and makes good. He was born in a little Hessian hill town and grew up ever conscious of the need for thrift, temperance, and hard work. His father was raising a large family on a fifteen-acre farm and vineyard. Though Katherine Weyerhaeuser bore eleven children, only Frederick and four of his sisters grew to maturity. At home he was always exposed to prayer and Bible reading, but he found opportunity for only a brief training at the village school.

When he came to Pennsylvania in the wake of the Germans of '48, he was shy and quiet. He was painfully self-conscious when people called him "Dutch Fred," smiled at his thick foreign accent and his broken speech, and mispronounced his name so that the standard American version became "Wire-houser." He worked at farming and also brewing, but gave this up when he realized that many brewers become their own best customers.

In Rock Island, Illinois, he labored in a railroad construction gang. Later, for a dollar a day, he piled fuel slabs near the boiler in a small sawmill. He worked hard and steadily, watched the operations around him, learned new tasks, and made suggestions. Soon his employers made him manager of the mill, and then they sent him to manage their lumber yard near by in Coal Valley.

When the panic of 1857 ruined them, he took over the Coal Valley yard and mill. He traded lumber for horses, oxen, hogs, and eggs from

farmers who needed barns and houses. Taking always a good profit, he exchanged these products for logs from the rafts on the banks of the Mississippi River. He sawed the logs at the mill and used the lumber to repeat the process until he had cleared eight thousand dollars. Then he and another shrewd German, his brother-in-law F. C. A. Denkmann, bought the sawmill. Soon they were able to buy other Rock Island sawmills. When the Civil War came along, demanding lumber in vast quantities, as all wars do, the partners found themselves relatively wealthy.

While buying logs on the levee and selling lumber at the yard and handling a hundred details of routine business, Weyerhaeuser kept finding ways to reduce inefficiency and insure a steady flow of profits. He grew very dissatisfied with the customary system of middlemen. One company logged in the distant North Woods, another drove the logs down the tributary rivers, another rafted down the Mississippi, and still another acted as log broker. The system was costly, irregular, and wasteful.

In 1864 Weyerhaeuser went to the pine forests in the upper Chippewa Valley, Wisconsin, one of the prime lumber areas in America, and began to buy standing timber. Thereafter his men cut his pine, his scalers put his log brand on his logs, his drivers prodded and pried his logs down the winding length of the Chippewa, his raftsmen brought the logs down to the mills where his saws buzzed and whined through the wood. Noting the appalling waste of logs at sand bars, rocks, and eddies, Weyerhaeuser instructed his men not to lose a single stick. Like every penny, every saw log counted.

He now had his own business under his control at all stages from the raw material of nature to the manufactured product. But he faced the cutthroat competition of rival millmen along the big river in Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. And together with these lumbermen as a group he faced the hostility of the sawmill owners at Eau Claire and Chippewa Falls fifty and sixty miles up the Chippewa River. These upriver men were in a handy position to impede the business of the Mississippi River men. Though each log was marked with its owner's brand, the logs of the dozens of firms on the upper Chippewa became hopelessly mixed up during the spring drive, and when the jumbled log floe reached Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire, the companies there stopped everything at their booms until they had sorted out their property. Lum-

bermen in Dubuque and Clinton, Winona and La Crosse, Moline and Hannibal protested the delay, and sometimes tried to cut the booms and wash the logs on down, but they left the basic problem unsolved until Weyerhaeuser showed them the way.

He worked quietly for several years to persuade his highly individualistic competitors on the Mississippi to join with him in a co-operative enterprise. He proposed that they pool their resources, buy land and logs up the Chippewa, use one brand, make a unified drive to their mills, and take out logs in proportion to their shares in the company. This would speed up and systematize the sorting of logs at Eau Claire and Chippewa Falls. He got what he wanted in late 1870, when rivals met with him in the Briggs House in Chicago and formally organized the Mississippi River Boom and Logging Company. With characteristic diplomacy he let someone else become president at first while he took only a directorship. Whatever his title, he would furnish the basic executive skill.

While he now had close and efficient relations with lumbermen up and down the Mississippi, he still faced a determined set of rivals up the Chippewa. In the struggle with them that now began, Weyerhaeuser entered into the most dramatic period of his life. He emerged from it a national figure among lumbermen.

Having matched the strength of the Chippewa people by creating Mississippi Logging, he and his associates conceived the plan of consolidating their victory by seizing control of the mouth of the Chippewa, where a large slough looked like an ideal place to sort logs and build them into rafts. They asked the Wisconsin legislature to let them form the Beef Slough Manufacturing, Booming, Log Driving, and Transportation Company. When the Chippewa firms lobbied to stop this proposal, Weyerhaeuser and others counter-lobbied and finally won. Once built, their sorting gaps at Beef Slough greatly facilitated the handling of timbers brought down by Mississippi Logging, and added to the prosperity of Weyerhaeuser and all the men who were milling lumber for the fast-growing prairie and plains states.

Still fighting, the Chippewa companies tried in 1875 to get a law allowing them to collect a toll on logs passing downstream. Again Weyerhaeuser journeyed to the Capitol in Madison. He bore letters from lumbermen to legislators, and he and his friends approached one legislator after another. Weyerhaeuser personally failed to win over H. P. Graham, Senator from Eau Claire, who argued that it came "with a bad grace

from him to oppose as Small a toll as this" when Beef Slough was "collecting so large a Boomage on all Logs passing through." But Weyerhaeuser persuaded others, and Graham wrote to Orrin Ingram of Chippewa Falls that "Mr. Weirhauser is here and stirring up opposition to our Bill. . . . I am afraid he will Kill the Bill in the House. . . . If he cannot be Satisfied the Bill can not go through the House without a Struggle if at all."

Failing in this effort, the Chippewa firms persuaded the United States District Attorney to investigate the Beef Slough Company. They claimed that it hired gangs to cut booms and sweep all the logs down "by force and violence and by riotous and unlawful conduct." Weyerhaeuser's attorneys delayed the prosecution of the federal suit as long as they could, and finally won it. Defeated again, the Chippewa people, including steamboat companies that used the Chippewa River, brought civil suits, only to lose them. Steamboat captains claimed that the Beef Slough logs shoved boats to one side, damaged wheels, rudders, guards, and hulls, broke streambanks, created shallows, and sank barges. While there was certainly truth to these charges, Weyerhaeuser won the suits by reaffirming a cardinal principle of American timber law. This is that a stream is navigable if it will float logs during high water; any navigable stream is a public highway. In *Heerman v. Beef Slough Manufacturing Company* a federal court said in 1880 that boats, logs, and rafts, "are all interests which the law recognizes, and they are all entitled to its protection."

Four years later a great flood shifted the river course and clogged Beef Slough with sand. After trying for several seasons to repair the damage, Weyerhaeuser moved the establishment across the Mississippi to West Newton, Minnesota. Now that logs shot out of the Chippewa and crossed the Mississippi at right angles to steamboat traffic, Weyerhaeuser had to fight the navigation companies. He also had to fight back at Wisconsin legislators who opposed the exporting of raw materials from the state. And he also had to struggle with the Chippewa River itself. Sometimes it flooded and threw logs high on banks, beyond recovery; other times it was low and stranded logs on sandbars. After trying in vain to get state or federal aid, Weyerhaeuser talked his former Chippewa enemies into joining his associates to organize the Chippewa River Improvement and Log-Driving Company. On side streams this company built flash dams, which could be opened when necessary to regulate the flow.

Weyerhaeuser's next step was to absorb the Chippewa firms more fully into his growing combine. As usual, he organized a new company, the Chippewa Logging Company, which became known as "the pool." It acquired land for members, bought their logs, hired contractors, and drove the logs to Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire. Local firms took their share, and then the Mississippi Logging Company drove the logs on to the Father of Waters, where the next company took over.

Weyerhaeuser now controlled log traffic on the Chippewa River as completely as any robber baron ever did the Rhine. After 1880 he was director of the First National Bank of Chippewa Falls, and he became a stockholder and director of the Lumbermen's National Bank when it was organized seven years later. In 1881 he bought the big Chippewa Lumber & Boom Company along with the 50,000 acres of virgin pine it owned, and later he bought the Eau Claire Lumber Company. The *Milwaukee Sentinel* expressed a fear that Weyerhaeuser, "the controlling spirit of lumber corporations" in four states, would absorb so many rivals that he could "dictate the price of lumber and the amount cut each season in the Chippewa district."

While Weyerhaeuser never formed such a lumber trust, his hold on the Chippewa Valley is well suggested by the predicament he almost got John Robson into. Almost. For the Robson case happens to be one of Weyerhaeuser's conspicuous defeats at law. Robson was a Minnesota lumberman who owned pine tracts on the Chippewa and Flambeau rivers and a sawmill on the Iowa side of the Mississippi. For many years Robson paid Mississippi Logging to take his logs down to Beef Slough. Then in 1882 he disagreed with Weyerhaeuser on service charges and threatened a lawsuit. To resolve this trouble, he and Weyerhaeuser drew up a contract "providing for the future" which set fixed charges for all driving, guarding, sorting, and raft making. Things went well for seven years, but labor costs and other expenses rose meanwhile, and in 1889 Weyerhaeuser abruptly wrote Robson that the company "elects to, and does hereby, terminate the contract made with you."

To get his logs out, Robson had to go to the only other driving company, Chippewa Lumber & Boom, which Weyerhaeuser's Mississippi Logging now owned, controlled, and operated. Chippewa Lumber charged him more than he had paid before by contract, and the Beef Slough company also raised its charges for scaling, sorting, and so on. Robson was hemmed in.

But he sued for damages and enforcement of the contract and won a favorable verdict from the United States Circuit Court in northern Iowa. Four years later Weyerhaeuser tried again to break the contract. Suing in court, he argued that the ruining of Beef Slough had been an act of God and showed that boomage at West Newton cost more than at Beef Slough. But once more the court made Weyerhaeuser hold to the written contract and ordered sixteen thousand dollars in damages. When Weyerhaeuser appealed, the Circuit Court of Appeals sustained Robson.

Weyerhaeuser's failure to make a profit on Robson is only a notable exception. Where he dealt with insiders, owners of stock in his companies, he held the whip hand. In 1890, for instance, minority holders in Mississippi Logging merely protested in letters when he reported only three percent earnings for the past year, but admitted privately that he and Denkmann had made \$192,000 by selling their own logs to the company. A Missouri lumberman said minority stockholders should "try and get him to divide this thing more equally between the logs and the manufacture." Another Missourian, W. H. Day of Hannibal, spoke for several minority stockholders in Chippewa Lumber & Boom when he accused Weyerhaeuser of manipulating dividend reports to favor majority stockholders. Day protested against "the one man power management of Mr. Weyerhaeuser," a man "inclined to act on decisions adverse to the will of the majority, and furthermore, a largely interested seller as well as a most liberal and profuse buyer."

The whole Chippewa episode—which is not mentioned in *Who's Who*—gave Weyerhaeuser his initial power and prestige. He learned to apply to the world of warring lumbermen the same principles that made James J. Hill rise in railroading. Locate property strategically, invest a low initial amount in development, build conservative financial structures, and above all else supervise everything in person. Weyerhaeuser was a one-man holding company. Taking a long-term view of profits, adroitly using political influence, conciliating opposition, flexibly overlapping the functions of one company with those of another, he made himself at once the king and the power behind the throne. He worked ten to twelve hours a day, managing in detail a dozen complicated enterprises, and safely survived the financial, social, and meteorological storms of the day. When human ingenuity could go no further, he calmly trusted to the God whom he had learned to worship in Niedersaulheim. He once said in Chippewa Falls:

When lumbermen have been in despair about short water I advised them to be patient, as there was likely to be more water than they needed before a great while, and when they complained about freshets I said we will have it dry enough before the season is ended There is a good Providence watching over us.

During the 1880's and '90's he was buying timber as fast as he could raise money for it. He loved to explore the forests in winter, and drove about in a sleigh inspecting pine stands and buying for future operations. Along the Flambeau, the Thornapple, the Red Cedar, the Brule, clear to Lake Superior his holdings grew, and then westward to the St. Croix and its tributaries, and to Kettle and Cloquet rivers, Minnesota, and on north. When he lacked money and could not persuade a veteran associate to join with him in making a new purchase, he took a new partner and formed a new company. Thus around the core of his Chippewa and Mississippi companies he built an aggregation of corporations, all with himself at the center—the indefinite, all-powerful “Weyerhaeuser Syndicate.” It dominated the industry in a half-dozen states. Weyerhaeuser bound his associates with gentlemen's agreements so private that many of his partners did not know who the others were. It was a kind of capitalists' underground.

In 1891 Weyerhaeuser moved from Rock Island to St. Paul in order to be near the center of his empire and built his home next to James Hill's. In 1894 he became a partner in some of the operations of Edward Hines, who had great holdings in Canada, the Lakes, and the South. The two merged several big tracts in northern Minnesota to form the Virginia and Rainy Lake Company. Weyerhaeuser paid two million dollars for the lumber plant of C. N. Nelson at Cloquet, west of Duluth, together with its six hundred million feet of standing timber. Under his direction, Cloquet was soon to surpass Minneapolis as the world's largest lumber manufacturing center. He made a brief venture to enter lumbering in the state of Mississippi, then beginning to boom, but gave up the project because of the slovenly practices of Southern lumbering.

By 1900 his holdings in Lakes pine had made him “Pine Land King” of the upper Mississippi Valley. As president or *de facto* head of more than twenty lumber and railroad companies, he had influence that reached out to all sections of the country. His connection was evident in the veteran company named Weyerhaeuser and Denkmann and in Weyerhaeuser and Company, a retail firm with yards in nine Minnesota towns, but generally only insiders knew of his connection with such firms as Shell Lake

Lumber Company, St. Croix Lumber Company, Northland Pine Company, Little Falls Lumber Company, Rutledge Lumber Company, Mesaba Southern Railway, or Duluth & Northeast Railway. The nerve center was the old German-American Bank of St. Paul—the "Weyerhaeuser Bank."

At this time, with his usual eye to the future, Weyerhaeuser was acquiring a huge new barony of pine and Douglas fir in the Pacific Northwest. Other lumbermen were expanding westward, too—the Talbots and Popes of Maine, Walker and C. A. Smith of Minnesota, Dollar and Pickering of Michigan, Long of Missouri, and dozens more, but on the coast as in the midlands, Weyerhaeuser became the strongest.

In a single initial purchase from James Hill he acquired 900,000 acres of Northern Pacific lands in Oregon and Washington. Though the price he paid was six dollars per acre, which was a high price for some of the land, he was paying only about thirty cents per thousand board feet. Within ten years a fraction of this rose to a value of \$2.50 per thousand. One famous section in Thurston County, Washington, sold for \$120 an acre.

Weyerhaeuser got thousands of acres more of extraordinary timber by means of the Forest Lieu Act of 1897. By this slippery Act, Congress had made it possible for Hill to exchange rocky, glacier-covered sections of railroad land on Mount Rainier for coastal lands covered with firs so big pioneers had once split the trunks with dynamite. From the Southern Pacific Railroad, which controlled forested land grants for many miles on each side of its track between Portland and Sacramento, Weyerhaeuser gathered in additional square miles. Agents, including Robert L. McCormick in Washington and Senator Charles Fulton in Oregon, helped Weyerhaeuser select these lands, acquire other lands and necessary franchises, or meet local political and economic opposition. With mills at Klamath Falls, Everett, and Longview, the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company grew to be a big new force in the life of the coast. In the Idaho Panhandle Weyerhaeuser joined old Mississippi Valley partners and their sons—Rutledges, Humbirds, Lairds—to buy large tracts and form the Potlatch, Bonner's Ferry, and other companies. His agent William Deary purchased Idaho lands for his big Clearwater Timber Company.

Weyerhaeuser's career had reached its climax. He now owned more acres of standing timber than any other single American. Two corporations, the Northern Pacific and the Southern Pacific railroads, owned more

acres of timber, but Weyerhaeuser outranked one or perhaps the two of them in ownership of board feet. The public realized more and more that the "inexhaustible" forests of the virgin continent approached their end. The conservationists were getting a national forest system under way. Lumber prices were rising fast and scarcities loomed ahead. But Weyerhaeuser could face the future with satisfaction because in the nation's last great lumber region he had quietly gained control of two million acres of wonderful timber.

Writing in 1906 in *Cosmopolitan*, then an ardent liberal magazine, Charles Norcross said: "It seems astounding that such an enormous accumulation could be effected without the whole world knowing it; but Weyerhaeuser is a man of mystery." Norcross added that in Washington "pretty much everything outside of the government forest reserve is tributary to Weyerhaeuser. He may not own it, his name may not appear as record anywhere, but it is under his domination. Such is true of Oregon's great forest lands also."

At the time he bought his barony in the Pacific Northwest, Weyerhaeuser said: "We are buying not for ourselves, but for our grandchildren." By about 1905 he had transferred most of his property to his children, and his four sons became presidents and directors of the family corporations and directors of related enterprises such as the First National Bank of St. Paul and the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways. John P., Rudolph M., Charles A., and Frederick E. carried on as he had, applying his sober methods, buying minority controls in all directions, merging corporations or founding new ones for greater efficiency, anticipating future problems, adjusting to the times. They and their sisters trained a third generation in Weyerhaeuser ways, and now this group, which includes F. K. Weyerhaeuser of St. Paul, George Frederick Jewett of Spokane, and Edwin Weyerhaeuser Davis of Cloquet, is training its children. For three generations and more the family has been as consistent in its way as the Bostonian Lowells in theirs.

Today over ninety corporations are affiliated in the Weyerhaeusers' decentralized lumber empire. Firms such as the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, Snoqualmie Falls Lumber Company, Potlatch Forests, Inc., Northwest Paper Company, and Wood Conversion Company are immediately integral in the economic life of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Minnesota. They supply necessities to all the states. Besides the lumber and shingles that Frederick Weyerhaeuser manufactured, his grandsons

now produce wood pulp, telephone poles, insulating materials, book paper, briquettes, veneer, soil conditioner, and chemical by-products. In their techniques for full utilization of timber harvested and in their forestry practices, the Weyerhaeuser companies are pacemakers. This is especially true of their tree farms, where they stop any fire that gets started, allow young trees to grow big under careful management, and cut selectively each year no more timber than grows annually. Shareholders, workers, foresters, government units, and the general public make conflicting demands. Small firms with less investment at stake offer serious competition. Insects, fungi, and fire make insistent threats. In the face of all these difficulties the Weyerhaeusers are doing as remarkable a job as any private forest owners in American history.

What sort of a man was the founder of this timberland dynasty? In appearance he was far from imperial. He was short, with small wiry legs and thick shoulders. He had a long kindly face, a close-cut iron-gray beard, and shrewd, quiet eyes. But his manner was patriarchal and impressive. After his work-gang days he had no nickname and was spoken of respectfully as Mr. Weyerhaeuser.

He gave no real interviews to newspapers. When nimble-witted young Lincoln Steffens called on him in the St. Paul office during the high days of muckraking, and asked how rich he was, Weyerhaeuser adroitly told Steffens nothing. He said he didn't know and phoned downstairs to his banker: "There's a man here who has asked me how rich I am. Can you make a rough estimate? No? Too long a job? All right." He turned to Steffens: "He doesn't know either, can't say offhand." He did go on to tell Steffens that he gave contributions to both sides in political campaigns and had qualms of conscience about some of his business practices but did not discuss them with his pastor—who would not understand. But he did not confess these things until he had sworn Steffens not to publish them. Later Weyerhaeuser denied that he ever saw Steffens, and Steffens did not tell about the episode until he wrote his autobiography three decades later.

Weyerhaeuser said he thought more of his credit than of his clothes and shunned society life as well as publicity. He raised his family in a quiet, undemonstrative household where there was no tobacco or hard liquor. He had read much in the Bible and *Poor Richard's Almanac*, and he frequently quoted to his children the utterances of Jesus and Franklin. Though he had had no formal education, he appreciated the values of

culture. His two younger sons went to Yale, his daughter, Margaret, married a Harvard professor of Arabic languages, and Elise married a Vassar professor of the Bible. His children had the highest respect for his character and were shocked during the trust-busting era when a few journalists and Congressmen imputed wrongdoing to him.

Though, in the course of time, union organizers criticized him as a matter of principle and necessity, he was fair to labor by the standards of the day and got along well with his men. It was after his death, during the active days of the I.W.W., that Weyerhaeuser companies were implicated in ugly events like the "massacre" at Everett, Washington. The foreman in a Wisconsin logging camp said of Weyerhaeuser: "He's just a good-natured old Dutchman." According to a dialect story he once took one of his younger sons to a camp, and when night came they took bunks in a log shanty filled with lumberjacks. Weyerhaeuser crawled into bed in his long underwear, as the jacks did, but the son undressed and put on a nightshirt. Seeing disdainful looks on the bearded faces around, Weyerhaeuser said: "Poys, de young feller is schust oudt of kolledge, und don't know no bedder."

Like his fellow immigrant, Carl Schurz, Weyerhaeuser remembered how forests had to be rigidly conserved in central Europe and anticipated the time when American forests would give out and timber would be immensely valuable. Where Schurz, as senator and cabinet member, used his knowledge to serve the public welfare by protecting federal forest lands, Weyerhaeuser used his foresight to serve the ends of private capitalism. He thought Theodore Roosevelt's conservation program was "meddlesome," but he early co-operated with Gifford Pinchot's federal foresters in planning fire prevention for his Minnesota pine stands. His timber firms in Idaho and Washington persuaded competitors to join in organizing fire protection. As late as the great fires of 1910 this was more effective than the protection provided by the fledgling Forest Service.

Traditionally, American lumbering has been an unstable, precarious industry, wasteful, speculative, profitable for some, disastrous for those who could not survive competition, thoughtless in treatment of labor, bold in evasion of the law, and heedless of the national future. Logging hastily, most companies have cut out and then got out. Even companies with plans for scientific forestry, like Great Southern Lumber, have gone into liquidation.

In contrast to most lumbermen, Weyerhaeuser always worked to avoid the evils of the industry and to make it steady, secure, and profitable, as his heirs are doing today. He gained in strength as he made his partners and affiliates strong, and it was said that he made the fortunes of "more men in the Mississippi Valley than anyone else." He was a model of hard work, and fellow lumbermen admired him for "his untiring energy, his keen business insight, his quick grasp of every important factor in submitted propositions, his instant recognition of profitable opportunities, his unerring judgment, and his despatch of business through a marvelous executive ability." When Frederick Weyerhaeuser died in Pasadena, James J. Hill said in St. Paul: "His place cannot be filled. He was a national force among men who have helped to build up the country."

Absolute, peremptory facts are bullies, and those who keep company with them are apt to get a bullying habit of mind. . . . If I had not force enough to project a principle full in the face of the half-dozen most obvious facts which seem to contradict it, I would think only in single file from this day forward.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,
The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table

THE BREAKDOWN OF INTELLECTUAL COMMUNICATION

Louis B. Wright

NEVER SINCE ADAM invented words and Cadmus devised the alphabet has so much learned and literary publication been available to the public and to the fraternity of scholars. And never since the development of printing has so much of the learned and literary output been so ill understood and even unread by the generality of educated men. To outwit our enemies in the recent war, the armed services are reported to have employed Apache Indians to broadcast messages in their own tongue to another Apache on the receiving end. No German or Japanese could crack that unintelligible dialect and make sense of the jumble of sounds picked out of the air. Intellectuals of our day, intentionally or unwittingly, have succeeded almost that well in disguising their thoughts from all except the initiates of their tribes. They not only bewilder plain citizens having no special passport to understanding, but they confuse their brethren in other branches of learning. From universities, colleges, and institutes, like so many Towers of Babel, go men and women afflicted with a confusion of tongues, babbling in their own professional dialects, understood, if at all, by only a few of their own kind who master their difficult jargon and syntax.

Most professions have a vocabulary of technical words necessary to precise definition, words which can be learned and used with clarity and understanding. The doctor, for example, must know many Greek derivatives to describe man's anatomy and even more Latin words to cure his colic with a satisfying prescription from the *materia medica*. The astronomer, the chemist, the engineer, the craftsman, even the literary critic, all have special words of precise utility. We do not expect to find the specialist's speech, oral or written, as easy as the gossip column of a daily newspaper. We have no ground to complain if we are driven to a dictionary to unravel the meaning of words, used legitimately in technical exposition. We laymen need not expect to understand the more abstruse subjects in natural science and certain other highly specialized branches

of learning. But we do have reason for sorrow when those learned men who deal in subjects presumably of universal interest and comprehension invoke a pseudo-scientific vocabulary, all fuss and fustian, and disguise their meanings in a hideous jargon and a syntax untrammelled by grammar.

The legitimate barriers to general understanding have increased enormously with the growth of specialism in the sciences and the technical professions, which occupy so large a place in modern life. The increasing tendency to fragmentation in our society is driving us all into separate cells ever more insulated against communication with other men of special knowledge. So vast is the field of knowledge now that the physician has difficulty comprehending the physicist, and the chemist is worlds removed from the astronomer. Even the broad divisions of science have separated into special fields walled away from each other. The pediatrician would hesitate to set a broken leg and may not know the vocabulary of the radiologist who X-rays his patient. But this division may be inevitable and unavoidable, a part of the price we pay for an increase in precise knowledge and skill in fields where laymen cannot expect to be informed.

Less excusable is the failure of communication between men of letters, literary and historical scholars, critics, teachers, and social scientists. They have an obligation to supply intellectual leadership to a society floundering because it lacks both knowledge and wisdom; they are presumably concerned with social and spiritual values, with the preservation and interpretation of the usable past, and with the cultivation and discipline of man's mind and emotions. Although this group has had great influence upon contemporary society—greater than the lay public is aware, perhaps—it has fallen short of its opportunity and obligation because of the breakdown of communication, not only between specialists and the generality of people, but even between the branches of related knowledge. Too often, historians write only for the understanding of other historians in their particular niche of research, literary critics write only for members of their special cult, poets choose their diction and patterns of expression to conform to the fashion of a select coterie, and educationists and sociologists invent a jargon in envious imitation of the technical vocabularies of the natural sciences. Each according to his kind pours out a multiplicity of works understood only within a narrow circle.

While discontented members of the intelligentsia moan that the

Philistine middle class does not appreciate them, they continue to make their ways darker and less comprehensible. And the lay public, attempting to read the works of the highbrows, gives up in disgust, decides that they are pedants, phonies, or fourflushers, and contents itself with the entertaining simplifications prepared by the *Reader's Digest*. Now no one would argue that the man of learning should throw his pearls before the audience of the *Reader's Digest*, or that the poet or critic must be entertaining and easy, but one might well ask whether there is not some common denominator of expression, understandable by the fraternity of educated men, to which the scholar and man-of-letters ought to aspire. Certainly in our time there has been no goal of clarity which has lured the intellectuals. On the contrary, a turgid style and the clash and grind of a rasping terminology have too often denoted the intellectual and marked him off from the despised fellow who makes a living by writing for the understanding of ordinary mortals. Unfortunately the intellectual often manifests in his rigmarole a snobbery and an arrogance perhaps induced by his sense of insecurity in a world which he finds inhospitable.

So incomprehensible have many learned authors become that we must depend upon those brokers of ideas, the journalists, to interpret their works to the public, not merely the *Reader's Digest* public, but residents across the street from the authors in their own little republic of letters, for frequently even intellectual neighbors have small understanding of each other. The journalists themselves are sometimes mistaken, and garble the meanings which they seek to elucidate. But they at least try to make clear matters left devious and dark by authors who disdained to make any concession to clarity.

Among the learned themselves, the failure of communication has produced a contemptuous attitude of one branch of knowledge toward another. Historians, as one who has dwelt among them can testify, regard a distressing number of modern poets as cranks, stuttering meaningless gibberish. And such poets as I have been able to consult display a fine contempt for the labors of historical research, the work of dull dogs leashed to a dragging weight of footnotes, work ill digested and unreadable. Everybody unites to abuse the authors of articles of literary research—everybody except the practicers of literary research themselves. *The Publications of the Modern Language Association*, the burial place of vast numbers of research articles, has become a byword for dullness, pointed to with scorn by literary critics in the more advanced reviews.

These critics themselves, in the chosen journals of their cults, frequently give the impression of indulging a special kind of dullness hidden in a thicket of philosophic obscurity, a dullness which few or none can understand. Not many among us—scholars, critics, or poets—feel any obligation or necessity to make ourselves intelligible to our brethren in letters, much less to the nonprofessionals. And as among primitive people, what we do not understand we usually dislike and dismiss, or, with naïve faith, we accept the empty words as magical incantations which we believe must surely have a meaning though it eludes us.

Among the tribes of academic folk, the group for whom other academics have the least respect is composed of those professional educators who have their hogans in the schools of education. Rarely does an historian, a natural scientist, a professor of English or other literate person have a good word to say for these clansmen, who by a peculiar diligence, an intense devotion to the interests of one another, and a special dialect have advanced themselves in power. One of the major reasons for the contempt which academicians display toward their brothers-in-pedagogy is the pseudo-scientific language which these have cultivated, a speech which lends itself to strange incantations. By the tom-tom beat of phrases, as any reader of pedagogical textbooks, treatises, and professional magazines can see for himself, the educators hypnotize semiliterate audiences in the way that preachers among some of our more primitive sects impress their congregations with a flow of words. Translated into plain, clear English, the jargon of polysyllables can be boiled down into thoughts of astonishing simplicity. Irritated by sesquipedalian nonsense, which seems hardly worth translation, more learned academics have dismissed the educators as the Holy Rollers of the profession and have thereby committed a great tactical error. Left to themselves, segregated from contacts with humane letters, conscious of the contempt of scholars and humanists, specialists in pedagogy have been forced to read and applaud one another's work. Constant repetition of texts from their holy books in the course of time has made fanatical believers who have gone out as missionaries and found converts among college administrators. These true believers find it as difficult to comprehend other philosophies of learning as their hostile colleagues find it hard to understand their dialect.

The low repute of contemporary poetry among the learned professions, whose members might be supposed to respect the noblest branch of letters, must be attributed in large measure to the bewilderment with

which the doctor, the lawyer, or even the average professor of English faces much of the serious poetry of the present day. The reader confesses that he cannot make head or tail of it and feels disgruntled. The painful elucidations of the serious critics help him very little. He cannot understand them either. Perhaps the fault is all with the reader, who should work harder at his task. Much of the world's greatest poetry is not easy; *The Divine Comedy* is not precisely hammock reading, but the intellectual and emotional satisfactions which come from its study are infinitely rewarding. But the puzzles in *The Divine Comedy* are not mysteries merely for the sake of mystification.

Readers from the learned professions today have a scandalously small acquaintance with contemporary poetry. A poll at a recent luncheon of a dozen eminent professors in various branches of the humanities, for example, disclosed only two who habitually read any living poet. More than half of the group even expressed disdain for most current poetry, which they claimed to have sampled earnestly without any compensating satisfaction, mental or spiritual. "When the poet has something to say and can express with genuine power what he finds in his heart to write, I can be patient with his metaphysical puzzles," one professor of history asserted. "But why should I waste my time untangling a commonplace of contorted prose masquerading as verse?"

The fashion of expression which many contemporary poets have adopted has placed them beyond the comprehension of most readers. Perhaps they are ahead of their time and one day will seem as conventional and clear as the paintings of nineteenth-century French impressionists, who were damned in their time by conservatives. But meanwhile the poet, because he does not reach the understanding of educated men, recedes farther and farther from his traditional role as a prophetic leader. The bard has given way to the recluse, silent to all save specialists in his particular brand of verse.

The vogue of obscurantism, shared by the poet with prose writers of the *avant garde*, represents a loss to society of intellectual leadership sorely needed in a materialistic world. The self-imposed retirement behind barriers of cultism has removed from the stream of positive leadership minds which might have contributed to the elevation and freedom of the human spirit.

This flight from life by active minds is a negative disaster. Some critics, however, have seen a more sinister and positive evil in the trend

toward cultism among the litterati. *The Times Literary Supplement*, for example, on March 18, 1944, printed as a leading article, "Cultic Twilight," which drew a gloomy parallel between some of the Nazi hocus-pocus and analogous "myth-discoveries" among fashionable literary coteries. "Mythogenesis is a cult of our day," the *Times* observes. "It has sent a literary movement in this country and America into a frenzied derangement of words—and in Europe it has driven a nation mad and laid Europe in ruins. . . . The racial myth preached by the Germans turns history into fable; the literary myth turns art into legerdemain. Words before sense is one of the literary mottoes, and if words are too ingrained in meaning to be mishandled, then invent some that can by no possibility be interpreted except by the inventor—who will leave a key to the claque so that future generations may not study in vain. The Joycean Rosetta Stone is not quite complete; there are some chips off the corners; but enough has been found to relate distantly *Finnegan's Wake* to life. And if a reader, enlightened by the translation, should suggest that, after all, what is revealed in treasure of thought hardly made the trouble worth while, the fault is still his. He should have been satisfied with the triumph of sound over sense, have accepted the complete autonomy of words that makes the medium of prose to be itself the 'object,' the meaning, of literature!"

The decadence of the German intellectual, as symbolized by his adherence to racial mythology, in the *Times'* opinion, is scarcely less sinister than the decadence of English and American intellectuals who herald the Joycean chaos as the "foundations of a new art, a new language, a new moral order." And with fervor rare in its pages the *Times* exclaims: "New orders, new myths! Joyce is not to be blamed for the Joyceans, nor Freud for the Freudians. But the victims of the cult-makers are entitled to protest. We have seen how the elements of mysticism, melodrama, and plot in German myth-making have swung a whole nation into action. Egotism, clannishness, and vanity dominate the new cults. . . . Everything is in excess, without courtesy as without reason. Transcendental prerogatives are demanded for freakishness in literature as they are for national designs. Both have an array of fabulous symbols and a childlike kind of drama in their inflated notions. This would be pathetic if it were not so arrogant, so capable of mischief. Too long brooding over Historical Missions by New Artists—or by political dictators—leads to the death of the free spirit, to the dialects, and the deeds of despair."

In some degree the dialects of the esoteric cults have become the cure, for the literature itself carries no meaning to the uninitiated. Though these cults have their influence, it is chiefly an influence by hearsay, gossip heard above the rattling of cocktail glasses and the jangling of long words.

The seeker after light might think that he could turn to the literary critic for illumination, but here he is frequently disappointed. The "serious critic" is likely to wrap his ruminations in such metaphysical terminology that the work expounded seems simple by comparison. "I don't know what Blank is talking about," a brilliant young intellectual recently remarked of a critic, "but he is a sincere fellow and I admire him." Critics of this type, disgusted with the crassness of commercial publishing, have found an outlet for their indignation in the literary quarterlies, but unhappily their influence is wasted because they have felt no compulsion to make their philosophies and their ideas apparent to the multitude—or even at times to the editor who, with sublime faith, publishes their work. Ironically the critic, who should be the interpreter between artists and the public, exemplifies in an exaggerated degree the obscurity which is the blight upon so much intellectual activity in our time. And the critic does not have the consolation of the educationist, who manages with the abracadabra of words to fool a portion of the public into believing that he is learnedly scientific because he sounds that way. When the critic musters a panoply of jargon, readers lose patience and exile him to the "little reviews" where members of the rarefied cults survive in the half-light of mutual admiration.

That "serious criticism" is really destructive of the appreciation of literature is a suspicion found all too often among fellow intellectuals not sealed of the tribe. In "An Open Letter on Critics and Criticism," in *The Nation* for August 1, 1942, Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch uttered some words of wisdom which deserve to be remembered: "In recent years criticism has certainly been taking itself with a new seriousness. After scorning the easy impressionism of the late nineteenth century, it now scorns also the easy Freudianism of the twenties, and is showing signs of scorning only a little less openly the easy Marxism of the thirties. The science of aesthetics has come into fashion again. Poets, many of whom seem to be more interested in criticism than in poetry, have got so far from the old romantic attitude toward their art that they argue at length such metaphysical questions as the cognitive and noncognitive

nature of poetry. . . . But I wonder whether the New Seriousness isn't reducing itself to the New Pedantry." Mr. Krutch recalls that "an enthusiastic dissector of poetry by the methods of semantics said to me with an air of triumph, 'At least I have shown that it is not easy to read a poem.'" And Mr. Krutch adds, "But I wonder if to carry that conviction is to perform any very useful service for poetry. I have the impression that at least ninety-nine out of a hundred contemporary readers accept it already—accept it, indeed, so absolutely that they have no intention of trying."

Mr. Krutch, like many other thoughtful interpreters of literature, objects to the esoteric critics because, instead of providing light, they make the darkness yet more obscure. "What proportion, I wonder, of the audiences which for more than two centuries kept Shakespeare alive on the stage understood everything that a qualified critic could find in his works. How much better off would they and literature have been had they been convinced by semantic critics that it is not easy to understand *Hamlet* and that accordingly it ought to be protected from them? What, in other words, is the best base for great art, a broad base of eager readers and hearers or a select coterie capable of analyzing the seven ambiguities and of knowing a sprung rhythm when they see one? If serious criticism tends to encourage the choice of the second alternative, then I hope that serious criticism will be read by no one except serious critics."

This wish which Mr. Krutch makes for serious criticism has verily come to pass. The critic, writing only for other critics, impresses only a small elite, who themselves dwell sequestered from the main currents of intellectual society. We today have no counterpart of the criticism of the early nineteenth century when the hard-headed critics of the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh Review*, with all of their faults, wrote with such vigor that the entire literate world sat up and paid attention. They exerted an influence, not merely upon coteries, but upon public taste as a whole. They intended to be understood and they never lapsed into a dialect of their own creation.

Blame for the obscurity into which so much of humane learning has fallen must be shared alike by all of us who ply the trade of scholar, teacher, and interpreter of letters. For too long each in his corner has worried his own particular bone and growled at the approach of an intruder. But everywhere there are signs of an awakened consciousness of the obligation, not only to society, but to learning itself. If learning is

not to die, smothered in its own pedantry, it must acquire an awareness of its public relationships and particularly of its obligations to other members of the fraternity of scholars. In every profession new voices are making this demand with an appeal to common sense and enlightened self-interest. Everywhere there is realization of the need for better communication.

This movement must not be confused with a degeneration into journalism—always the fear of scholars. Accurate and technical scholarship, learned and difficult criticism, we must continue to encourage. Never was there a greater fallacy than the belief that all learning, scholarship, or criticism, must be gay, simple, and alluring to the passing reader. We shall continue to need many an abstruse and tedious study. Someone should say a word for the poor devil who counted the syllables in Chaucer—that perennial illustration never forgotten by the enemies of exact scholarship. Had he not performed that weary labor, we would never have recovered the secret of Chaucer's musical verse, and the world would have been the loser. But we must ask ourselves whether we have done our best to write for the understanding of all who might need our scholarship, our poetry, and our criticism. We must search our souls against pedantry.

In my opinion, the most fruitful and natural play of the mind is in conversation. . . . If I converse with a strong mind and a rude jousting, who presses me hard and digs me right and left, his ideas touch off my own. Jealousy, emulation, and contention stimulate and raise me something above myself. Agreement is absolutely boring in conversation.

—MONTAIGNE

PRELUDE TO BIKINI

Hugh Hildreth Skilling

(EDITOR'S NOTE: "Operation Crossroads" has received already much attention and has produced a sufficiency of gloomy prognostications. One part of the expedition, however, has so far been curiously neglected. This is the part bearing on daily life aboard the *Panamint*, the ship on which scientific observers of many nationalities and several races, a United Nations in miniature, lived for a month before the bomb was dropped. Dr. Skilling's diary covering the events of this month was written for his family, with no expectation of a wider audience. It appears unchanged except for some omissions.)

JUNE 14, FRIDAY. The cruise began on Wednesday, day before yesterday, at ten in the morning. The diary, however, does not begin until today for reasons on which we need not dwell. I have heard often of "sea legs," but I don't just know what they are. On the subject of a "sea stomach," however, I could (and should be glad to) give lengthy and detailed information. Enough, though, to say the interest in the cruise began late Friday afternoon.

The U.S.S. *Panamint*, the Lieutenant told me, is a floating hotel. Perhaps the Lieutenant is more used to destroyers than he is to hotels. I do not doubt that compared with a real fighting ship it is like a hotel. But it is highly metallic. The walls are steel, the furniture is steel, the very floor of the cabin is steel. The desk on which I am writing is steel, and the wardrobes and cabinets are steel. The berths are steel and the reading lamps are steel. And the ceiling is a beamed ceiling—with steel beams. Yet it is surely luxury that there should be reading lamps and desks and wardrobes. And for this week the whole cabin is all my own.

The present boarders in this seagoing hotel are a fascinating collection. The ship's officers are in something of a quandary to classify their charges. At first they called us "The Scientists." It seems that must have been before they got a good look at us, for on the very first day we became "The Observers." After a day's trial that term apparently did not satisfy, and now we are frankly "The Passengers." It is a sore trial to a Navy

ship to have passengers, but they seem to have decided that they might as well make the best of the situation by admitting it. So now, at 1200 and at 1800, as the Navy counts time, the ship's loud-speaker system announces "Dinner in the Wardroom for all Passengers!" with other appropriate remarks at other times of day.

So we of the Passengers are now either "scientists" like me, or "foreign observers," with a couple of newsmen, too. The main group from the press is on our sister ship, the *Appalachian*, which follows a half mile behind. There is also the *Blue Ridge*, and the three of us are holding formation as the miles and hundreds of miles and thousands of miles of salt water roll by. But the *Panamint* has the place of honor in the lead, as indeed we have all the advantages. That is, the glory of being a "scientist" and not a "correspondent."

Every one of the "scientists," foreign and domestic, is interesting. The foreign observers live on the deck above, a slightly more honorable place but less convenient. Their cabins are arranged alphabetically: Australia, Brazil, Canada, China, Egypt, and so on. All that I have yet run onto speak pretty good English, except one poor Russian of the Soviet group of two. Perhaps he can play Ping-pong or shuffleboard without conversation, but the talks on science, either organized or spontaneous, and even the nightly movie on the afterdeck, must be beyond him.

The show tonight was entitled *Kitty*, but it was better done and more interesting when Bernard Shaw first wrote it and called it *Pygmalion*. The end of the movie, about ten o'clock, closes the events of the day.

June 15, Saturday. First-page news in the *Panamint Press* this morning (mimeographed, and distributed at breakfast) is Bernard Baruch's opening statement to the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission, proposing international control and relinquishment of national advantages. This started discussion at the breakfast table; remarks from representatives of smaller nations about "veto power." But an hour later one of our pressmen dashed into the wardroom with a query from his paper and started a mass interview of the dozen or so Observers who were gathered around one of the tables discussing geology. What about this Baruch statement? . . . What did the Observers think of it? . . . Was it right? . . . Would it work?

Well, of course there were as many opinions as there would have been in any other group of a dozen or sixteen men. From one: "It is very sound, and the only thing to do." From another: "Crazy! For a

nation that has power to throw it away is suicide." A third: "No organization will work until the people of the world want it to. Therefore education" Another: "An extension of Christianity" When discussion had pretty well died down, I tried a little oil on the waters by asking, was it not an historical fact that the only prolonged times of peace in the world had been when the world was dominated by a supreme military power? Pax Romana Pax Britannica. Though no one could deny it, the soothing effect of my suggestion was, I am afraid, not marked. So I went away and chatted with the ship's chaplain until time for a sight-seeing tour around the ship.

I toured the ship with two lieutenants (j.g.) and an assortment of Passengers—half a dozen or so. From attic to cellar, or, since I am at sea and should be careful of my language, from flying bridge to the condenser space beneath the main motive turbines high and low pressure. The boiler room was full of boys in blue shirts and pants, and I almost asked if it was really safe to let such young boys play in the engine room before I found they were the crew—it was they, and none other, who kept water in the boiler and oil in the bearings, and kept the ship safe and in operation on the high seas.

Later on I asked one of the lieutenants about the boys; were they too young, were they dependable, would he rather have a crew of older fellows of say twenty-one or twenty-two? He thought not. A man ought to be fairly accomplished in some trade by the age of twenty-one; he ought to be above the routine of the engine room, and if he wasn't, then he probably wasn't very much good for even that work. The lieutenants were about twenty-five years old, or at least appeared so. It seemed there might be some reason to the idea expressed, although different from mine.

Still later I asked the ship's doctor what he thought about seventeen- and eighteen-year-old boys in the Navy. He thinks that for most of them it's a fine thing. The Navy is no Sunday school, but morally and physically it is better than the homes they come from, many of them. He concedes my point, though, that for the best boys from the good homes a year of such training, in such company, so young, is wasteful if not actually harmful. But they are a very small minority, he says. As to whether they may still be the most important group, though numerically small, we reached no decision. We raised the question, but drifted to something else before we answered it.

The tour took us through radio rooms and photographic rooms, crew's quarters and sick bay, signal bridge and fantail. A number of doors marked "Restricted" we hurried by with furtive glances. There is very little, I think, that we didn't at least glimpse in passing.

This afternoon the long spell of overcast weather broke, and for a while the sea was a deep purple-blue and the sky indigo with gleaming white clouds. The weather is comfortably warm now, although until today it has been chilly. One of the men thought he saw the first flying fish, and maybe he did. Our latitude is about thirty degrees, and we are halfway to Honolulu. The sea is calm, but the ship rides high like a cork, and bobs like one in the slight swell. We roll and roll, and since yesterday afternoon I don't care if we do.

Sunday, June 16. The slightly tropical weather has proved too much for our menagerie of passengers. They have burst out today in shorts, with or without shirts, playing deck games or merely roosting in deck chairs in the semiglare of the overcast sun. It is a pitiful exhibition, too. There is one handsome, young lieutenant colonel, tanned and athletic, for whom all this is appropriate. He is a splendid figure. Maybe all the others think they look like him. They don't. It must give a great deal of amusement to the albatrosses.

The flying fish are no longer a speculation; they are an undoubted fact. This morning was so fine, with a gaudy golden veil flung by the sun over the stern of the ship, that I went on deck about half-past six. The Chinese major general, who is one of the highest ranking officers on the ship, was ahead of me. He does not wear a uniform or insignia of any kind but dresses as all the mere civilians do in khaki and tennis shoes. He is friendly and unobtrusive and might be a professor instead of a major general. He seemed to be enjoying the lovely morning, too, and perhaps he had seen the sun rise. I did not.

First there was one fish flying from the bow wave of the ship, then two or three at a time, then others by ones and twos. Just before breakfast, as the climax of the exhibition, a formation of about twenty small flying fish broke the surface all at once and soared off to port. They held formation in strick rank and file, and after fifty yards or so of flight they dived as one fish into the breast of a wave and vanished. It could only be that they were flying cadets of some school of flying fish on an early-morning training flight. There have been other fish by ones and twos since then, but no more squadrons of cadets.

Soon after breakfast the crew began "rigging Church." A mahogany altar (which folds, when not in use, into a number of flat sheets of tin) was set up, a silver cross and two wax candles in silver candlesticks were brought, a portable organ appeared, and a pulpit was unfolded, so that the afterdeck became an outdoor chapel. Benches arrived, and chairs, hymnbooks, and printed orders of service; and Church was rigged.

First there was an informal "Rosary service" for the Roman Catholics aboard: a dozen crewmen and two of the foreign observers—one Polish and the other unidentified. Prayers were read, in the absence of a priest, by one of the Catholic ship's officers. "Hail, Mary! full of grace. . . ."

At ten the chaplain took over, using the Episcopal form of service. There must have been a hundred or so attending, crew on one side, passengers on the other. The Episcopal form of service is always dependable, and the chaplain read it well. Then he preached an excellent sermon. He spoke quickly and firmly; he did not read nor refer to notes to any extent, and above all he had something to say and said it. It is Trinity Sunday, and he spoke on the Father, God of the Hebrews, Jesus the Son, and the Holy Spirit of the Christian Church; of these being not theological details but believed in by everyone there—else they would not be there—and hence requiring no argument. He then spoke of the three great turning points in the development of Man: when the world came up against the Christian teaching of the importance of each individual man; when the world came up against the idea of science and its applications; and when the world came up against the democratic principle that government may be entrusted to all men. With no mention of either atomic bombs or United Nations organizations—and this was the highest art—he had preached a most appropriate sermon.

I have been moving in high society since lunch. First I met and talked with Captain Ring. Then, an unexpected and unprecedented honor, I met Captain Ammon, commander of this ship, and chatted with him on his own forbidden bridge. The Captain sent a seaman for a pair of binoculars so I could watch a passing ship, and inquired if I were related to a Skilling who is a lawyer-friend of his in Philadelphia. Now this may not sound like such a breath-taking distinction, but I assure you it is. To ordinary mortals Captain Ammon simply does not appear. He lives and reigns in heaven, which is to say a deck above the highest to which we or anyone else may penetrate without invitation, and although

his spirit pervades the ship and everything proceeds by and only by his order, yet he is never seen. A short visit to Olympus, with Jupiter on his throne providing binoculars for your interest and entertainment—that is the nearest comparison I can think of, but it does not do the event justice.

By the workings of several coincidences, we forty-odd observers, foreign and domestic, are news. This is chiefly because two thousand yards behind us for the past six days there has been a ship filled and overflowing with press correspondents. I have no idea how many reporters there are aboard the *Appalachian*, but for nearly a week now they have been sailing through a great vacancy in which the only hope for a possible crumb of news is us. Of course, our own *Panamint* is not friendless: the United Press, the Associated Press, and the International News Service each has a man aboard, besides a naval officer who is in charge of radio information issued from the ship. This radio officer was going around practically singing this morning because he had arranged a round-table interview with four or five of the foreign observers, including the Russian, on the general subject of atomic energy organization, and he was to have two nation-wide hookups broadcasting his program. It went on at half-past ten this morning, and he was still happy about it afterwards, and felt it was quite a success considering the difficult nature of the raw material. I believe an electric fan in the wardroom got more nation-wide publicity than was intended. And at the last moment one of the foreign gentlemen (no, I don't know that it was the Russian) decided that he should not answer a question that he had formerly thought would be all right. I am informed confidentially by the radio officer that he sweated three buckets during the fifteen minutes of the broadcast, but this may be an exaggeration.

That was a special high peak of publicity, but we have little broadcasts of our own every now and then. The only listeners are the *Blue Ridge* and the *Apple*. Sometimes there are questions and answers; sort of interviews from a mile away. Sometimes the scientists give short talks on their fields of special interest, and the *Apple* listens in. Today Dr. Vickery talked on the development of blood plasma during the war. I think the news-hounds will not get many crumbs from his bones. What is pH to a reporter? But I was able to say a word to give them real pleasure. A question from the *Appalachian* originated with Howard Blakeslee. What, the *Apple* inquired, would the atomic bomb explosion

do to radio communication in the way of interference? I took the question and assured them that although great clouds of ionized gas around and above the bomb would undoubtedly be detectable by proper instruments and by radar as a column that would drift with the wind and might persist for hours or even days, the effect to be expected on ordinary communication is absolutely negligible. Of course, I know nothing about it, but this was clearly the thing to say, and the radio assured us that my words were greeted with a sigh of relief by the correspondents anxious about keeping in touch with their papers.

Friday, June 21. We have been entertained in Honolulu. I think that is a superlative statement. I should suppose that no other entertainment in the world can be more than a pale imitation. Honolulu gave us its best.

And why not? Honolulu has suffered severely for four years. Everything that we have felt in California it has had twice over. Overcrowding and housing shortage, influx of warworkers, lawlessness, overwrought and uncontrollable soldiers either coming from or going to the war zone, limitation of all needed things except those few grown locally, and, in particular, no transportation so that everyone in Hawaii was practically a prisoner on his island for the entire war. Added to this, the normal chief source of business, the tourist trade, was utterly abolished, and 90 per cent of the four million soldiers who passed through here during the war are supposed to have left with a cordial dislike of the place. Now, with peace, the tourist business must be started again as soon as possible, for it is the blood in Honolulu veins. All the mainland people must be told of Hawaii's beauty and delights, and without delay. Is it not, then, an obvious gift of the gods when newspapermen with nothing in particular on their minds begin arriving by the shipload? One hundred twenty-five reporters, feature writers, and columnists. One hundred twenty-five men who must write to eat, and who for the present have nothing to write about. Shall we give them something to write about? Indeed we shall!

"Gentlemen of the Press, the Radio, and the Screen," said the Governor, in the Throne Room of the palace, and we have never forgiven him. Our ego has been expanding day after day all across the Pacific, as these reporters have pursued us and interviewed us and taken down our words of wisdom; in that state of mind we go to the Governor's reception and find he has never even heard of us, the scientific observers; of us,

the foreign representatives. He doesn't know we are there at all. "Gentlemen," he says, "of the Press, the Radio, and the Screen." We are deflated. And we do not love the Governor.

Nevertheless we are glad to see Hawaii on the coattails of the press. We ride around the Island, we fly over the Island, we swim at Waikiki, we sup at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel which is now the Submariners' Club until it is returned by the government to the owners. We dine at the Ala Wai Naval Officers Club and enjoy a *luau* of pig roasted whole in a pit with hot rocks, the pigs being wrapped in ti leaves and served with poi; we applaud the truly excellent and artistic hula dancing, and we even, I am afraid, lend a number of eager throats to help diminish the territorial supply of potable alcohol. We play at the highly exclusive Outrigger Canoe Club, we dance under the stars (and, as a matter of fact, under the rain also), and we accept the kindly provided automobiles that wait in rows on the dock in case we might wish to go somewhere, all without one cent of expense to us. So I, for one, shall say thank you to the press as well as to the Honoluluans.

Not, of course, that I personally did all those things. There is a limit to what can be accomplished in forty-eight hours, however hard one works at it. But I think I did not miss much of anything I shall regret. Except a mango; I did not get a single mango, and this is mango season. Pineapple, yes; papaya, yes; poi, yes; mango, no.

The ship docked a little late, and the welcoming brass band seated in the hot sun on the pier looked slightly fried. Nevertheless they played bravely. The boy scouts with a horseshoe of hibiscus flowers held it first here and then there, uncertain where we would finally tie up, or even which of the ships should have the honor. The honor was fairly evenly divided, as were the hibiscus flowers, for each time they moved their eight-foot horseshoe a few more blossoms fell off, and before long there were blossoms all along the dock but not so many on the wire frame. The situation was in no way helped by the fact that everyone had forgotten to provide a gangplank. Ship's officers expected one would be provided on the dock; harbor officials perhaps had some other thought in mind. In the end a ladder, which is to say a rather steep flight of steps, was lowered from the ship, and we all went to the palace in the waiting automobiles to be received by the Governor.

"Gentlemen," he said, "Gentlemen of the Press, the Radio, and the Screen"

Sunday, June 23. On Thursday we sailed exactly on schedule, the last official observer, Goldschmidt of France, being hustled on board at four o'clock after frantic searches had failed to locate him on the ship. The gangplank, or whatever one calls it, was pulled up almost before he was safely off it, and in hardly more than a minute we were passing out the narrow channel through the reef that protects the harbor.

On Friday and Saturday nothing particular happened. We have settled back to the routine of three meals a day, separated by a little shuffleboard, a little reading, perhaps an occasional nap.

There are different plans for spending the time. There is the vigorous young air force colonel, large and blond and Viking, who is tops in all the sports. Whether Ping-pong or chess, deck tennis or merely drubbing the punching bag, he is always at it. He enters all the tournaments and wins them all. I think he has not yet been defeated in anything. By choice he sits in the sun ("Englishmen and mad dogs go out in the tropic sun," said one of our Dutchmen to the other yesterday) and after the more strenuous games he glistens and drips and still grins cheerfully. I hope he survives it and I think he will.

There are certain of the scientific observers who are not as young and vigorous as they are trying to make themselves think they are. These also defy the sun and attempt to play games with vigor even when the thermometer, which reads only to ninety, has disappeared above its highest calibration. The result is blazing red sunburn and may well be, before the voyage ends, a few cases of sunstroke.

Then there are those who are very sure of themselves and are not to be intimidated by circumstances. They make no concessions. They eat as they would in a New England winter, and drink gallons of coffee and ice water. I have noticed some of these unbending people becoming more and more irritable. They find many things about the ship unsatisfactory, and cannot understand why they do not sleep well or why the food does not seem so good to them. They are very entertaining, and I wait with interest to see what happens next.

The correspondents more or less flock by themselves, and one or two of the ship's junior officers flock with them. They eat together, sit together on deck, and play poker together evenings. Why this should be, when their one possible opportunity for news is to associate with the scientists and particularly the foreign observers I cannot tell. The rest of the passengers, by the way, do not play poker or other card games to

any extent, and if either observers or newsmen have any liquor on board it is not apparent.

Finally, there is the large group of passengers who sit in the shade and grow lazy, like me.

Oh, yes. The weather is tropical and damp. A little rain now and then makes hardly any difference, for the air and the deck and the people are warm and damp anyway. The Southern Cross is visible every evening, usually veiled by the light clouds that hang all around the horizon. Polaris is declining into the haze of the northern horizon. There are usually to be seen spots and gleams of phosphorescence in the foaming water along the ship's sides. We have been for days in the northeast trade winds, and since we are going southwest the result is that we move with the wind and the ship's anemometers turn very slowly and the wind vane swings first in one direction and then another as gusts of air go slightly faster than the ship or slightly slower. Nights are lighted by Venus and Jupiter, and Mars and Saturn are in the sky but there are differences of opinion as to which is what. I find, however, that if I pick a likely-looking point of light and say firmly, "That is Saturn," nobody will deny it. Hence I am building myself a reputation as an astronomer.

As a matter of current interest, we have crossed the international date line. This morning it was Monday, as noted above. This afternoon it is Tuesday. There is speculation among the passengers as to what happens about those people who had appointments with the ship's barber for haircuts Tuesday morning. It is doubted that the barber would have provided against the date line contingency, and since his engagements run several days ahead it is no small matter to find that Tuesday morning has vanished into the Never-never land with "the souls of little children who are never born."

Wednesday, June 26. We take a dim view of world politics this morning. The morning edition of the *Panamint Press* says, "Pravda declared flatly today that Soviet Russia will never surrender the veto power in any Atomic Control Plan, and said the United States proposal for control of the weapon 'reflects evident striving for world rule.'" Discussion at the breakfast table, and afterwards on the boat deck, is that this is the worst news since the war. It was felt that in the Baruch Proposal the United States was making a very generous offer—perhaps too generous an offer. With this proposal turned down and rejected in the

usual unamiable Soviet manner, how can we look for friendly relations or sincere co-operation in any matter whatever? And in the specific matter of atomic bombs, what remains but an armament race?

Dr. Alexandrov and Dr. Mescheryakov are not popular on board this morning. At best, they have been reticent and uncommunicative. Why this should be with representatives of a friendly and allied power, particularly when they are the guests at a great experiment to which there was no need to invite anyone, I cannot tell. It almost leads one to believe the stories that are published about the Soviet way of doing things.

Dr. Alexandrov is indisposed today as a result of inoculations given yesterday to him and to all others aboard who had not completed their proper immunizations. He has not appeared since yesterday afternoon. This no doubt saves him some embarrassment. "We would be saps now to let Russia have any of our atomic secrets at all," is the moderate view. "We *are* saps for letting Russians come aboard this ship," is the more extreme one. I think Dr. Mescheryakov speaks English rather less than usual today.

Thursday, June 27. Some of the United Nations observers are diplomatic, some are tactful, some are reticent, but as far as I have heard expressions from them, large nations or small, they favor the kind of atomic energy control proposed by Bernard Baruch. But the Chinese are a subtle people, and I gained deeper insight last night from one of my Chinese friends. We were in deck chairs beside the rail, watching the stars, and talk drifted to the Baruch report.

"At first," he said, "I thought the Baruch plan ought to be acceptable to everyone. It seemed very generous of the United States. Then I thought, how would the Russians feel? I tried to think of it not from my point of view, but from theirs. And I thought, if the Baruch plan were put into effect, if no one made any more atomic bombs, and everyone gave up what they have now, who would be giving up the most?"

"Why," I ventured, "I suppose the United States . . ."

"No, Russia."

"Russia would be giving up the most?"

"Yes, that is how they would see it. If everyone stops right now making bombs, and some time—twenty years, thirty years—there should be war, who would be behind? Russia, for they have never made a bomb. With the big nations all starting from nothing, no bombs, no plants for

making bombs, still Russia would be last. For Russian men would have no experience. That, I think, is why Russia cannot agree. This is not how I think, but what I think the Russians feel."

"Yes," I said, "I see." And I did see. But I do not see any answer. If people of the United States consider the Baruch plan almost excessively generous, while the Russians honestly feel it puts their country at a great disadvantage, how can there be agreement? I do not know; that is for a great statesman.

We go on to our simple job of watching what a bomb can do.

Friday, June 28. The showmanship is excellent. The curtain rose a week ago, the first day out of Honolulu, with a talk on the inside of atoms. There was a second talk the next day. Then, on Monday, Captain Ring talked on preparations for the big day, the day of the first drop, generally known as A Day—and to the Navy, for whom things must not be too simple, as Able Day. Captain Ring spoke again on Wednesday (there being no Tuesday, by action of the date line) on air operations on Able Day. The next move, on Thursday, was to show us movies of atomic bombing. So, you see, we are being built up. Today, Friday, we sailed into the Kwajalein lagoon, landed amid great airfields and other naval and military installations, and were briefed by generals and admirals who are in charge of the big show. We approach the climax. Tomorrow we drop anchor in the Bikini lagoon itself and visit the target ships. By that time we shall have been prepared for the great climax. And then we shall stand eighteen miles off Bikini and—what? Perhaps the show goes on. Perhaps the bomb is exploded, and the world's greatest experiment is under way. Or perhaps we wait on the weather for a day, a week, a month. Who knows? What a blow that would be to the dramatist who planned it all!

Yesterday morning we saw our first little atoll, Mejit, eastern outpost of the Marshall group. At nine it was a line of darker gray on a hazy horizon. Half an hour later it was to be seen through binoculars as a row of trees. By ten we were passing to the south, within a few miles, and it was all laid out for our enjoyment. A strip of white, clean beach separated the gray-green trees from the deep-blue ocean, and shallow green water could be seen over reefs where the breakers lashed the coral just off shore. All the passengers were staring through binoculars, and every man saw natives on the island. But no two saw them in the same place. It may be those black dots on the white beach were natives, but it

may be they were not. The long black things might have been canoes, or they might have been tree trunks. However, official information says the island was inhabited by three hundred-odd people some years ago, and some of them are probably still there. It seems they do not build houses within view of the sea, nor do they have fires that make smoke.

Now I must confess myself surprised. My information being from maps, I had thought that when you were within a group of islands, such as the Marshalls, there would be atolls visible in all directions. That is not so. Most of the time that we have been within the Marshalls (and they are about as thickly populated with islands as any of the South Sea groups) we have been within sight of nothing at all. It was a real accomplishment when the native navigators sailed their canoes from island to island; they could not help being out of sight of all lands for hours or days at a time. There are great leagues of open sea around each tiny islet.

Kwajalein, we are told, is the biggest atoll in the world. It is some miles one way by some miles the other—sixty, I believe, by forty. But it must be understood that these are the dimensions of the lagoon, and the amount of land is almost negligible. The lagoon is enclosed within a circle of reef (rather a triangle than a circle in this case) and every few miles the reef rises above water and becomes an islet or two. Sometimes between islands there is no sign of reef, but no doubt the unwary mariner would find it was usually there. Our ships follow a narrow, carefully buoyed channel when passing in and out. The entrance to the lagoon may be ten or twenty miles from the anchorage where the two largest of the islets have been mown of coconuts and have sprouted quonset huts instead. There are big quonset huts for hangars and for our briefing-room, which is really an assembly hall; medium-sized quonset huts for the Officers' Club where we had beer and lunch, and little quonset huts for living quarters. We saw a few dogs; without doubt if they have dog houses they are inverted sections of corrugated iron culvert.

The common rocks on Kwajalein, the rocks that are used to mark out parking areas and landing fields, would sell as curios at home. Some of our passengers, strolling along the beach, pick up specimens of coral—well, I think the ship must ride lower in the water tonight.

Saturday, June 29. The curtain has gone down on the fourth act. We are riding at anchor tonight in the Bikini lagoon, and off to starboard, to the south, are lights as of a large city. There are scores, per-

haps hundreds of ships moored in the lagoon. A few, like us, will move out before the bomb is dropped, but most will stay.

The great climax of Act Five will come next on the main stage. Perhaps the curtain will rise and the act begin tomorrow. But the weather is beyond the control of even the United States Navy. (Although I am not sure Admiral Blandy would admit as much.)

Sunday, June 30. Admiral Blandy has the weather under control! It was announced over the loud-speaker system this morning, just after church, that tomorrow, One July Nineteen Forty-Six, would be Able Day, and that zero-eight-thirty would be How Hour, which is the Navy way of saying that they planned to drop the bomb at half-past eight in the morning. Later, however, the time was changed to nine.

Today, then, Able Day minus one, there is great activity, for everything to be saved must be packed and shipped, and everyone here must be removed. All the evacuation has been carefully planned and rehearsed. As a final precaution, the last man to leave each ship is instructed to hoist a certain code flag to indicate that his ship is empty. If anyone looks up and sees that flag flying overhead, he is entitled to be scared.

We pulled up our anchor at four o'clock, and after sailing out of the entrance at the south side of the lagoon headed northeastward to our position for the notable events tomorrow. This is the beginning of the fifth act. The curtain is up, the play is proceeding, the climax will be reached tomorrow. Cancellation is possible up to midnight. But everyone believes that Admiral Blandy has made up his mind it shall go tomorrow. So, until tomorrow. . . .

July 1, 1946, 9:30 a.m. Half an hour ago the bomb dropped. It exploded quite properly, and produced the expected cloud of pink that rose some forty thousand feet above the sea. The initial blast was impressive, but at our distance of eighteen or twenty miles not tremendous. For a while the television reception from Bikini was working, and the officer in charge of the television told me that the bomb apparently exploded a little to the right of the *Nevada* (I don't know which way is "right"), that the *Nevada* and apparently all other ships were still afloat, that there were some coconut trees still standing on the island, and that the ships were afire.

At about half-past eight I went up past the navigating bridge and the signal bridge to the flying bridge, with both binoculars and goggles

hanging around my neck, to watch the show. Everywhere on the horizon there were ships, waiting as we were. The *Panamint* had just steered away, and was headed directly toward where Bikini was said to be, although nothing was visible on the horizon even from the flying bridge, some ninety feet above the water. Other passengers were there, too; some of the ambitious were in the crow's-nests, a few were on the lower bridges. Ship's officers were mixed with us, and so were our three or four newsmen. The *Appalachian* was half a mile away. Just on the horizon, in the direction of Bikini, was a ship supposed to be the *Mount McKinley*, the flagship with the highest officials. It was some ten miles closer than we to Bikini, about half our distance. A few planes were overhead.

Fifteen minutes before the drop we were warned over the loud-speaker system. Five minutes before, the time was announced. Two minutes before, we were told to put on goggles, and the crew, mostly on the forecastle and in the bow, were told to face the stern, look at the deck, close the eyes, and cover the eyes with the arm. This they did. The goggles were dark, but a dim view of parts of the ship in bright sunlight could still be seen through them. The sun itself was bright through the goggles, and just on the verge of being dazzling. If there had been sunspots on the sun they would have shown clearly, I think.

Having the goggles in place, and getting a firm grip on the rail, and having nothing better to do, I began counting seconds. But since I forgot to keep on counting every now and then, this did not accomplish much. Somebody, apparently within earshot of a radio, called "Bomb away!" We had been told the bomb would take 18.6 seconds to drop. Therefore I counted 18 hippopotamuses. Nothing happened. I had my eyes closed, as we had been warned that even with goggles it would be better not to look directly at the initial flash.

Suddenly there was a noticeable warmth and brilliance, as if someone had turned a light on my face. I quickly opened my eyes. A ball of light on the horizon—a hemisphere, rather—was growing in size with tremendous speed. When I first saw it, perhaps a quarter of a second after the blast, it was about the size of half the sun, and nearly as bright. At the first moment the surface of the ball had something of the smooth, silvery appearance seen in pictures of the Alamagordo bomb. In another second the size had grown to twice or three times

that of a hemisphere of the sun, or at least I believe so, but it is extremely hard to estimate time at such a moment. As the ball grew, its surface became roily, greatly agitated, boiling, some parts brighter than others, until its brilliance faded to a level too low to be seen through the goggles. I peeked around the goggles, and then, since it seemed quite safe, shoved them up on my forehead. Mr. Haraden Pratt, standing beside me, raised his at about the same time. He and I, therefore, saw the bright pink column above the blast, already some thousand or two feet high. There were white clouds in the sky, and the smoke was clearly distinguished by its bright pink color, and by the texture of its surface, a much finer texture of swirls and boils. The pink column was still rising at a speed that must have been tremendous, although it did not appear so—particularly by comparison with the first burst. Looking back, it now seems to me that the most impressive thing about the bomb explosion was the rate of expansion of the first hemisphere of brilliance.

As the smoke rose, with a certain amount of mushrooming as described in other bomb explosions, it faded from pink to salmon, rather yellowish after a while, and in five minutes or so it reached its maximum height which, as it rose to some thirty degrees in the sky, must have been eight or ten miles. By that time it could be distinguished from other clouds in the sky only by color. As for the sound of the blast it was plainly audible, like thunder in the distance. But there was no noticeable wave of air pressure.

After five or ten minutes black smoke could be seen on the horizon, indicating ships afire. Either the ammunition or the fuel or both were burning. This did not last long, and in half an hour was mostly gone. By the time the black smoke showed, the pink smoke had drifted well off to the north.

About twenty minutes after nine I went below to the wardroom to see what was coming in on the television sets that it was hoped would be receiving from Bikini. The result was very little. I think I saw a view of the lagoon with two plumes of smoke rising, but that is all I could distinguish through the interference and lack of synchronization. But the officer told me what I have already mentioned.

Later the same day. A little while after the explosion we started steaming toward Bikini. By half-past ten it was in sight, and masts and funnels could be seen above the horizon. The islands appeared still

to be covered with trees. There was little smoke rising. A few planes, drones I suppose, were flying back and forth.

Just before noon we approached Bikini quite closely, so that with glasses it was easily possible to see the ships and something of their condition. Damage was visible, in bent masts, and similar minor matters. Smoke was coming from a few ships, and one or two were listing noticeably. Something lying low in the water seemed to indicate more serious trouble. We then stood a little farther off the atoll and circled slowly within view of the target ships.

At lunch it was announced that two transports and a submarine had been sunk, a destroyer I think capsized; there was heavy damage to the carrier *Independence* and the German cruiser *Prinz Eugen*, and light damage (alas!) to the Japanese *Nagato*, and to the *Nevada*.

At half-past two there was furious fire on the *Independence*. By that time damage-control ships had entered the lagoon and were trying to subdue the fire on the *Independence*, but it was useless. Every few minutes we could see spurts of flame and new billows of gray smoke as, I suppose, other tanks of gasoline exploded. There was fire on the *Saratoga* for some time, but it was not nearly so severe and seemed to die out. Some of the other ships were on fire, and occasional flashes coming from them seemed to indicate bursting ammunition. Damage-control ships played great streams of water on several of the burning vessels.

To our great surprise, at three o'clock we entered the lagoon. Apparently the little boats assigned for that purpose had found there was no dangerous radioactivity, and the *Haven* with the President's evaluation commission, the *Mount McKinley*, the *Panamint*, *Blue Ridge*, and *Appalachian* steamed in, staying carefully to the weather side, and after passing rather close to the target ships, anchored near the east side of the lagoon.

Fire seems to have been the greatest damage. All the many things, including the pretty red fire engine that we saw on Saturday on the flight deck of the *Independence*, were completely vanished, swept off by the blast, and the carrier's superstructure was mostly gone, too. The flight deck itself was warped and sagging. Smoke was still pouring out, and apparently the attempt to put it out had been abandoned. It seems the bomb must have burst not far from the *Independence*. We shall perhaps know more about that in another day or two.

It is now half-past eight at night. Around us are a dozen brightly-lighted ships that came into the lagoon soon after we did. Off to the west a few miles are the black ships of the target. All are black but one; the *Independence* is marked by a line of flame still burning.

The first reaction aboard the *Panamint* was disappointment. The atomic bomb burst was less than expected. But on second thought, perhaps it was not less than should have been expected. The Navy has deliberately emphasized safety, and has taken extreme precautions. These all proved unnecessary, but could not have been omitted. Since seeing the actual damage we are again somewhat more impressed, and perhaps when we get around among the target ships this feeling will increase still further.

For me there are two principal surprises. First, that fire did so much damage. Some of the ships that were burning were in the outermost positions of the target fleet, two miles or more from the bomb. It must have been a great blast of heat that would start fires at such a distance. Yet trees on the island, at three miles or so, seem from this distance undamaged. Second, there was no remarkable disturbance of the water. Certainly no large waves reached our ship. Instead of a great upheaval washing across the atoll, as I expected, there is no sign to be seen through the glasses of any unusual wave action. But perhaps when a bomb is exploded under water it will be different.

Tuesday, July 2. I must write at once a little story that I have just heard. It has cheered the whole day. In fact, it has cheered the whole trip. Last week at Kwajalein quite a number of new passengers joined the ship. These were Army Air Force officers, about thirty in number; United States Senators, two; and Congressmen, fourteen. Later that day, after we had sailed, one of our United Nations group, from Holland, and Doctor of Physics at Leyden University, was wandering disconsolately around the ship, looking at the new people. He met one of the American scientific-observer group. "You know," he said, "this was a very, very pleasant trip—till all these damn foreigners came aboard."

So now all of us who are on the scientific side are going about telling each other this story, and it makes us very happy. This is mainly because it sort of expresses the feeling we all have. The American to whom the remark was first made is connected with publishing, and he is using the remark as the basis of an editorial on the international

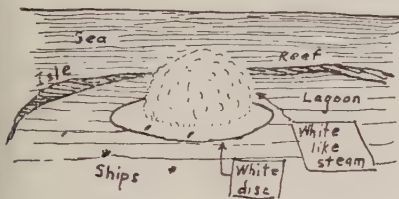
community of science. So you may take it seriously or you may take it lightly, but in any case it has brightened my trip.

This morning a meeting was called of the scientific observers (that includes me) for each to tell in half a minute what he saw at the time of the explosion yesterday. This was a very good idea, for naturally each one saw it a little differently, yet on all essential points there was agreement. There was agreement, that is, as long as it was the scientists talking. But some others wandered into the meeting, even newsmen, and they were all invited to speak (this was a mistake) and the less their scientific training and experience, the more their ideas diverged. The newsmen, for instance, instead of sticking to the point, talked about how they were disappointed—or something—a matter in which no one was in the least interested, thereby showing the effect of *their* training. Not a single one of the scientists allowed any trace of personal feeling to enter his account—and I must say this for the scientists I don't like, as well as for those I like. The scientists disagreed, certainly, and it would have been clearly dishonest if they had not. But everyone knew that everyone else was describing as well as he could exactly what he remembered, and what one liked or disliked had absolutely nothing to do with the matter.

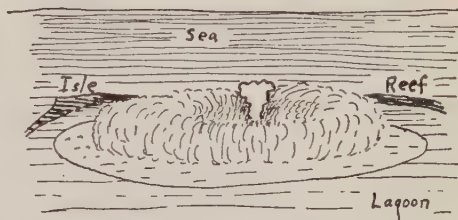
Friday, July 5. This morning we observers, American and foreign, were called into the wardroom to see some official pictures of the bomb explosion. This was a special favor, as the pictures are classified "Top Secret," which is so very secret that I never before even saw the outside of an envelope carrying that classification. We were warned that we must not make notes while looking at the pictures, for fear, I suppose, that the notes might be seen by some foreign person. At least, I can think of no other reason, nor could my United Nations friends.

After I got back to my cabin, when no one could conceivably say I was copying, I made four little sketches. They show in general how the explosion looks: after one or two seconds, there is a hemisphere of brightness like a cloud, and a white disk on the surface of the water. The disk is perfectly round and is no doubt produced by the shock wave traveling in air. Then, after three or four seconds, the hemisphere has become a doughnut-shaped ring of cloud, still surrounded by the circle on the water, and with a plume of smoke of quite different appearance beginning to come up in the middle. The third view, at five or six seconds, shows the doughnut of cloud breaking up into

cloudy bits that look for all the world like the natural clouds that drifted about through it all. The plume in the center is growing, and in the fourth view, at six or eight seconds, it is up ten thousand feet or so while the doughnut clouds have faded away entirely and only natural clouds are left.



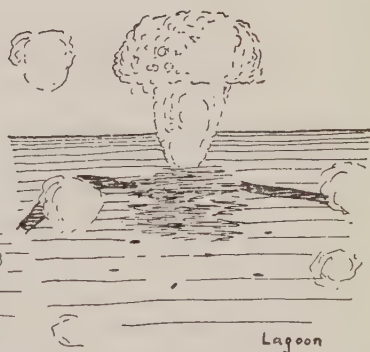
A



B



C



D

Drawn from memory, 11:00 A.M., July 5, 1946

A, View from plane. Size of hemisphere 1-1½ miles diameter. *B*, Doughnut formation, now looking like cloud or smoke. White plume forming in center. *C*, Doughnut broken up into clouds. Inner plume developing rapidly, and very bright. Violent agitation around base. *D*, Plume rising. General smokiness around base. Hardly more than natural clouds left from doughnut.

There has been unlimited argument in the wardroom about what makes it look like this. I shall not attempt to say. I have a nice theory, but if I mention it someone will explain why it can't be, and then I wouldn't have a theory any more.

THE COLUMBUS LEGEND

Francis R. Johnson

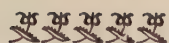
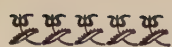
No error is more stubbornly persistent than a facile historical generalization which flatters the present by making its knowledge and wisdom appear far superior to that of the past. Thus, ever since some enthusiastic classical scholars of the Renaissance christened the immediately preceding centuries the "Dark Ages," the popular concept of the medieval period has been distorted. In spite of the labors of modern scholars, who have demonstrated that the "darkness" of these ages lies mainly in our ignorance of them, the traditional notion still prevails. So it is, likewise, with the impression acquired from elementary textbooks of American history, that until the time of Columbus everyone believed that the earth was flat—that it required Columbus' voyages to the New World and Magellan's later circumnavigation of the globe to convince men that it is round.

What are the facts concerning the ideas of Columbus' day about the shape of the earth? Not the ideas of the ignorant—even today such people believe the earth flat—but the ideas of the educated men of the time. To discover these facts the scholar turns to the fifteenth-century textbooks of geography and astronomy, and to the manuals of navigation used by sea captains in 1492. The testimony of these sources is emphatic and unanimous. Every treatise on

these subjects asserts that the earth is spherical and cites proofs, including the ones that Columbus, according to the history-book legend, is supposed to have advanced to convince his opponents. For example, the circular shape of the earth's shadow as seen during an eclipse of the moon is generally the first proof of the roundness of the earth to be mentioned in medieval and Renaissance textbooks. The second is the observation of mariners that the mast of a distant ship first appears above the horizon, then the hull gradually comes into view as the ship draws nearer.

The two other customary proofs were more elaborate and scientific. One, to show that the earth is round in an east-west direction, demonstrated that for every fifteen degrees difference in longitude, there is a difference of one hour in the time at which a given star crosses the meridian. The other, to prove the earth's roundness in a north-south direction, cited as evidence the observed variation in the altitude of the North Star (Polaris) as one goes from north to south—a variation explainable only by assuming that the earth is spherical.

Such were the proofs of the roundness of the earth that Columbus found in the *Ymago Mundi*, that encyclopedic geographical treatise of Pierre d'Ailly, as he pored over its pages, writing copious notes in the margins. Such were



the proofs he would have found in the other geographical works of his time. Nor were these proofs new to the fifteenth century. The ancient Greeks, from the sixth century B.C. onward, were aware that our earth is a sphere, and all Greek astronomy was evolved upon that postulate. From the time of Plato and Aristotle the roundness of the earth was not questioned by anyone with the slightest scientific training. Among the Church Fathers, it is true, were those whose ignorance of Greek science led them to reject its findings in favor of a literal interpretation of some Scriptural reference; but the more learned, such as St. Augustine (5th century A.D.) and the Venerable Bede (8th century), opposed the narrow-mindedness of their "fundamentalist" brethren. By the time of St. Thomas Aquinas (13th century) the knowledge of ancient science and its acceptance by the medieval Schoolmen resulted in the sphericity of the earth being taught as a fact in the schools of Western Europe. Not only was this doctrine fully set forth in the textbooks and the encyclopedias of science, but the manuals of navigation usually began with a brief treatise on astronomy, which included proofs of the earth's shape.

The legend, therefore, that Columbus had to struggle to convince his contemporaries of the roundness of the earth vanishes the moment one looks at historical evidence. In his efforts to gain support for his project of sailing westward to reach Cathay, Columbus

did not have to argue that the earth was a sphere—everyone knew that—but had to persuade others that his estimate of the distance westward to the lands described by Marco Polo was reasonably correct.

The uncertainty, in 1492, concerning the distance eastward by land from the west coast of Europe to the east coast of Asia contributed to Columbus' reaching a fantastically small figure for the distance by sea from Spain to Cathay. By accepting the greatest estimate of the land distances, by miscalculating the length of one degree on the earth's surface through substituting the shorter Italian miles for the 33 per cent longer Arabic miles, and finally, by interpreting, most unscientifically, a statement of the prophet Esdras as proof that the sea distance was only one-seventh of the land distance, Columbus convinced himself that he needed to sail only about 2,500 miles westward to reach Cathay. This figure was approximately one-sixth of the actual distance, assuming that the American continents had not barred his way, and about one-third of the least distance that competent geographers of his day were willing to grant as probable. The royal advisers who branded Columbus' plan as impractical did so, not because they doubted that the earth was a globe, but because they knew he was grossly underestimating the distance he would have to travel. They were right. Columbus, luckily, gained fame through being wrong.

THE DECLINE OF THE PROFESSIONAL AMERICAN THEATRE

Hubert C. Heffner

IN 1935 a group of public-spirited citizens, patrons of the arts, presented to the Congress of the United States the critical condition of the theatre in this nation as evidenced by the swift reduction in the number of both playhouses and companies of actors. As a result of their action, Congress granted a federal charter for the establishment of the American National Theatre and Academy and President Roosevelt affixed his signature to that charter in July of that year. The preamble to that document stated the purpose of the American National Theatre and Academy as follows:

A people's project, organized and conducted in their interest, free from commercialism, but with the firm intent of being as far as possible self-supporting. A national theater should bring to the people throughout the country their heritage of the great drama of the past and the best of the present, which has been too frequently unavailable to them under existing conditions.

The charter carried no federal grant; funds for the establishment of the project were to be supplied initially by disinterested patrons of the arts. In the eleven years that have elapsed these patrons have waited patiently for a feasible plan for the establishment of this National American Theatre and Academy.

The list of original founders of this organization included not a single theatrical leader but was composed of outstanding American citizens interested in American culture and American art. The omission was deliberate, designed to prove the entirely disinterested nature of the proposal made to Congress. Under a recent reorganization the personnel of the present officers and Board of Directors of the American National Theatre and Academy is composed entirely of American theatrical leaders, men and women of eminent attainment in the field of theatre and drama who are equally serious, along with the founders, in their concern over the parlous condition of the professional theatre in these United States.

A brief glance at some significant facts and statistics will readily reveal the basis of their concern. Less than a hundred years ago every important city in this nation had its active professional, producing organization engaged in bringing to the citizens of each community the best contemporary plays, and in reviving for them the masterpieces of our dramatic heritage. Larger cities such as New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, New Orleans, Cleveland, Chicago, and San Francisco could boast of and supported not one but several theatres and theatrical companies of high artistic attainment. In those days, from approximately the post-Revolutionary War period to the post-Civil War period, the theatre, along with the church, the school, and the town hall forum, was one of our most important cultural institutions. In the early days of our history it followed our expanding frontier westward and brought significant moments of release, understanding, and beauty into the lives of thousands of sensitive people living in crude frontier settlements. To these people as well as to the people in the larger cities and towns the theatre brought, as it has to other peoples in other lands, an illumination of right and wrong, a sensitive expression of man's highest hopes and aspirations and of man's most profound despair. Moreover, the popular art of the theatre served to express and to clarify American beliefs, ideals, and aspirations. In those days we had an institution that might truly be called a National American Theatre.

But that theatre, partly because of the peculiar nature of its own history and because of certain factors in the development of its organization, carried within itself some of the seeds of its own disintegration. In the perspective of years the critical historian can detect the process of disintegration in operation even in the period of the expansion. At the turn of the present century we had over five thousand legitimate professional theatres scattered through the length and breadth of the United States. In 1939, prior to the war, we had less than two hundred, and of these two hundred exactly forty-four were within the Times Square district of New York City.

The fact of this condition serves to highlight one of the situations that has brought serious concern to many thoughtful citizens, including the founders of the American National Theatre and Academy. The truth is that we have in the legitimate professional theatre field no American theatre today. What we do have is a Broadway theatre, a

commercial organization of some high artistic excellence that occasionally, very occasionally, spills over into the "provinces." In terms of the finished artistry with which it mounts its productions, and even in terms of the quality of acting through which it interprets its performances, this Broadway theatre is probably the finest to be found in any nation today, not excepting Soviet Russia; but it is not an American theatre in the sense that it reaches any considerable portion of the American people. It can by no stretch of the imagination be called a national cultural institution. In terms of the number of Americans reached, Hollywood with its motion pictures that play weekly to audiences averaging about fifty-five million people can more rightly be called a national institution. It is true that the Broadway theatre does, whenever given the opportunity, present the best plays written by contemporary American playwrights with a finish of performance perhaps unknown in former days; but these plays, if they are to succeed in this commercial theatre, must be tailored to Broadway taste, to the peculiar conditions of a highly restricted theatre. If a play succeeds today, it succeeds on Broadway terms. Of course, in some sense, that Broadway audience may be said to represent a sample of the American people, but in a larger sense it does not. An American playwright today has no chance to speak through professional production to any largely representative segment of the American people, and the American people today in the majority have no opportunity through professional productions to enjoy and profit from their dramatic heritage, nor to hear in dramatic performance expressions of their ideals and aspirations, their hopes and despairs. They have in some part lost an institution that democratic Athens considered fundamental to the right training of its citizens, that France since the days of Molière has cherished as a precious part of its cultural attainment, and that Soviet Russia today encourages and promotes as of equal importance with its schools in the expression and inculcation of national ideals.

The facile explanation usually advanced to account for this loss is that the development of motion pictures gave us a popular theatric entertainment that supplanted the legitimate professional theatre. Such an explanation is by no means adequate; the process of concentration and of commercialization had been in operation in our theatre long before the emergence, around 1912, of motion pictures as popular entertainment.

During the late Colonial days Philadelphia was probably the major theatrical center, and, with the establishment in 1794 of the Chestnut Street Theatre under the management of Wignell and Reinagle, it became the undisputed capital city of the American theatre. New York, though an important theatrical center, did not begin seriously to challenge the prestige of the Quaker City until after the turn of the century. By this time the great expansion westward was well under way. The first theatrical performance west of the Alleghenies of which there is any record took place in Washington, Kentucky, in 1797. The development of the theatre in the Western communities followed the typical American pattern. First, there were performances by talented amateurs that served to develop audience interest at the same time that they gave certain of these citizen-amateurs opportunity for training and for the attainment of at least semiprofessional standing. This development of audience interest and of professional abilities led to the building of permanent theatre buildings, and the bringing in from established theatrical centers of superior professional artists to form a regular company. This company, in turn, seeking new audiences to keep it engaged, took its performances to the smaller near-by towns and communities. By 1815 performances had occurred in St. Louis, and in 1837, with the dedication and opening of the New St. Louis Theatre, that city could boast of the first real theatre west of the Mississippi. With the building of Rice's Theatre in Chicago in 1847 that fast-growing metropolis became an important theatrical center, supplying a standard repertory of good modern plays and revivals of the classics for the citizens of that city and of Milwaukee, as well as for citizens in surrounding towns and communities. Chicago remained an important production center until after the turn of the present century. From its earliest days the Mormon Church promoted among its members a lively interest in theatrical art. Under the leadership of Brigham Young the Mormons built and opened in 1862 a handsome theatre building in Salt Lake City that continued to be the home of splendid theatrical performances, and to fill a real community need, until the growing commercialism of the American theatre forced the dispersion of the stock company and the consequent loss of that city as a producing center. Some time between 1844 and 1847 the first theatre in California was built in Monterey, and "paid" theatrical performances began there in 1848. On January 16, 1850, San Francisco's first theatre was opened,

and for the next fifty years that city remained the home of important producing stock companies in the American tradition.

Meantime, after 1825 and after the dissolution of the Warren and Wood management in Philadelphia, New York City became the undisputed theatrical capital of the nation. Up until the late 'nineties of the past century, however, she was merely the chief theatrical center among a large group spread through the nation. During the great "stock-company days," with such outstanding stock companies as Wallack's, Laura Keane's, Booth's, Daly's, and the Union Square, her position of pre-eminence was so firmly established that, with the development of a national system of railroads, she could challenge for patronage in their respective communities even such great companies as that of the Boston Museum and Mrs. Drew's Arch Street Theatre of Philadelphia. Little by little through the years the prestige of "originally produced in New York" began to outweigh in the audience mind local pride in the accomplishments of the home company. Naturally, then, New York City tended to become the mecca of every ambitious and talented theatre artist.

With all of its rather obvious disadvantages, this old stock-company system of organization that characterized our theatre from its beginnings to approximately the close of the nineteenth century had certain definite advantages over the so-called "combination system" that prevails in our Broadway theatre today. The major advantage of the stock-company form of organization was that it permitted audiences to see performed regularly, year after year, the great classics in the field of drama. In those days in almost any American city an interested citizen could learn to know intimately, for example, the chief works of Shakespeare, not as printed plays in a book but as living drama upon the stage. This system also offered definite advantages to the actor and theatre artist. Under this system the actors and other theatre artists were hired on a yearly or seasonal basis and often became more or less permanent members of the company. They could thereby count upon a financial security unknown to the present-day actor in the Broadway theatre. Such a condition encouraged the actor to look upon himself as a responsible citizen of the community, and to take a broad interest in its cultural institution with which he was connected. Under the stock-company system the actor was offered opportunity to play a wide range of roles and through that opportunity a chance to grow and

develop as an artist. Imagine a pianist who through a whole season played only one piece of music in public performance, or a painter who painted the same picture over and over throughout a year! Yet, under the present system in operation on Broadway, that is precisely what happens to an actor fortunate enough to secure a role in a long-run hit. In its heyday the stock company was the great school of theatrical artists. Through it the young apprentice received his training and experience. That system was constantly rejuvenating itself through its development of new talent. Under the present system on Broadway there is hardly any place or opportunity for the young beginner. Our legitimate professional theatre cannot perpetuate itself.

The death of the stock-company system led finally to the complete concentration of the legitimate professional theatre in New York City. We can detect many factors which contributed to the decline and disappearance of the stock company, but among these four major factors stand out; or rather, we might say that there are four major steps in this disappearance. The first of these was the development of the star system during the nineteenth century. Though there have always been "stars" in the professional theatre in the sense of leading or pre-eminent actors, the star system with all of its viciousness is a typical nineteenth-century phenomenon. In a very definite sense we may say that the first example of a visiting star in our American theatre occurred at the old Park Theatre in New York when Dunlap and Hodgkinson succeeded in taking the brilliant young actor, Thomas Abthorp Cooper, away from Wignell and Reignagle's Philadelphia Company, and starred him in such leading roles as Hamlet in order to bolster their rickety finances. The first great English actor to play starring engagements in the American theatre, the forerunner of a whole host of great English stars seeking large financial rewards in this country, was George Frederick Cooke, eulogized in London as greater even than John Philip Kemble. T. A. Cooper induced him, in the autumn of 1810, to come to the Park Theatre in an attempt again to bolster the declining financial returns. Cooke, like the elder Wallack, Edmund Kean, and Macready, who followed him in appearances in this country season after season, played leading roles in most of our major cities, supported by the regular members of the local stock company. The great American actors, including Edwin Forrest, Edmund Booth, Joseph Jefferson III, and many others, toured from city to city playing starring engagements with the local company.

In many instances managers brought these stars to their theatres in a desperate effort to bolster sagging audience interest, or merely as a device to increase profits. Such engagements, with their attendant advertising, trained audiences in turn to go to the theatre to see particular stars rather than to see the ensemble production of a specific play, which was characteristic of the better days of stock. After the star had left, the audience tended to stay away from the theatre until the next big attraction was brought in. In this way the star system contributed directly to the decline of the stock company and to the debasement of the theatre as an institution. Moreover, the star often demanded and received an enormous salary for the comparatively few engagements which he played, a salary that for those few engagements often represented far more than the yearly salary of the chief regular actors in the company. Naturally such a situation bred all kinds of dissatisfaction, discontent, and strife within the company, and the local actor of some ability and following looked forward to the day when he could leave stock and win a starring engagement.

On March 27, 1860, Laura Keen, at her theatre in New York, presented the first performance of Dion Boucicault's new play, *The Colleen Bawn*. This sentimental melodrama, based upon Gerald Griffin's novel, *The Collegians*, is in itself of no great importance, but the fact that this was the first production to be taken on the road with a complete New York company is significant in the history of our theatre. From this time on the decline of the local stock company made it more and more profitable to take outstanding productions with complete companies on the road. It is not mere coincidence that this theatrical practice developed after our great network of railroads, tying together the cities and towns throughout the nation, had come into existence. Now stars and companies could travel from metropolis to metropolis in an ease and luxurious comfort unknown to the actors of the earlier days. The profound disturbances attendant upon the Civil War naturally retarded the immediate development of this new system, but in the decade following that conflict it grew with amazing rapidity. Local managers, in all except the larger centers, began to disband their companies, and to depend upon these larger centers to supply performances and attractions to keep their theatres open. The local stock company was fast disappearing and the development of the "big circuits" was under way. From this time on to the contemporary period "the road" exerted a powerful influence on the theatre.

A third major step in the decline of the stock company likewise began

in the decade of the 'sixties. This was the introduction of the so-called "combination" system, a pronounced change in theatrical procedure that is with us to this day. This system completely abandoned the stock-company tradition and substituted the practice of hiring an actor for an individual role in each separate production. The actor's contract called for his services only for a specific role and only for the run of a specific production. When the show closed, the actor was out of a job until he secured a new role in another production. Joseph Jefferson in his *Autobiography* took to himself much of the credit and the blame for inventing this system, and defends it in the following terms:

The performers themselves are not better than those who acted under the old form of dramatic government, but on the principle of "selection" a more perfect unity has been evolved. And further, the vast continent of America, with its wonderful and progressive cities thousands of miles apart, seems to have demanded the establishment of this important institution. The inhabitants of these distant places, having fine opera houses, enjoy the advantages of seeing the same plays acted by the same companies as those of the larger cities. If they can afford and appreciate it, then they deserve it, and these entertainments can only be administered by the combination system.

The developing practice of touring individual productions complete with their own company, and eventually with their own scenery, made inevitable the substitution of the new combination system for the old stock system.

Jefferson was acutely aware of the defects and failures of the stock-company system; he could not foresee that the new combination system was precisely the type of theatrical organization that would make it possible for a group of men with little interest in the theatre as a cultural institution, but with a well-developed interest in it as a money-making organization, to seize virtually monopolistic control of the whole American theatre. Following the general pattern of American business after the Civil War, that is exactly the situation that developed. For a number of years prior to the season of 1895-96, a group of theatrical managers had been secretly getting control of the theatres of the country and of the various circuits. The activities of this group first came into the open in the season of 1895-96 and David Belasco, an independent producer, was the first to run into open conflict with it. When he attempted to secure bookings on the road for David Warfield in *The Auctioneer*, he suddenly

found that he was shut out everywhere. The men who composed this powerful trust were Fred Zimmerman and Sam Nixon of Philadelphia, Abraham Erlanger, Charles Frohman, Marc Klaw, and Al Hayman of New York. They had quietly corralled the theatres of the country, and bound the managers in tightly drawn contracts which guaranteed them thirty weeks of bookings in their buildings, but forbade them to book any other attractions whatever. Thus they practically turned the owners of these theatres into janitors of their buildings, subject entirely to the dictates of the Trust or Syndicate, as the organization became known. In some ways the Theatrical Trust did stabilize the business of the theatre, and did make actors' salaries more certain, but it soon became evident that there was a dangerous concentration of power in the hands of a small group which would permit this group to direct to their own advantage and sell on their own terms the dramatic art of the nation. As one historian of the theatre has said: "The country was in the hands of Broadway commercial interests." The American theatre has remained in those hands since that day.

Many of our prominent actors immediately recognized the dangers to themselves and to their art in this new monopoly. James A. Herne, Francis Wilson, James O'Neill, Mrs. Fiske, and Richard Mansfield took an independent attitude of protest against the monopoly. One by one, however, the Trust brought each of them to his knees and forced him to accept its contract—with the exception of Mrs. Fiske. She continued to fight it to the bitter end. The Trust closed all theatres to her and forced her to play in second-rate halls, but she never gave in. The Trust even forced the great Sarah Bernhardt to play in a circus tent on her farewell tour of this country. Belasco was outspoken in his contempt of the Trust and for almost ten years, at the price of inconvenience and hardship, continued to fight it. In 1904 the Trust tried to force him out of the St. Louis World's Fair, and did force him to rent an out-of-the-way hall for his productions. But because of his excellent productions and his own popular plays, such as *The Girl of the Golden West* and *The Rose of the Rancho*, Belasco increased in importance each year. His position became so powerful and his plays were so in demand on the road that the Trust had finally, in 1906, to accept Belasco on his own terms. Meanwhile, Lee, Sam, and Jacob Shubert, of the most humble origin, had begun theatrical activity in their native town of Syracuse, New York, and year by year extended this activity. In 1900 they went to New York and subleased the

Herald Square Theatre. They proclaimed themselves leaders of the Independent Movement in opposition to the Syndicate. Gradually, by hard work and perseverance, they extended their chain of theatres from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Then real warfare set in. City after city that could barely support one really first-class theatre was forced to have two—an Independent Theatre and a Syndicate Theatre. This warfare rapidly accelerated the drift toward commercialism in the professional theatre. In the managerial field the situation rapidly grew worse than that which the Syndicate pretended it sought to remedy. Disgusted by the cheap theatrical fare which these two organizations presented season after season merely for profit, the intelligent American theatregoer began to stay away from the theatre. Finally the Trust sued for peace and the Shuberts were victorious. But though the victory did break the close monopoly of the Syndicate, it brought no real relief. There were merely two masters in the field now instead of one, and their fierce competition led to the production of more and more trashy plays, more and more advertising, and a rapidly declining standard of theatrical art. The Syndicate was responsible for dealing the final death blow to the stock system.

The Syndicate and the Shuberts indulged in most of the underhanded and shady practices that characterized American business trusts in those monopolistic days prior to the Sherman Anti-trust Act. Time after time they sent fourth-rate companies on the road billed as the original New York cast. Though independent producers did appear on the New York scene, and some did manage to get their shows on the road, the Syndicate and the Shuberts largely controlled the activities of American playwrights and American actors. In this country, however, which pays at least audible lip service to the spirit of free enterprise, no monopoly could be quite complete. Among the numerous independent producers of the period we remember especially Harrison Grey and Mrs. Fiske and Daniel Frohman for their attempts, year after year, to keep alive a worthy artistic tradition in the selection and staging of their plays, and we remember Marlowe and Sothorn for their efforts to maintain a Shakespeare repertory in the fine old tradition of our stage. As a result of the loss of theatre audiences the country over, theatre after theatre was taken over by Negro minstrel companies and by vaudeville. In many communities the theatres merely closed their doors to be opened occasionally when some second-rate road company ventured a performance in these deserted places. Many of these older theatres were to know again the heated atmosphere of audience

interest when the motion pictures took them over and closed them forever to the legitimate drama. When that phenomenon reached full maturity just after the first World War, "the road" itself all but disappeared from the American theatre scene. When that happened, New York was not merely the major producing center in the United States, it was the only producing center. Our American theatre had disappeared and we had in its place what we have today—a Broadway theatre. Thus the phenomenon of centralization and restriction was complete.

In the decade immediately following the first World War our Broadway theatre experienced an amazing growth and expansion, culminating in the peak season of 1927-28. In that season there were eighty theatres in operation on Broadway. In 1937-38 there were only thirty-nine. In 1927-28 Broadway produced three hundred two shows, including musical comedies and plays; in 1937-38 there were only one hundred ten productions presented on Broadway. The decline continued through the season of 1940-41; in that season there were only eighty-one new productions on Broadway. There was great rejoicing in theatrical centers at the end of the season of 1942-43 when it was discovered that the long trend downward had at last been broken, and that in that season there had been eighty-two productions on Broadway. The decline of the Broadway theatre becomes even more apparent if we look at the statistics of new plays produced each season. In the climactic season of 1927-28 there were two hundred five new plays given a hearing; in 1937-38 there were only sixty-nine; and in 1941-42 there were a bare forty-seven. Again the trend was reversed in the following season, giving us a total of forty-eight premieres of new plays in that season. In the season of 1945-46, the last for which we as yet have complete statistics, this downward trend was, under the impetus of a wartime boom, even more decisively reversed. *Variety*, the trade magazine of the profession, counted eighty-three new plays presented during that season. *Variety* has, however, included all new productions to arrive at this figure; there were actually only fifty-three new legitimate plays produced, not counting musical comedies and revivals. Naturally there is cause for alarm in these facts, not only to Broadway show folk, but also to the thoughtful founders of the American National Theatre and Academy. Informed Americans have seriously debated the question of the possible disappearance of the legitimate professional theatre in America.

The critical nature of the situation is readily apparent, but the factors

which account for that situation may not be so quickly apprehended. The first of these factors is the concentration of the legitimate professional theatre within a single city. The Broadway theatre is largely concentrated around the Times Square district of Manhattan Island, a district where land prices and rentals are the highest in the world. Moreover, the theatrical season lasts for only about thirty weeks each year. In those thirty weeks these expensive theatre buildings must pay their excessively high taxes, their carrying charges, and make whatever profit they are to make for the entire year. Under the present system of management it is essential to prepare a production for performance in the shortest possible time, usually four or five weeks. That means that a great part of the labor going into the production must be paid for on an over-time basis. Naturally under such conditions production costs have soared year after year. According to a reliable estimate it costs between two hundred and three hundred fifty thousand dollars to produce a musical comedy on Broadway today. In 1927 Ziegfeld presented a lavish production of *Show Boat*, with a cast of very high-priced stars, for a production cost of two hundred thousand dollars. The current revival in New York today charged off more than one hundred thousand dollars for costumes alone. Under these circumstances, a musical show, to make any return at all, must run at least six months to completely full houses and in a large theatre, of which there are only six in New York City. The musical comedy, *Annie Get Your Gun*, was given a "tryout" on the road for nearly five weeks before opening on Broadway. It played to capacity houses for every performance during this period, and yet in those weeks it showed a net loss of over forty thousand dollars because the houses were not large enough to accommodate a profitable audience. Though legitimate plays are not so expensive as musical shows to produce, their lower production cost is purely relative.

Faced with such exorbitant production costs, a play or a musical show can actually be a "hit" and at the same time a financial "flop." The high ratio of "flops" to "hits" is another factor that aids in accounting for the decline of the Broadway theatre. Again some statistics will be helpful. Of the three hundred two productions presented in the season of 1927-28, seventy-four percent were failures. In 1937-38 seventy-four percent of all productions were failures. Among the productions of legitimate plays the percentage of failures was even more glaring. In 1927-28 eighty-one percent of the two hundred five new plays produced were

failures; in 1937-38 seventy-seven percent failed; and in 1940-41 sixty-three percent failed. When the play fails, the producer loses every cent of his investment; the actors lose their source of income; the theatre owners lose their only source of return on their expensive property. In 1927-28 only sixty-six productions, of which thirty-nine were legitimate plays, were hits or made money. In 1937-38 there were only twenty-four hits, and in 1940-41 there were only twenty-three. In 1934-35 there were one hundred eleven plays produced, not counting musical shows nor revivals. Of these one hundred eleven, twenty-one made a profit (fifteen were hits) of one million, eight hundred fifteen thousand dollars. During that same season the ninety remaining plays were failures and lost one million, four hundred twenty thousand dollars. Obviously, plays for that season represented a net profit of three hundred ninety-five thousand dollars. In the next season of 1935-36 one hundred four legitimate plays were produced. Twenty of these made a profit of two million twenty thousand dollars, while eighty-four lost one million one hundred seventy thousand dollars. That season could show a net profit on legitimate plays of eight hundred fifty thousand dollars. Obviously the small number of successes in the professional theatre must carry the entire financial burden of that theatre. Again, the effect of this condition is reflected in the mounting production costs and in the extremely high prices demanded for theatre tickets.

With such a percentage of failure before him, the question naturally arises as to why anyone should want to risk a Broadway production. The answer is that the financial returns for success are so large as to make the risk worth the gamble. The theatre can be a far more profitable gamble than either the stock market or the horse races. One example out of many will suffice. It is reliably reported that the producer of the farce, *Three Men on a Horse*, on an initial investment of one thousand eight hundred dollars made a profit of over six hundred fifty thousand dollars. The motion-picture rights alone of a successful play may bring the author and the producer several hundred thousand dollars. Moreover, you need have neither training nor experience to be a producer in New York. In any given year since the first World War approximately fifty percent of the producers on Broadway are new and without experience. Only about five percent of these new producers last beyond one production. In the show business, as in any other business, experience and training do count. For example, in the season of 1934-35, of the one hundred eleven plays pro-

duced, fifty-seven were presented by established producers of experience and fifty-four by new producers. Of the fifty-seven presented by experienced producers, fourteen were hits, five broke even or made a moderate profit, and thirty-eight were failures. Of the fifty-four presented by the novices one was a hit, one broke even, and fifty-two flopped.

And so the commercialization of the professional theatre in America has come full circle. The Broadway theatre no longer truly represents an orderly business enterprise; it is rather a gigantic gambling organization. A gambling organization that is momentarily feeling the exhilarating effects of our postwar inflation, but will continue to decline in the inevitable deflation that follows. It is certainly not an American theatre in the real sense of the term, and it is certainly not a national cultural institution. It will continue to decline after the present boom just as it continued to decline after the burst of the former postwar boom, because the same forces that made for that decline are still in operation.

Among these forces, in addition to those already mentioned, are the labor unions, unions that in some instances are in the hands or under the control of men criminally tried, such as Bioff and Browne. These unions came about largely as a result of the nefarious practices of the Theatrical Syndicate and the Shuberts. The workers and actors in the theatre had to organize to protect their basic interests. Actors' Equity was organized in 1912, but it was not until 1919 that it finally succeeded in securing a minimum-standard written contract for actors, and then not until after the famous actors' strike of that year. Affiliated through the Four A's with the A.F. of L., as are the Stagehands' Union and the Theatrical Protective Union, these unions are naturally and legitimately primarily concerned in getting for the workers in the theatre as large a share as possible of the enormous profits made by the successful shows. They are, consequently, decidedly suspicious of any proposed change in theatrical organization in this country, and generally opposed to new experiments. They serve to maintain the *status quo*, the system as it is. Their suspicions and their exorbitant demands make it extremely difficult for new, forward-looking ventures to get under way. They have by their attitude helped to kill a score of hopeful schemes for the regeneration of the American theatre proposed in the past twenty years. Even with a record that is in many respects excellent and commendable, Equity must in this one respect accept condemnation.

Recognizing, then, that we have no American theatre, that what we

do have in America in the way of a legitimate professional theatre is a local Broadway theatre which all too rarely reaches out into other American cities and communities, we can make some appraisal of that local institution. In the decade after 1918 that theatre attained an artistic maturity in dramatic activity that made New York the foremost theatrical city of the world. Though, since that date, it may have been rivaled at times by other world-renowned centers, especially by Moscow, it certainly holds that pre-eminent position today. It has a large body of highly skilled, talented, and experienced directors and producers. The list of these is a long one, including a number of well-known men, women, and organizations. One can name at random from among the large number Gilbert Miller, Margaret Webster, The Theatre Guild, Herman Shumlin, George Abbott, Brock Pemberton, Max Gordon, Guthrie McClintic, John Golden, Ruben Mamoulian, Howard Lindsay, and Russel Crouse. And although the Theatrical Syndicate has disappeared from the scene, the Shuberts are still with us.

The field of design, including scenery, costume, and lighting, has acquired new importance in the New York theatre following the first World War, and as a result, there has grown up a school of designers of eminent abilities and accomplishments. Certainly among the foremost of this group one must mention such designers as Robert Edmond Jones, Lee Simonson, Donald Oenslager, Aline Bernstein, Jo Mielziner, and close the listing arbitrarily with these five names instead of the score that deserve mention.

It is, however, in the fields of production design and directing that this Broadway theatre has made its greatest artistic advances. In the acting field it has a corps of highly competent artists, but it has no really great actors, no Bernhardt nor Duse, no Booth nor Jefferson—not even an actor of the stature of England's Laurence Olivier. Here in this field, because of the very nature of the institution itself, its failure to reproduce and perpetuate itself becomes most obvious. Because of the precariousness of a career in the Broadway theatre its better actors, and to only a slightly lesser extent its playwrights, are constantly deserting it for Hollywood. By the high quality of its productions this Broadway theatre has certainly lent encouragement to the development of a considerable number of American playwrights. It offers high monetary rewards to the writer who can succeed on its terms. It has been brought seriously into question whether its terms can be conducive to the production of drama of high

literary merit, drama of lasting significance in our culture; nevertheless, it has encouraged through the rewards of production the writings of Eugene O'Neill, Maxwell Anderson, Philip Barry, S. N. Behrman, Paul Green, Clifford Odets, Lillian Hellman, Robert Sherwood, Thornton Wilder, Sidney Howard, and scores of others of perhaps only slightly less attainments. These playwrights have within the last quarter of a century produced a body of craftsmanlike and interesting plays that are, I believe, superior in quantity and quality to the plays produced in the American theatre in any other twenty-five-year period of its history. It is a matter of deep regret that these plays have been seen in professional production by a very small percentage of Americans. The Broadway theatre is largely for the Broadway audience; nevertheless, that theatre has grown up, has attained an artistic maturity.

Its productions are for the most part on a level of high excellence that admits no place for the mediocre and offers little opportunity for the beginner, the young artist still learning his art. That young artist must receive his preliminary training and experience elsewhere, in the nonprofessional theatre, the academic and community theatres of the country. By the very nature of its organization the Broadway theatre, moreover, offers little opportunity for the continued growth of the artist, especially the actor, in that theatre. The development of an artist requires that he have varied opportunity for the practice of his art. The Broadway theatre of the "long run" and the "quick flop" makes such opportunity impossible.

Our American way of life, the fundamental faith upon which most of us have been reared, is solidly grounded in abstracts, such abstracts as liberty, equality, justice, the pursuit of happiness, beauty. Most of us hold that there is right and wrong, that there is a morality of the individual that transcends any subservience of the citizen to the state. We believe in the rights of man, especially their embodiment in our Bill of Rights, even though we often fail to live up to it in our daily lives. We have inherited these basic beliefs from what we conceive to be the best in Western civilization. These civilizing faiths that men live by were developed and expounded originally by the artists and thinkers, the poets and philosophers, from the Greeks of ancient Athens to the Americans of these modern United States. It is the artist, poet, or playwright who has been largely responsible for giving these abstract principles shape and form, body and meaning. It has been largely the work of the artist

that has given specific meaning to justice for the individual, personal liberty, equality of being; and it is through their exploration and expression of these abstract conceptions that we gained our understanding of them and our faith in them. Hitler had to burn the books, destroy the paintings, and control the actors and musicians if Nazism, with its fundamental denial of these abstracts, was to have any chance of survival and perpetuation.

It is the essential duty of the artist in every age to explore as honestly as he can the moral code of that age, the faiths and beliefs by which men live, and to expound as fully as he can the potentialities within the conceptions and limitations of that code for living. It is through the artist that we can achieve a greater awareness of our fundamental beliefs, that our faith and beliefs can become a living reality. Americans sorely need this awakening awareness today, need this exploration and expounding of fundamental beliefs. It has been the theatre and the drama that in other ages has most vividly and strikingly accomplished this for other peoples in other lands. Last spring I listened often to the Russian radio as it broadcast to the German people and to other people of Europe the orthodox communist explanation of the bankruptcy of the American economic system and the decay of our bourgeois, democratic, and capitalistic culture.

Some Americans, born and brought up in this country, notably a large percentage of the screen writers in Hollywood, no longer believe in or accept the basic abstracts upon which our American faith and our American way of life are founded, holding instead that dialectic materialism offers an adequate refutation of these abstracts and a superior basis for a way of life. Today, as perhaps never before in our history, we need an American theatre, a genuine cultural institution of the people—not a propaganda theatre dedicated to the expounding of any one way of life or any one way of thinking, but a theatre in which free and independent artists can illuminate for the masses of our free citizens our rich and varied heritage, our common beliefs and aspirations, our divergent views and our heterogeneously rich life. Obviously in a land so vast as ours no single shrine in a single city can possibly serve this purpose. Obviously a real American theatre cannot come into being overnight. It must grow and develop. Some have seen the hope for such a theatre in the nonprofessional theatres of this country, in the academic and community theatres. Others are skeptical of the possibilities of these nonprofessional theatres growing

beyond the amateur stage. Perhaps the officers and the Board of Directors of the American National Theatre and Academy may aid us to attain an American theatre, but their failure to accomplish anything constructive in the past eleven years since the granting of the charter forces us to wait in some doubt.

We always think of fascism as of something solid, palpably different from our forms of life. It would be more correct to compare it with a gas which can be put into any container regardless of its shape. And once you get into the habit of living amidst a moderate amount of stink you won't notice it when you become completely poisoned. The danger is not that we may wake up one morning to find a fascist world; that would be easy to prevent. The danger is that we went to bed the previous night in a world which was already turning fascist without our noticing it. . . .

—ARTHUR KOESTLER, *The Yogi and the Commissar*

By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

CAN LAW SUPPLANT FORCE IN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS?

A. C. Krey

THE MILLIONS WHO lived through World War I and were sustained by the rainbow promise of the "war to end war," and pinned their hopes on the League of Nations and the Fourteen Points which even the defeated foe embraced, were sadly disillusioned by the outbreak of World War II. And now, after the bitter sacrifices in this war, we are forced to endure again a daily barrage of news items revealing international suspicion, fear, and distrust. Many of us are deeply distressed and wonder whether it will ever be possible for the peoples of the world to live in peace together. Disillusioned, many individuals have lost faith in what seems only the wishful thinking of social idealists; many others, shaken by the failure of the League of Nations to do all that was expected of it, have no faith in political experimentation. Some hope, however, may be found in history, in the record of what people have actually done and been.

The first impression from turning the pages of history is none too reassuring. Scarcely a generation since the age of discovery has avoided what might be called a world war. There is no evidence that these wars have tended to become less devastating, less brutal, or more humane. Before the discovery of America, the conditions in which our ancestors of western Europe lived are regarded, in the popular mind, as having been even worse. The analysis which history has made of the causes of war affords little comfort; for, clearly, the material out of which wars have flamed in the past is present in as great abundance now as ever before, waiting only the touch of the warmaker's match to set it off. Such, at least, is the superficial view which a hasty reading of history affords.

Let us be more patient, however, and examine the record more closely. Let us turn to what is probably the worst period known since society achieved more than a tribal organization; and for comparative purposes let us also confine our attention to people most nearly like our-

selves, to those endowed with more or less the same potentialities for good and evil, with approximately the same capacities of head, heart, and hand. We may then identify this worst period as that beginning about the end of the ninth century in western Europe. All of western Europe from the Mediterranean to the Arctic can definitely be included, possibly all of Europe; and lest there be any doubt about the similarity of the people there to ourselves, let me recall Henry Adams' preface to his charming *Mont St. Michel and Chartres*. To make the putative niece whom he is taking on a tour of Normandy and northern France in 1904 feel more at home, he indulges in a mathematical calculation of the number of her ancestors living in the year 1066. The purely arithmetical calculation yielded about 250,000,000 possible ancestors, a figure much greater than the whole population of all Europe at the time. The number, two and a half centuries earlier, however, would have been much larger; and from these facts he drew the conclusion that anyone whose ancestors came from western Europe could safely count himself as related to practically every one of the people of that time who begot descendants, whether king, commoner, noble, or peasant. In other words, we are dealing, in the period which I have singled out for study, not only with people similar to ourselves but actually with the ancestors of most of us; and we can therefore confidently assume in them some such human motivations as govern us.

Yet look at the plight in which they found themselves. Society was ruled by force—there was no law. There had been, but no one longer knew it. People got their living, as long as they had any, through agriculture. There were only two professions. Those who did not work at occupations closely associated with farming were either fighters or clergymen. Just to make the impression concrete, let us say that about eighty percent were engaged in agriculture, about nineteen percent were warriors, and the remaining one percent or even fewer were clergymen. The Empire of Charlemagne had included most of western Europe, but the quarrels among his grandsons and great-grandsons had broken that empire to pieces. The turmoil of their rivalry had been made more chaotic still by the raids of the Vikings on the West, the Muslims from the South, and the Hungarians from the East. Almost all the restraints of orderly society were destroyed. Over ninety-nine percent of the population was illiterate, lacking any ability to read or write, and most of the remaining one percent—the clergy—was not much more literate. Prob-

ably most of the latter learned the church services by eye and ear without the use of books.

Orderly government was gone. Each little landlocked community looked after itself, never knowing when some band of raiders would come over the hill or water from north or south or east or west to steal their crops and herds, violate their women, and kill their men. There was no recognized ruler. Each generation had to determine its leaders from among its fighting men, and this was done as much by fighting each other as by fighting raiders from the neighboring locality. Warfare was hand to hand with sword and battle-axe, spear and lance. Those who could lay hands on helmets and armor and shields relied on them for protection; and, in larger neighborhoods, they built massive heaps of heavy masonry where they might hold out against superior numbers of raiders. Those stone piles were not, however, the romantic castles of the thirteenth century which we read about in our childhood. These fortresses of the earlier iron age of feudalism were gloomy piles whose only windows were mere slits for arrows; from parapets at the top the defenders could hurl heavy stones and other missiles on the attackers below. Fighting was continuous, and every warrior was expected to engage in at least one campaign against neighboring enemies every year; and, in addition, he usually got some practice in fighting his fellows.

There was no respect for private property. The warriors took what they needed or wanted. If the community happened to have plenty of foodstuff, everyone got some of it; if it didn't, which was usually the case, they took from each other. Balanced meals were unknown; the diet of most persons was little above the starvation level most of the time. Even the cattle were undernourished; and, since each neighborhood was chronically at war with every other that touched it, there was no commerce worth mentioning. The sword and battle-axe were the chief, almost the only, mediums of exchange in all transactions, whether those happened to deal with possessions, family relations, or personal grievances. No records were kept. Any help that experience might give was confined to the oral transmission between three generations, grandparents to grandchildren at the most. The task of mere survival under such conditions consumed all the time and energy of the populace. This went on for generation after generation until it seemed that society was operating in a perpetual treadmill dominated by sheer brute force, man against man.

Luchaire, who probably knew the history of France during these

centuries more thoroughly than any other scholar, summed up the condition of the times thus: "The living reality as it stands forth from the chronicles and documents of the time shows that brute force dominated everything. The feudal obligations were performed, the feudal contracts were respected, the feudal customs were observed, only when the suzerain was powerful enough to compel obedience. The bond of vassalage became weaker as the noble rose in the hierarchy. But at the bottom as at the top, it was ceaselessly broken, and good faith was constantly violated by vassal and lord alike. The ineradicable habits of a military people, the instinctive hatred of the neighbor, the conflict of rights which were ill defined and of interests which were poorly adjusted, caused perpetual struggles. There was no feudatory who was not at loggerheads with his different suzerains, with the bishop and abbots of the country around, with his peers, and with his vassals. War raged not only between the possessors of the fiefs but in the bosom of the family. Quarrels between relatives over inheritance heaped up the measure of strife."¹

There is no reason to suppose that such conditions were not thoroughly detested by our ancestors. The sense of outraged humanity must have been as prevalent among them as it is now among us. But what could they do about it? The great majority of people, however genuinely they resented such a state of affairs, were helpless to correct it. There were others, however, less numerous but more fervent and less docile, who were determined to improve their lot. These, we may be certain, appeared both among the nobility and the peasantry. But what could they do? They might fight, and doubtless some of the armed nobility reasoned that by waging a war, or many small wars, they could end war. The unarmed, or, rather, the unarmored peasant, had little chance, however, to achieve any such aim in this way. There was only one other course by which the determined humanitarian, whether noble or peasant, could hope to help distraught society, namely, to enter the clerical profession, the only profession other than the military then existing.

Fortunately, nearly all of western Europe had been converted to Christianity by this time, a religion which had come to them from ancient Rome and in the Latin language. Nominally most of these people caught in the treadmill of brute force were Christian. The belief in the immortality of the soul and the idea that life on earth was a preparation for

¹ Luchaire, A. "The Realities of Feudalism," trans. in Munro and Sellery, *Medieval Civilization*, pp. 173-74.

eternity were generally accepted. In moments when there was no fighting, these doctrines were widely remembered, and in times of illness even the most truculent warrior was apt to think of them. Hence, unarmed clergy, especially if they had no property, enjoyed a certain measure of immunity from the operation of armed violence and were free to move about unmolested. It was, therefore, in this profession that the determined humanitarian could best hope to improve the lot of his fellow men. The more determined they were, the more they preferred those ascetic forms of ecclesiastical life which exacted vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. Records show that both nobles and peasants entered upon monastic careers. Their immunity from the exercise of brute force, which an unselfish and propertyless state accorded them, provided the opportunity to study and to learn that disputes might be settled by law instead of bloodshed. In addition, the badge of ecclesiastical office enabled them to wander beyond the confines of their immediate localities and to communicate with other members of the clergy, both monastic and secular, who shared their feelings and their knowledge.

As a result, it so happened in A.D. 980 that a number of churchmen assembled at Charroux in southeastern France, at a gathering which then escaped the notice of all but a few people in Europe. Yet it proved highly important in years to come, for it was then that a resolution was passed condemning to eternal damnation those who "broke into churches, did violence to churchmen, or stole the possessions of the poor." This was known as the "Peace of God." Under the conditions of the time this enactment represented high courage on the part of the participating clergy. More startling is the fact that another church council less than thirty years later enacted still another resolution proclaiming the period from Saturday noon till Monday morning as free from the exercise of neighborhood warfare. This was known as the "Truce of God." Both enactments were extremely modest and were obviously intended to permit people to engage in the practice of their religion. Yet both represented a genuine curb on the unrestrained practice of arms. Thus were born these two institutions, the Peace of God and the Truce of God, which were to be promulgated in ever widening circles and with expanded force for the next three centuries.

The complete story of the regeneration of orderly society out of chaos would be too long to tell, but its main outlines can be illustrated in the story of one institution, the monastery of Cluny, in eastern France.

This monastery was founded in the year 910 by the joint efforts of William, Duke of Aquitaine, and a Benedictine monk who was very much concerned about the disordered state of society. William, who had won and held his position through his fighting ability, may have become acquainted with this high-minded monk during a period of illness; and he must have been deeply impressed with his sincerity and integrity, for he decided to grant him an outlying piece of land on which he and other like-minded monks might carry on their work for the benefit of society.

The deed to this land, which shows that William well understood the conditions of the time, is interesting, for it threatens anyone "whether noble, bishop, king, or pope" who might dare to violate the peaceful life of these monks with not only eternal damnation but with William's own strong hand as well. The community was, furthermore, to be subject only to the head of the church, and was thus exempt from either secular interference or the jurisdiction of the local bishop or count. The Duke himself lived eight years longer, and during that time saw the monastery well founded. It lived up to the rule of St. Benedict on the highest plane of its founder's intentions, and the younger men who joined the community were so well trained that they not only practiced its ideals but were able to teach them to others.

These ideals were maintained, on the whole, with surprising fidelity for two hundred years; and, as neighboring regions became aware of the high order of life and service which prevailed in this community, they often petitioned the abbot at Cluny, or one of his monks, to establish or reform one or another monastery in their own neighborhoods. This soon became a fashion, and before long the monastery at Cluny found itself the head of a series of monasteries which became known, in time, as the Congregation of Cluny. The story of each of these foundations or affiliations was nearly always the same. One of the greater nobles lent his support to the movement, invited the monks to his territory, and supported them in their good work against any encroachments. The mother monastery of Cluny maintained a supervisory control over these subsidiary houses either through annual visits of the abbot or by the appointment of priors who had been trained in the mother house, or, more often, by both procedures. The rapidity and spread of the Congregation of Cluny is well illustrated by the fact that when William the Conqueror asked for monks of Cluny to establish branch houses in England, the abbot was forced to reply that he could not immediately comply because

his supply of trained monks was exhausted, but he would do so at the earliest opportunity. By the year 1000 the Congregation of Cluny had already spread to northern France and southern Germany, throughout southern France and into Spain and northern Italy. The travel necessary to keep these communities in touch with each other also kept the officials of Cluny in touch with more secular society, especially with bishops, nobles, and townsmen.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the monastery of Cluny was its ability to maintain consistently its original ideals for more than two centuries, and to impart those ideals to its subsidiary houses. History records many instances in which institutions, religious and secular, have been able to maintain their original ideals throughout the lifetime of their founders and even for a longer period, but few that have maintained them so consistently for so long a time. Part of Cluny's success can doubtless be attributed to a policy adopted shortly after the death of the first abbot, when it became the regular practice of the monks to choose one of the younger monks as successor to the deceased abbot. As a young man, the new incumbent would naturally rely upon the advice of the elder brethren in his management of affairs and would thus continue to learn wisdom in administration, so that when the last of the elder brethren had died he would be able to continue with all his acquired wisdom. Thus from 927, when the first abbot died, until 1109, when Abbot Hugh died, the monastery had been ruled by only four abbots. It was, no doubt, this practice which permitted Cluny to maintain so consistent a policy throughout two centuries, and to act as the sustaining nucleus of persistent idealistic movements in European society.

The monastery and Congregation of Cluny attracted to its membership an unusually large proportion of persons who were anxious to improve the disturbed conditions of society. Its members were called upon not only to establish new monasteries and reform old ones, but also to serve as bishops, archbishops, and finally as popes. There were men of Cluny present at Charroux where the Peace of God was first proclaimed; and others were present, too, at the council which proclaimed the Truce of God. We can also be quite certain that they were similarly instrumental in spreading their ideas to all the regions in which the congregation was found. Their advice was sought by both the King of France and the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire; and when one of these rulers required all newly made knights not only to swear loyalty to their feudal

lords but also take oath to support the Peace and Truce of God, we can be equally sure that these demands, which mark the beginning of the Code of Chivalry, were fully approved by Cluny.

It has usually been assumed that these institutions lacked enforcement and that the tortures of the damned were too remote to deter any who were bent on warfare from exercising their intent. To a certain extent this is true, and it cannot be denied that all such oaths were repeatedly violated. But some historians—Gibbon and Bury among others—may have overestimated the significance of any such violations, for Maitland, who was perhaps the greatest among English legal historians, goes so far as to refer to the feudal oaths regarding the Peace and Truce of God as the most important preliminaries to the development of modern criminal law. Maitland's view is also cordially advanced by Luchaire and Haskins, two of the greatest medievalists of France and the United States, respectively; and in support of their conclusions, one has only to remember that there was scarcely a church council of any consequence during the eleventh century which did not re-enact the Peace and Truce of God. These were not mere re-enactments, but usually involved expansion of the original provisions. Thus, by 1095, at the Council of Clermont, it was proclaimed that "every man above the age of twelve, whether noble, burgess, villein, or serf, is required to take the oath of adherence to the Truce of God every three years." And the Peace of God was likewise extended until, in the thirteenth century, it exempted from the ravages of private and neighborhood warfare "all church buildings and their environs, all clergy, merchants, women, and peasants as well as orchards, seeds, cattle, and agricultural implements." In the same way, the Truce of God was also extended, sometimes to periods of several months, and regularly included the time from Thursday noon to Monday morning, all festival days, and certain special occasions which left, all told, less than a fourth of the year to the unabated practice of private warfare.

The enforcement of these two institutions was not limited to this series of spiritual injunctions alone, for even the monks of Cluny showed an astonishing amount of practical wisdom in furthering the cause of peace. Thus it was early discovered that the vast majority of offenses and violations arose from the material ambitions of petty knights and vassals, for the greater lords had less to gain and more to lose by the incessant practice of violence, or at least they could afford to scorn any temptation to prey upon mere peasants, small merchants, and priests.

Their own dangers came chiefly, also, from their lesser vassals who yielded only too frequently to such petty temptations; and perhaps that is why two such monarchs as Henry II of Germany and Robert of France lent their support to the churchmen as early as 1022.

What a boon it must have been to those two rulers to feel increasingly sure that the noncombatant productive population was more or less welded together in support of the Peace of God! For all these peaceful people would then furnish them an anvil upon which they could beat out the flaming ambitions of their troublesome vassals into some degree of obedience. Thus other rulers, following the example of Henry II of Germany and Robert of France, saw the light and proceeded to strengthen their own positions and power by supporting the Peace and Truce of God. As they continued to adopt the idea and lend their endorsement to the proclamation of these institutions, the hotheaded vassal willing to risk the remote danger of eternal damnation was apt to cool off at the prospect of an immediate foretaste from his overlord.

As the Peace and Truce of God thus operated measurably to reduce widespread violence, so also the Crusades, in a less direct way, had a similar influence. Few would urge, I presume, that these enterprises were instituted as wars to end war or as a means to universal peace among Christian peoples. And yet that motive was certainly a factor in the First Crusade. We must remember that the Council of Clermont, where the First Crusade was preached in 1095, was not only called by Pope Urban II, a monk of Cluny, but that Urban had just enjoyed an extended visit with his old mentor, the abbot of Cluny, before the meeting of the Council near by. The first acts of the Council re-enacted the Peace and Truce of God; and all the reports of Urban's speech that have come down to us emphasize his lament at the spectacle of Christians shedding Christian blood and endangering their own salvation. Out of this council grew the slogan that if you must fight, go fight the infidel and thus enhance your chances for salvation; and the tremendous response to Urban's appeal for the Crusade is in itself a tribute to the success of the campaign for the Peace and Truce of God. Those measures, indeed, had been so successful in curbing private warfare as to create a condition that we now would call "technological unemployment," for except for agriculture there were still only two professions—those of the clergy and the warriors—open to the men of the time, and one of these had been seriously limited by the efforts of the clergy and the greater nobility.

The Crusades therefore afforded every fighting man with a variety of opportunities, and for the next two hundred years crusading armies drained off much of the surplus fighting energy from Europe.

The reforming effect in which the Congregation of Cluny played so important a part did much more, however, than this. It also helped to provide new occupations for those whose careers had hitherto been solely that of arms. Indeed, the progressively successful campaign for the Peace and Truce of God served, in a way, to transform western Europe. Farmers could once more count on harvesting their crops. Their surplus could be traded, and merchants could again travel the highways. Money supplanted the sword as the more universal medium of exchange. Trades developed to supply the farmer with many articles which hitherto he had had to make for himself, leaving him free to plan and harvest more and more crops. Towns grew up or grew larger. Schools were again established, and the proportion of literate and educated people continually increased. While education was still solely a function of the Church and all students were considered prospective churchmen, yet new learned professions were created, and these, in turn, drew increasingly large numbers away from the profession of arms.

Progress in the solution of disputes, however, made the most remarkable advance. Canon law had never wholly disappeared during this period. It showed the way to a peaceable settlement of disputes, and, as private and neighborhood warfare was progressively curbed, the saving provision in canon law that recourse was to be had to the Roman civil law when canon law failed, helped to provide a legal basis for the settlement of many quarrels. To this end, Roman civil law was again studied.

The Crusades also enormously promoted this same study. As men signed themselves with the cross to go on the Crusades, or as others took up the pilgrim staves to follow in the wake of the Crusaders, the Church assumed guardianship of their families and property. Any disputes arising about either had to be settled by church courts and law. This business swelled so greatly as a result of the First Crusade that archbishops and bishops found themselves overwhelmed by the additional judicial business. Many of them sent their archdeacons to Bologna where the "new" law (i.e., the old Roman civil law) was taught in order that these specialists might, on their return, take care of this added judicial business.

This development had some curious consequences. Bologna became

actually, though not technically, the first modern university. Its original student body was so largely made up of mature men seriously intent upon the learning which they had come to get that the students took control of the institution, elected the rector from their own number, paid the salaries of the professors, and regulated the operation of the school. Later, when law was more widely taught and students at Bologna were of normal age instead of mature archdeacons on leave, this tradition of student government was to prove very embarrassing to the town. For the time being, however, the archdeacons who were studying law returned eventually to their bishop's courts and managed the new judicial business so well that many who were neither crusaders nor pilgrims submitted their disputes to such courts rather than to the gauge of battle.

It was not long after this that the shrewder kings like Henry II of England and Frederick Barbarossa discovered that the legal solution of disputes about lands, property, and persons was also of advantage to themselves. So both of them, and other kings after them, took into their employ churchmen who were trained in the law schools of the Church, first as prime ministers and later as administrators in other offices. The profession of law was thus reborn and its modern birth may be dated about the middle of the twelfth century. The ecclesiastical origin of the profession is still reflected in the robes worn by the judiciary.

For another century and a half it looked as though law might be completely substituted for force in the solution of disputes, whether between individuals or nations. Nearly the whole moral force of society was centered in the Church, and the papal court was the final court of appeals for all cases not settled by lesser courts. By the time of Innocent III the Church with the papacy at its head had become an international state. It could raise funds by direct taxation, and raise armies equally directly. It could bring offenders to the courts of justice, whether commoner or king or emperor, and it had the means of executing its judgments against all three. It could prevent not only nobles but kings from making war upon each other, and actually did so.

This advance in the substitution of law for force as the best means of settling disputes was accompanied by constant struggles and setbacks. Starting in eastern France and southern Germany early in the tenth century, and after 1046 led by the papacy at Rome, the group of courageous idealists at Cluny appeared as the champions of the common needs and desires of society against the more restricted interests of individuals and

groups. The popes of this period, like the monks of Cluny, displayed a willingness to undergo discomforts and dangers in behalf of the justice of their cause, and society rewarded them with ever increased confidence and delegations of power. Never in history have the moral forces of so vast a society been so thoroughly concentrated and effective.

After thumbing over these pages of the past, the historian cannot be too despondent about the possibility of substituting law for force in the solution of disputes between nations. To be sure, it took nearly three centuries to transform the county seat from the ugly and forbidding fortress into an administrative office building or place for the romantic social life that we read about when children. Time presses now, what with the atomic bomb and rockets and poisons. But the League of Nations and the United Nations are not nearly so fantastic as the Peace and Truce of God must have seemed even at the time of their birth.

If an analysis of this extraordinary achievement were made for possible application to the present, its factors might be specified as follows: First, there was a firm conviction on the part of a few high-minded and courageous individuals that some other means than force could be found for the settlement of disputes between neighbors. Next, there was an appeal to both idealistic and practical leaders to find this more peaceful solution. Then there was a tentative compromise to limit the use of force, at least under favoring conditions. Following this came a long and sustained effort to agree upon some less locally destructive substitute for the use of force to which men had been habitually trained. In the wake of this came the substitution of law for force in the settlement of local disputes. Every step in the process had won the adherence of an increasing moral support until after two centuries all the moral forces of society seem to have been concentrated in this movement. Not the least of the factors involved in the success of this development was the sustained determination of its leaders to persist in their course despite repeated and even serious setbacks, for to achieve any such end as they had in mind required nearly three centuries then when the means of communication were both primitive and slow. Therefore one wonders what could be accomplished now if all the moral forces of society could be equally concentrated on the same purpose. It is a pity that a society which had so nearly achieved the goal of effective control of the means of universal peace should have relaxed its efforts and lost so much of that gain. But that is another story.

THE TIME OF WILLIAM SAROYAN'S LIFE

Frederic I. Carpenter

OF ALL AMERICAN AUTHORS who have achieved fame since 1930, William Saroyan is perhaps the most original, the most versatile, and closest to the mood of the common people. His stories, his plays, and his novels have not only achieved popularity with the reading public, but have appealed vividly to that public which does not usually read. Some professional book reviewers also have acclaimed him. But at the same time, other professional reviewers have expressed a hearty disapproval. And, strikingly, every serious literary critic who has discussed his writing in book or in essay form has enthusiastically damned William Saroyan. The abyss in America between popular opinion on the one hand, and critical judgment on the other, has never been illustrated more graphically.

Of course there are good reasons for the critics' disapproval. Even Saroyan's best work is faulty, and very little of his work is "best." The bulk of his writing, although vivid, is careless and formless. His many volumes of stories contain few masterpieces, and much third-rate material. His plays are amorphous; and many of his prefaces are bumptious. He has produced, I think, only two really first-rate things: *The Human Comedy*, and a one-page preface to *The Time of Your Life*. Judged by purely literary and artistic standards, the formal critics are often right in condemning him.

But Saroyan's obvious artistic faults do not explain the hostility of the formal critics. All of them have specifically attacked his "morality" or his "philosophy." Grouping him with "The Boys in the Back Room," Edmund Wilson deprecated his "barroom philosophy." Philip Rahv used his writing to illustrate the "decay of values and taste,"¹ in modern literature. Edwin Berry Burgum—certainly no reactionary—described him as evidencing a "flight from maturity and responsibility."² And

¹ In *The American Mercury*, LVII (Sept. 1943).

² In *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, XX (Summer, 1944).

Joseph Remenyi characterized Saroyan as "a sentimental romanticist."³ If these critics grudgingly admitted the vitality of his work, they had little good to say of its intellectual or moral qualities.

Yet it is just these intellectual and moral qualities which make Saroyan's work most interesting and most important. If he were merely a romantic and sensationalist, we might dismiss him as a second- or third-rater. But the fact that he arouses such enthusiasm combined with such hostility suggests that he has something important to say.

In his artistic and moral faults and virtues alike, Saroyan suggests comparison with Walt Whitman. Like Whitman, he is an American "natural." Like Whitman, he celebrates himself and his America, but above all the America of his dreams. Not only his personality and his method suggest the good gray poet, but most of all his philosophy and his moral values are those of Whitman, Emerson, and the American transcendental tradition.

But obviously Saroyan is no traditionalist. Rather he is a product of the California of the twentieth century. If he seems to repeat the pattern of transcendental individualism, it is because that pattern has again become natural to the time and place in which he lives. Certainly he is as closely akin to the other California writers of his time—to Steinbeck, Sinclair, and Jeffers—as he is to Emerson and Whitman. For contemporary California has produced a school of writing which may well be called "the new transcendentalism." Seen in relation to the transcendental past and to the Californian present, William Saroyan takes on new stature.

I

If the most striking thing about Saroyan's writing is its originality, the most striking thing about Saroyan himself is his egotism. He shows a whole-hearted contempt for other people's rules, for society's customs, and for traditional values. In his prefaces he appears almost insolent. But this same egotism makes his creative writing fresh, vivid, and exciting. In the realm of morals, or philosophy, it creates an emphasis on the "transcendental" values of individual freedom and integrity. Perhaps Saroyan's combination of egotism, originality, and integrity may best be described by the old phrase: "self-reliance."

Saroyan's self-reliance produces much the same impression that Emerson's and Whitman's did a century ago. Indeed his first and most famous

³ In *College English*, VI (Nov. 1944).

story repeated the theme of Emerson's early poem, "Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home." The daring young writer of the 1930's ventured forth to an employment agency, learned that the work-a-day world considered "writing" a mechanical and somewhat anomalous occupation, and returned home to live on the flying trapeze of the imagination. But his story made dramatic the contrast between the worldly values, and the esthetic or spiritual values of "writing." And this conflict of values has motivated all his subsequent work.

Indeed, another early story ironically entitled, *Love, Death, Sacrifice and So Forth*, developed this moral conflict in more general terms and commented on it explicitly. The traditional ethics of a Hollywood movie which the "writer" had witnessed, not only seemed utterly conventional to him but contrasted with the reality which he had observed. Therefore, he generalized, "A long while back we made the rules, and now, after all these years, we wonder if they are the genuine ones, or if, maybe, we didn't make a mistake at the outset." Following this idea, Saroyan devoted most of his early writing to satirizing the conventional "rules," or values, of worldly society. If his later writing has been devoted more to the imagining and illustrating of new "rules" better fitted to a modern, democratic society, the negative struggle against all convention and all "society" came first.

Opposing himself to "the world," Saroyan exaggerated his ego, just as Emerson and Whitman did a century before him. "Vastest of all is the ego, the germ of humanity, from which is born God and the universe, heaven and hell . . ." he declaimed. And speaking personally, in preface after preface, he repeated, "I discovered that the rules were wrong. The trouble was, they had been leaving me out . . . so I made some new rules." And he repeated Emerson's old idea in different words: "The greater your faith [in yourself], the greater your talent." If Saroyan were not primarily a writer of fiction, able to clothe his transcendental ideas in the imaginative reality of human character and action, one might easily dismiss him as a mere disciple of Emerson and Whitman. But where Emerson had dealt with abstract ideas, and Whitman had applied them poetically and personally, Saroyan has written authentic fiction. Only in prefaces and in occasional short stories has he stopped at mere personal self-assertion.

And even in his earlier stories Saroyan often illustrated the positive values of integrity and self-knowledge, without which "self-reliance"

remains mere egotism. *The Man With the French Post Cards*, for instance, described a down-and-out gambler who preserved his "integrity" at last by *not* selling pornographic pictures. A later story, *War and Peace*, told of a pitiful young misfit who finally won peace of mind by facing down his own problems and by understanding himself. All the characters of Saroyan's best play, *The Time of Your Life*, achieved happiness by doing what they wished most to do. So a stage direction described them: "The atmosphere is now one of warm, natural, American ease; every man . . . doing what he believes he should do, or what he must do. There is a deep American naïveté and faith in the behavior of each person." That Saroyan's characters are usually failures makes little difference; they realize the "inalienable" (but often alienated) American rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

As he has developed, Saroyan seems to have become increasingly conscious of this peculiarly "American" quality of the "rules," or values, which his fiction has illustrated. After producing *My Heart's in the Highlands*, he observed with rare humility, "I am now five years an American writer. Several weeks an American playwright. Yet all I know is that I have not so much as made a real beginning." And he stated clearly the task ahead of him: "The imperative requirement of our time is to restore faith to the mass and integrity to the individual."

II

If Saroyan's early writings were mostly devoted to the assertion and fictional realization of the "integrity of the individual," his later writings have emphasized the value of "faith to the mass," or of belief in social democracy to all Americans. Not only have his values become more clearly defined, but they have become more social. The most successful realization of them occurs in *The Human Comedy*. The best statement of them appears in the prologue to *The Time of Your Life*. Since this prologue sums up his whole democratic philosophy, it may be read in full:

In the time of your life, live—so that in that good time there shall be no ugliness or death for yourself or for any life your life touches. Seek goodness everywhere, and when it is found, bring it out of its hiding-place and let it be free and unashamed. Place in matter and in flesh the least of the values, for these are the things that hold death and must pass away. Discover in all things that which shines and is beyond corruption. Encourage virtue in whatever heart it may have been driven into secrecy and sorrow by the shame and terror of the

world. Ignore the obvious, for it is unworthy of the clear eye and the kindly heart. Be the inferior of no man, nor of any man be the superior. Remember that every man is a variation of yourself. No man's guilt is not yours, nor is any man's innocence a thing apart. Despise evil and ungodliness, but not men of ungodliness or evil. These, understand. Have no shame in being kindly and gentle, but if the time comes in the time of your life to kill, kill and have no regret. In the time of your life, live—so that in that wondrous time you shall not add to the misery and sorrow of the world, but shall smile to the infinite delight and mystery of it.

Where Saroyan's earlier writing was often rebellious and negative, his later writing has become almost wholly positive: "In the time of your life, *live!*" Indeed he may have tended to "accentuate the positive" too much. But he has also tended increasingly to face the problem of evil, and has made clear—both in his prefaces and in his fiction—that he belongs to the *interbellum* generation, when "the time comes to kill." Living in this time he has sought to reaffirm the old American faith, and even in war to treat all men as brothers and equals. In this also he recalls the faith of Walt Whitman during the Civil War.

But this transcendental optimism which Saroyan reaffirms is more than a faith; it is also an American philosophy of equality. All men are equal; under the skin "every man is a variation of yourself." Like Whitman, Saroyan has sought to convert this idea into reality through the chemistry of the creative imagination, not only embracing all men with a vague, cosmic sympathy, but imagining individual characters who realize the ideal values stated in the prologue. Thus the actors in *The Human Comedy* observe and suffer the misery of the world, but also live fully and smile at the infinite delight of it. In so doing they realize the old American democratic faith in new ways.

The Human Comedy is more than a miscellaneous collection of short stories about the Macauley family, or a whimsical exercise in autobiography. It is a carefully constructed book, describing the growth to emotional maturity of a typical American boy, through four clearly-defined stages. If the chapters resemble short stories in construction, they are all focused on a single purpose. And if intrusions of the old irresponsible whimsy appear (as in the "Speech on the Human Nose") they follow a definite design. Moreover, interwoven suggestions of myth and symbolism tend to raise the particular and personal to the realm of the universal.

Perhaps the most interesting and original character of this *Comedy*

is not the boy, Homer, but the manager of the telegraph office, Spangler, whose ultimate function seems to be "to restore faith to the mass." A breezy, utterly American young man, who dislikes to wear neckties, both his name and his actions nevertheless constitute him a living refutation of Spangler's philosophy of pessimism, and an interpreter of what Emerson called "the beneficent illusions of the universe." Yet this Spangler never loses his personal identity as the official employer and human companion of young Homer.

If Homer Macauley of Ithaca, California, is a typical young American boy, he is also heir to all the world's civilization. As the book opens he has just left home to work for the local telegraph office. Because his father is dead, and his older brother is in the army, he feels a vague emptiness. But in Spangler he finds a substitute father and older brother, all in one. And from his mother he learns faith in life: "It doesn't make any difference, because I *believe*."

But when Homer later returns to school, he confronts social evil and injustice. His track coach is a snob who treats him unfairly, and tries to give his protégé, Hubert Ackley III, special privileges. Opposing this injustice, Homer's history teacher explains to him the American principle of equality: "Every man in the world *is* better than someone else, and not as good as someone *else*. . . . In a democratic state every man is the equal of every other man up to the point of exertion, and after that every man is free to exert himself to do good or not . . ." Inspired by her advice, Homer is vaguely moved to try to change the world: "The ideas I get," he said. "A different world, a better world, a better people, a better way of doing things." And then he realizes: "Yeah, I guess I've changed all right. I guess I've grown up."

But this is only the half of it. In the second part of *The Human Comedy*, Homer Macauley confronts natural evil, and learns that there are evils inherent in human nature which personal effort and social progress cannot change. "Death, Don't Go to Ithaca," introduces a series of illustrations of natural and human perversity: boys stealing green apricots and a child unreasonably demanding "cookies—raisins in"; grown-ups indulging in travel as an escape from life, women selling themselves for money, and men making themselves "half-human, half-dead," like the fantastic Mr. Mechano. All this causes Homer to exclaim, "I thought a fellow would never cry when he got to be grown up, but it seems that's when a fellow starts, because that's when a fellow starts

finding out about things." But a letter from his brother, Marcus, warns him that he must face the facts of death and evil by learning to "live, in the years of your life, forever."

Because Homer Macauley has learned to fight against social evil, but to meet the inevitable fact of natural evil in the only way it can be met—by living as fully as possible; and because he has learned faith from his mother and brother and from Spangler, he is finally ready to accept the news of his brother's death as an adult, and to comfort his mother and older sister, rather than the reverse. And he is able consciously to adopt his brother's friend, Tobey, into the family, just as he had unconsciously adopted Spangler as a substitute for his dead father.

Thus *The Human Comedy* describes how a typical American boy goes out from his home, experiences the injustices of the world and fights against them, experiences the evils of human nature and learns to accept them, and finally achieves a mature faith not founded on childish optimism. Unlike the adolescent "young man on the flying trapeze," he does not retreat from the world to indulge in romantic self-pity; nor, on the other hand, does he abandon his self-reliant independence or his faith in human nature. Rather, he carries his self-reliance over into the world of society, and tempers his faith by the facts of experience. Saroyan's hero achieves maturity, not through rebellious self-reliance, nor through any desperate conformity to convention, but through a gradual realization of the old American faith in one's self and one's fellow men.

III

But William Saroyan remains the least bookish and the least traditional of contemporary American writers. His material is drawn from living experience with his California environment and from the living traditions of his immigrant family. His style, for better or for worse, is utterly colloquial, instinctive and unliterary; if he has ever read Emerson, he gives no hint of it, and he sounds his democratic yawp without benefit of Whitman. He remains an American natural, whose similarities to writers living or dead are entirely coincidental. Here is no question of literary influence. And yet the similarities remain.

The time and the place of William Saroyan's life (let us repeat) is twentieth-century California. His fiction is peopled with vineyard workers, suburban householders, wandering laborers, barflies, insurance salesmen, newsboys, evangelists, and back-porch philosophers—with all the

colorful kaleidoscope of human beings who make up a California community. These live with the optimistic insecurity of a people on the make, a people struggling and starving, falling and bouncing up again and never despairing. In this California a failure is only an opportunity for a fresh start, and all things are always possible. ". . . the world," says Mrs. Macauley, "waits to be made over by each man who inhabits it, and is made over every morning like a bed."

William Saroyan's actual California, that is, resembles very closely Emerson's actual New England and Whitman's actual Manhattan of a century ago. Therefore, it has inspired the same feelings in its people and the same ideas in its writers. "Nature is not fixed, but fluid" in Los Angeles and Fresno today, just as it was in Boston and Concord a century ago. For both societies are young, recently past their pioneering days, and both are imbued with the progressive spirit of adolescence, groping toward the articulation of new and exciting ideas. Both believe that "all things are possible," because in a new, unsettled society almost all things really are possible. Therefore the literatures of both exhibit a bold self-reliance combined with a bumptious self-assertion. At best, both suggest the feeling that there *is* something new under the sun. At worst, they produce the painfully self-conscious posturing of a Saroyan or a Whitman boasting of his own greatness.

At worst, both Saroyan and Whitman belong to "the lunatic fringe" of this "transcendental" ferment. For modern California has produced the same medley of "Mugglestonians, come-outers . . . men with beards and philosophers," that Emerson once observed in New England. Upton Sinclair and his "Utopians," seeking to reform the world, are related to Saroyan's heroes. The Oriental mysticism of Gerald Heard and Aldous Huxley, and the "saturnalia of faith" proclaimed by the California revivalists have further confirmed the religious faith which Saroyan inherited from his Armenian family. And the air of "unreality" (observed by so many people in southern California) which made credible the feats of *The Flying Yorkshireman* (who needed only faith in order to soar at will through space) has also made credible the feats of *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*. But with this distinction: Saroyan's "flying trapeze" is firmly anchored to the rafters of this unfinished California society, whereas the utopians, the theosophists, and the fantasists belong to that homeless, floating population which is half Hollywood and half imported European intelligentsia.

At best Saroyan's fiction gives expression to a philosophy of life which is typically Californian, and also is central to the American transcendental tradition. Unlike the muckraking and socialistic writing of Upton Sinclair, Saroyan has no axe to grind, no gospel to preach. Unlike the naturalistic and sociological fiction of John Steinbeck, Saroyan treats human nature and social injustice without violence and anger. But because he rejects the utopian socialism of Sinclair and the revolutionary violence of Steinbeck, Saroyan does not adopt the pessimistic nihilism of Robinson Jeffers. Rather he reaffirms the old American faith of Emerson and Whitman, who, skeptical both of social reformers and of prophets of doom, proclaimed that the world could be reformed only by reforming the individual, and that this could not be accomplished by social compulsion and physical violence but only by personal freedom and loving tolerance. "Build therefore your own world."

William Saroyan has not yet realized the full potentialities of his talent. His work has often been shoddy and his idealism fuzzy. But he has shown a capacity for steady growth, both in art and in thought. He is firmly rooted in the rich soil of his California reality. And he has absorbed—no matter by what mysterious processes of photosynthesis—the ideal truths of the American tradition. Far from being a decadent sensationalist or immature romantic, he has progressively realized a consistent American philosophy and has steadily advanced toward individual maturity and toward social responsibility.

A practical man is one who practises the errors of his forefathers.

—BENJAMIN DISRAELI

IF WE SHADOWS HAVE OFFENDED

Robert Hamilton Ball

Mr. Olivier's fine achievement in the production of his film, *Henry V*, brings to mind the countless times it has been dinned into us that literature, more especially dramatic literature, is not suitable material for the screen, and that Shakespeare of all literature, because of his peculiar imaginative and poetic qualities, is least translatable to film which shall properly be called film. But aesthetics rest upon fulfillment quite as much as upon theory, and we may have to revise our aesthetics. Moreover, since accomplishment is involved, it may be well to bear in mind that *Henry V* did not spring full-armed from Mr. Olivier's brow but rests upon a half-century of cinema development and almost that much of attempts to film Shakespeare. In any case, whether or not the way has been shown to further screen adaptation—Mr. Olivier hopes some day to do *Othello*—we need to correct our misconception or our ignorance of the history of Shakespeare on film. If it is not until recently that we have had a production which is both good film and good Shakespeare, the blunders and failures, the trials and partial achievements have at least fragmentary value in the understanding of Shakespeare among the walking shadows.

Though it is not probable that Mr. Olivier knew it, or Mr. Dallas Bower,

who originally conceived the film, this is not the first time that *Henry V* has been screened, though the play is by no means one of the most popular of Shakespeare's either in the theater or in the library. Moreover, it was accompanied by sound—of a kind. A good many years ago Eric Williams, an English schoolmaster turned elocutionist, made a popular entertainment by presenting to his audiences a film version of certain scenes of the play while he recited the parts of the leading characters. This may possibly, though I doubt it, have made Shakespeare turn over in his grave. It was Jane Cowl, I am informed, who after seeing Olivier's production was heard to remark that it ought to make Hollywood turn over in its grave.

Even the better-than-average film-goer, bracketing the Bard and the cinema, thinks, I suspect, of not more than a half-dozen productions, almost all of them after the advent of sound. In addition to *Henry V* he remembers the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer *Romeo and Juliet* of 1936, probably not so much for the story or the characters of the death-mark'd lovers as for the obtrusive spectacle. At least it emerged better than the unfortunate *As You Like It* of Elisabeth Bergner in the same year, wickedly characterized by Ivor Brown as "Elizabeth in her German Arden." A

year earlier came the Warner Brothers' *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Reinhardt's rather than Shakespeare's dream. If our film-goer goes back to 1929, there is the Pickford-Fairbanks (together!) *Taming of the Shrew*, which carried the now-famous credit line: "By William Shakespeare with additional dialogue by Sam Taylor." Should he be a bit more of an addict, he may recall the Asta Nielsen *Hamlet*, of which the last three reels are shown and circulated by the Museum of Modern Art. There he is likely to stop.

As a matter of fact, every one of these plays had been filmed before. David Wark Griffith made *The Taming of the Shrew* in his early Biograph days, and three years later another version came out in France. The old Kalem Company shot *As You Like It* on the Connecticut estate of Ernest Thompson Seton in 1908, and when movies escaped the one-reel limitation, Vitagraph expended three on a picture of the same play in which one finds Rose Coghlan and Maurice Costello. Earlier, Vitagraph had made *A Midsummer Night's Dream* for its 1909 Christmas release, a film which reviewers called a triumphant success full of poetic beauty; I am not sure I should not have preferred Gladys Hulette's Puck to Mickey Rooney's. There were also French and German versions.

But *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet* films cannot so easily be enumerated, for these are probably the screen's most popular Shakespearean plays. *Hamlet*, indeed, was the first play filmed, if only

in part. In 1900 Sarah Bernhardt did the duel scene for Mme Marguerite Chenu's Phono-Cinema-Theatre at the Paris Exposition. Visual image was accompanied by at least one sound effect: kitchen knives were clashed together to add realism to the play of foils. Bernhardt's brief film may tell us little of the art of the motion picture, but it is the only portion of a Shakespearean play in which it is possible to see the noted actress in action, and cinematography becomes thereby an important adjunct to the materials of the stage historian trying with great difficulty to convey verbally the characteristics of her art.

The master-magician George Méliès, whose fantasia did so much for the development of film technique, made a *Hamlet* film in 1907 which showed a studied attempt to re-create in terms of the motion camera. Opening with the graveyard scene, it shows a melancholy and demented Prince who under its impetus recalls imaginatively the earlier incidents of the story, told in flashbacks, the meeting with his father's ghost, the embrace of a vanished Ophelia, and then proceeds to the duel scene at the end of which Hamlet after wreaking vengeance takes his own life. It is interesting that Méliès also made a picture called *Le Rêve de Shakespeare*, in which the Bard is depicted planning for his play the assassination of Julius Caesar by the conspirators. As he broods over the dramatic problems, characters created by his imagination act out the scene. At the end Shakespeare is so transported by his fancies that he plunges a knife into a

loaf of bread which a servant has brought him on a tray of food, and, coming to his senses, joins with the servant in hearty laughter.

Other *Hamlets* followed hard upon. I have seen parts of an early French *Hamlet* in which the narrative of the ghost was realized by an acted vision of the poisoning seen through an open doorway. Jacques Grétilat of the Odéon appeared in another *Hamlet* picture. *Hamlet* was even filmed by members of the Royal Theatre of Copenhagen at the Kronborg in Helsingor (Elsinore), supposititious site—for tourist purposes—of the original incidents of the story. One of the strangest *Hamlets*, however, was an English production chronicled by Leslie Wood. It was made by Will Barker and is typical of early production methods. When Barker decided to film the play, he built the sets one inside another so that the innermost could be successively removed and discarded, and the whole affair shot in one day. He found a Hamlet who knew the play; the other actors were culled from a crowd of hopefuls willing to work at not more than ten shillings. The ghost was selected because he was tall, the Ophelia because she could swim. The drowning scene was shot elsewhere and not included in the day's work, but with the exception of Ophelia those who were cast in the morning were through by tea time, paid off, and dismissed. There was no doubt that *this* Hamlet swept to his revenge.

Even Asta Nielsen's *Hamlet*, a remarkable achievement in many ways,

especially for 1920, is not without humor for present-day spectators. A free adaptation of Shakespearean sources and critical theory as well as of Shakespeare, it presupposes that Hamlet is a woman whose sex has for state reasons been kept carefully hidden. In the final scene, where Hamlet is dying from Laertes' rapier thrust, the disclosure of her true sex is brought about by a manual examination accompanied by such shocked surprise that an audience can only with difficulty refrain from guffaw. This is capped, however, by a subtitle, supposedly spoken by Fortembras, which in the American version reads: "I came to help you to the throne, but on the steps your wings are broken." And, speaking of *Hamlets*, what has happened to Alfred Hitchcock's proposed modernization, announced in 1945, in which Cary Grant was to deliver "To be, or not to be" while lying on a couch in the office of a psychiatrist?

The margins of the First Folio of Shakespeare in the Bodleian are most crumbled by the touch of many fingers at that section which prints *Romeo and Juliet*. Its comparative popularity is also borne out by the number of film treatments of the play. The two lovers have become so symbolic of youthful and tender affection surrounded by forces hostile to their union that we have not only many direct adaptations, as is the case with *Hamlet*, but a whole series of films which have borrowed scenes, usually the balcony scene, theme, idea, or title from the star-crossed unfortunates. The names of Romeo and of Juliet (though

frequently mispronounced) are on the lips of people who have only the remotest interest in Shakespeare, or none at all, and allusiveness in films is therefore to be expected. Another reason for its popularity is the seemingly overwhelming attraction to actresses of the role of Juliet.

There have been many screen Juliets from the days when motion picture actresses were not publicly dignified by name to the time when Norma Shearer was drowned in a spate of publicity. The first in America may have been Florence Lawrence, who, with Paul Panzer (later the silk-hatted villain of *The Perils of Pauline*) as Romeo, loved and suffered in nine scenes for Vitagraph in 1908, even taking her sleeping potion on a bed with a "V" on its canopy—for copyright purposes. Romeo apparently killed Tybalt in this picture on the parapet overlooking the Bethesda Fountain in New York's Central Park. About the same time Godfrey Tearle was playing Romeo for Gaumont on an open-air platform in Dulwich. Since the platform was on a cricket field, the cast played costumed cricket in intervals from work. According to Leslie Wood, a treasured photograph preserves "Romeo putting in some fielding, with Mercutio batting and Juliet at point." A few years later Pathé was distributing a *Romeo and Juliet* made in Italy, and in this country Thanouser had come out with a two-reel version, each reel complete in itself, so that the exhibitor could show the love story, the tragedy, or both on a Romeo and Juliet Night.

Two years however, 1916 and 1923, may well be used to illustrate the recurring attraction of *Romeo and Juliet* for film folk. The story of the first year was of a competitive war which resulted in two film versions of the classic being distributed at the same time by two different companies. If my case is typical, it would be hard to think of anyone less likely to be cast as Juliet than the actress chosen from the ranks of William Fox. It was Theda Bara, who had been transformed two years earlier by some spectacular press agency from Theodosia Goodman to an exotic Arab (note the anagram), photographed with skulls or snakes, and labelled vampire for and after *A Fool There Was*. She escaped from being *femme fatale* long enough to play Juliet in five reels, but was soon back with Cleopatra, DuBarry, and Salome. Apparently her Juliet opposite Harry Hilliard's Romeo partook somewhat of her more familiar roles; her own explanation was that she "gave the character a great deal of study, and perhaps in that investigation discovered that Juliet lived in a period of passionate abandon. Italy, in the days of *Romeo and Juliet* was no place for a Sunday-school girl." Mr. Fox's contribution was a regular release. Metro's, however, was a special in eight parts; if I read the trade journals correctly, the release date was carefully not divulged until the last minute to the greater embarrassment of its competitor. At any rate it was a more pretentious production. Metro advertised: "Shakespeare at Last a Box Office Triumph . . .

Compare and Contrast This \$250,000 Production in Eight Acts With Any Other." Fox riposted with, "What Is Your Verdict? Comparison Is Now Possible Between the William Fox Production of *Romeo and Juliet* and That of Another Producer *Who Invited* the Parallel." The *italics* are not mine, nor is the elaborate secrecy about the rivals' identities. I gather Metro won with a picture of crowds clamoring to get into the Broadway Theatre, New York, where the stars made a personal appearance on the second night, and rapturous quotations from critics. The stars were the popular team of Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne.

This article is hardly the place for the quotation of extended reviews, but part of one will illustrate a point. As I go over them from early days, I am struck by constantly recurring notes. The first and second decades of the century had their Shakespearean triumphs on the screen, now all but forgotten as cinema has grown. If we allow for the advances in motion picture production, it is difficult to tell with which decade we are dealing. This from George Blaisdell in the *Moving Picture World* might seem to be concerned with 1936, but it is actually about the unamalgamated Metro film twenty years earlier:

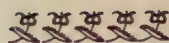
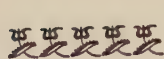
Metro has produced for the screen Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. It is a great production, one that easily will rank with the best cinematographic efforts that have gone before. It is a subject that should appeal alike to the Shakespearean student and the man to whom the linked names of

Romeo and Juliet have only the remotest significance. Plainly it has been the aim of the producers to visualize the story of the world's greatest love tragedy just as it was penned by the hand of the master. They have neither subtracted from it in any essential detail nor have they added to it.

Best of all, the textual accompaniment to the photographed action is the language of Shakespeare. Right here is a good place to say that the leaders constitute of this picture a thing apart. We have all heard it said of the works of the Bard of Avon that they are not for the screen—that the "up-right stage" robs them of their matchless dialogue. The Metro production measurably disproves the assertion. Elaborate use has been made of the text. Artistically and clearly presented are these gems of the world's best literature; there is no possibility that their majesty will be marred by those who are "capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise."

Blaisdell goes on to praise the director, John W. Noble; the adaptation, the stars and cast, the pace of the film—which ran two hours and a quarter—the settings, and concludes:

Metro has done the screen a distinct service. Not only has it lavished its best on the adaptation of a great tragedy; not only has it brought it out in all its strength and beauty, its glamor and romance, for the education as well as the entertainment of countless thousands who heretofore have had slight acquaintance with it or concern about it. It has demonstrated that Shakespeare dead three hundred years penned in his youth lines that stamp him the greatest title-builder in the world of today.



Bear in mind that this review was aimed not at the public but at exhibitors. Apparently Noble made a real attempt to solve the problem of transference to a different medium with as little loss to Shakespeare as possible. Twenty years later it was Irving Thalberg who was speaking of Shakespeare as a writer of a perfect scenario who also wrote magnificent poetry. If there is bad here, there is also good.

The year 1923 illustrates something else again, the penchant of leading actresses for the part of Juliet. I quote from "1923 in Headlines" in the *Film Year Book* of 1924:

January 27: Joseph M. Schenck reported after Rudolph Valentino to co-star him with Norma Talmadge in *Romeo and Juliet*.

August 8: Miss Pickford may make *Romeo and Juliet* with Ernst Lubitsch directing.

December 10: Norma Talmadge abandons plan to star in *Romeo and Juliet*. Lillian Gish starts work on it in spring.

I regret to say that none of these *Romeo and Juliets* materialized in 1924. Unless one counts cutback interpolation by Cecil B. De Mille in a modern romance of a tin-can factory called *Triumph*, the only *Romeo and Juliet* of 1924 was a Mack Sennett comedy with Ben Turpin!

These last two derivations are no more than characteristic examples of the borrowings, adaptations, or travesties which have sprung movie-wise from *Romeo and Juliet*. I do not know the contents of *Romeo and Juliet at the Seaside*, *A Rural Romeo*, and *What Ho*,

Romeo, but at least the titles are symptomatic, even if the stories bear no relation to Shakespeare. Frequently the story does show a modernized parallel; both *Romeo Turns Bandit* and *Romeo and Juliet in Town*, as far back as 1910, reconcile two unfriendly families by the romantic complications of their respective offspring, and the first has a balcony scene. In the same year the Edison Company produced a series of comedies featuring under the name of Bumptious a brash young character whose egotism led him to successive but amusing disasters. John R. Cumpson lent his rotundity to the part. In *Bumptious as Romeo* (1911), Bumptious essays to coach *Romeo and Juliet* and to play the male lead at the local town hall. What follows is the familiar comic device of the presentation of an amateur performance in which everything goes wrong, culminating in a balcony scene in which the entire castle falls upon the Bumptious-Romeo. The comic possibilities of *Romeo and Juliet* have also impressed themselves on cartoons. Felix the Cat stalked in a *Romeeow*; there were two Aesop's Fables with Romeo titles, and a Terrytoon. Nor is this caricature of Shakespeare confined to this country. In 1932 Jan Nowina Przybylski directed a comic burlesque of *Romeo and Juliet* in Poland.

One of the funniest Romeo pictures, directed by Clarence Badger for Will Rogers in 1921, was *Doubling for Romeo*, a burlesque of American film conventions rather than of Shakespeare. In it a clumsy cowboy goes to a picture

studio to learn how to make love to his girl. He is shown by an obliging director a considerable variety of methods, and tries his own hand at each. A dream sequence allows him to play Romeo to his sweetheart's Juliet in a broad bravura style coupled with Rogers witticisms. Ultimately, of course, he wins the girl. Rogers' comment on this film, quoted by Sam Goldwyn, is too good to miss: "The reason we made it was that we could use the same costumes that Miss Geraldine Farrar and a friend of hers (at that time) had worn in some costume pictures—all these Shakespearean tights and everything. I don't say this egotistically, but I wore Geraldine's."

An even better japey based on Shakespeare was also at the expense of the American film, but by Sir James Barrie. Early in 1916 he contributed a "surprise" to an entertainment at the London Coliseum for the benefit of the Y.M.C.A. The "surprise" turned out to be a film, for which he had prepared the scenario and titles, called *The Real Thing at Last*, or more specifically, a burlesque of *Macbeth* as it might have been made in the United States. The film was shot at the little Bushey Heath studio which had been built by Sir Hubert Herkomer, the portrait painter, and which was subsequently acquired by A. E. Matthews. Edmund Gwenn was the Macbeth, Godfrey Tearle the Macduff, Nelson Keyes was Lady Macbeth, and the future Romeo of the screen, Leslie Howard, played Banquo—all in the manner of a Wild West serial. Three blondes stirred the witches' broth,

and a messenger arrived at full gallop with a telegram: "If Birnam Wood moves, it's a cinch." Titles included: "Dear Macbeth, the King has gotten old and silly. Slay him. Yours sincerely, Lady M.," "The elegant home of the Macbeths is no longer a happy one," and at the end: "The Macbeths repent and all ends happily." Presented to the comic accompaniment of a picture-palace piano, and with Gwenn, between puffs of a huge cigar, explaining the film with an elaborate American accent, it helped to realize a substantial sum for concerts for the British troops. It was not this *Macbeth* but another one in the same year, made in California by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, which occasioned his reply to the reproaches of Chance Newton: "I thought I had reached the time of life when I ought to be seen—and not heard."

I do not know how many motion pictures have been made, advertised, and titled as direct adaptations from Shakespeare—certainly well over half a hundred. If incidental borrowings, interpolations, and comic extravagances are to be included in the estimate, the figure must at least be doubled. Occasionally Shakespearean titles have been borrowed for films which may not be based on the corresponding plays—*Much Ado About Nothing*, for example. But even if the doubtful ones are excluded, at least eighteen in the corpus have been "translated" to the screen. In general these are the plays which have been most popular on the stage and most read: omitting the early experiments and the

collaborations, all, or almost all, of the romantic comedies; three of the chronicles; all of the tragedies except *Titus Andronicus* and *Coriolanus*. Many of the most famous actors of theater and screen have lent themselves to this rough magic, and recorded their performances by means less evanescent than the two hours' traffic of the stage. There is much in the history of film

which has not been art or even good entertainment, and Shakespeare on film has unquestionably been in most instances among the conspicuous failures. Nevertheless, if the past can teach the present and art can create out of the combined materials, we have now reached a point where Shakespeare can advantageously suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange.

Since the morning stars first sang together the world has not witnessed a peace so harmonious and enduring as that which now blesses the Christian nations. Great political movements, which a few short years ago must have led to bloody encounter, are now conducted by peaceful discussion.

—CHARLES SUMNER, 1845

THE SICK AMERICAN NOVEL

Sophus Keith Winther

THE AMERICAN NOVEL is very sick. Its condition is critical and no wonder. Consider the program it has undertaken. Take note of the responsibilities it has assumed without the slightest hesitation or doubt of its ability to deliver the goods. It began early in the century with cleaning out the packing-house muck. Since then it has developed into a massive, cumbersome giant with a highly sensitive nose for smelling out the evils of American society, and once having detected the evil it moves earnestly to the task of reform. The novel has reformed everything from the conditions of itinerant labor in California to the strange life in the towers of Radio City. Nothing escapes. The giant's nose smells all, and all it smells stinks.

The novel has become the conscience of America, or rather it has designated itself as such. Nothing is more painful than an aroused conscience, and nothing is more valiant, nor less concerned with the refinements of technique. The novel, guided by its quivering senses and wrapped in the armour of an aroused conscience, has worked for the Cause.

It has fought the battle of the oppressed and exploited workers from the lettuce patches of California to the coal mines of Pennsylvania. It has saved the wage slaves from the swamp workers of Louisiana to the exploited lumber jacks of Washington. The conscience of the American novel, thoroughly stirred, has not limited itself to national boundaries. It is not an isolationist conscience. Mexico, Canada, China, the Malay Peninsula, all Europe, Russia, the whole world comes under the scrutinizing eyes of the American novel, and nothing less than all must be saved. All except Afghanistan. No American novel has yet saved Afghanistan, but time will take care of that.

Consider the novels of one of the great writers of these modern times, Sinclair Lewis. His program for saving the nation is second only to that of Upton Sinclair whose ambition is the complete salvation of the whole world. The novel as it is represented by Mr. Lewis has an am-

bitious task. It begins in a logical manner in the very heart of the nation with an analysis of the small town. All the sin, ignorance, prejudice, lack of vision is dissected without mercy. The effort to make over the citizens and reform the town brings doubtful results, but in the end things are not so bad with the main characters. Papa and Mama are in bed as the curtain falls. There is a prediction of a coming snowstorm, but they are quite warm and snug.

From the small town the novel moves to larger endeavors in the next representative unit of our civilization. In *Zenith* it attacks the citadel of Business, exposing its empty pretences and false ideals. There are moments of doubt and uncertainty both financial and moral, but at the conclusion father and son with arms around each other face the world bravely. So it goes from *Zenith* to an attack on quackery in religion, to quackery in politics, to chicanery and failure in medicine, to the evils of dictatorship, and finally to the greatest problem of all, a man's struggle for justice and morality. Each novel had its major thesis as clearly and logically defined as it might be in a student's handbook on ethics.

What's wrong with the United States of America? If the reader wants to know what is wrong with the United States of America, let him read the novels of Mr. Lewis. If he already knows but wants further refinements on the subject, he can turn to the novels dealing with the sins of the South. Here he will find enough to satisfy a Gargantuan appetite, for in no part of this country is there so much rich and luscious sin to invite the American novel. A complete survey of the field is impossible, nor would it be wise to comprehend it too completely, for that part of the United States is so compact with crime of every imaginable description that it is a wonder any novel reader ever dares to cross the South without an armed escort.

Erskine Caldwell leads in this field. He is the high priest of this department. Mr. Faulkner, who began earlier but was outstripped by Caldwell, is second in command and after him comes an army of lesser novelists, each displaying the corpse of some slain monster on the face of his gigantic shield. In the South preachers damn the Negro in sermons and then have sly but luscious affairs with hot wenches at night. They drink much corn whiskey and may at times be found in barns doing various things not too difficult to understand. Perhaps the most remarkable thing ever recorded is that of the Reverend Semon Dye sitting inside a barn peeking through a crack in the wall. Just sitting there

staring at the world through a crack. Nothing else. Nothing could be more innocent.

Southerners are very queer people. The novel has made that plain. Their sex life would be exciting to read about if it could be seriously associated with human beings, but since the men and women in Mr. Caldwell's novels fall somewhat short of this classification, their crawling, smelling, squirming, and everlasting slobbering on the subject of sex may be regarded without serious emotional disturbance. The family life of these people is as remarkable as could be expected from an observation of their sexual behavior. When grandmother, bent with age, does not return after going out into the woods to gather a few sticks to make a fire, her absence goes unnoticed. The next day or later her son decides she must have died and resolves to look for her body sometime when he is not busy doing nothing or talking to his son about the young man's sexual relations with his newly acquired wife.

This is a world that challenges the passion for castigating the evildoer, and the novel has accepted the challenge with a vengeance. Mr. Faulkner has stripped the Southern men and women of their pretended virtues. His novels attack the roots of all the concentrated evil that envelops the South. Here the novel moves in an atmosphere of death. At times it almost reaches the proportions of real tragedy, failing only because the men and women have sunk to such prehuman levels that they cannot be tragic though they strive mightily for some semblance of humanity. Again the novel is set to represent the evil in order that man may be purified and saved, but there is not much that can be done for him. Had the savior come earlier how different it might have been, but in the fetid darkness of this twilight of the world not even the novel is of much avail. Murder, lust, hate, blind unreasoned fury, poverty, miscegenation, are a catalogue of the evils that come within the inventive imagination of man, and all may be found in the novels of Mr. Faulkner. The novel of his creation ranges from fantastic sexual exploits in an airplane to the dead body represented in many and various stages of decay. It is the symbolic and tragic darkness of Hawthorne's world without the symbolism and the tragedy. Only the darkness remains. In that darkness men grope, with one major ambition only to guide them. They are stripped down to one essential need, and that need, since it is never balanced by any other, becomes ghastly in its all-absorbing passion. It is the purest form of the novel in its social mood; so pure that it forgets

its original objective and therefore may in the final analysis achieve a unique literary distinction not possible to any of its contemporaries.

Many other novels, perhaps hundreds, have dealt with the "problem" of the South. *Strange Fruit* is typical of the lesser novels in this mood of reform. Here the great problem of miscegenation becomes the all-powerful theme. Again the South is represented with a one-track mind and with one major source for all its thought and energy. All white men hanker after dark meat. The reader has the preacher's word for that. But it must not be. The preacher implies that it is all right to eat the forbidden fruit but not to keep it around the house. Murder and death, disillusionment, sorrow, and virtual slavery are all the Negro gets out of it.

In this novel, typical of many that have been written, and undoubtedly the pattern of hundreds that will follow, is a serious and dignified discussion of a grave social problem. In it and other less important stories, however, the emphasis misses the real problem and stresses the lesser one. It gives itself wholeheartedly to a particular social evil, and when in retrospect the problem is recognized as a minor issue, there is nothing left of the novel but a long essay founded on a doubtful thesis.

The great fault with this whole group of novels devoted to the South is that they are so preoccupied with their social responsibility that each is a breathless account of an immediate issue that calls upon the reader for only one thing: reform. In New York and Boston where they are accepted as the gospel truth, the final and ultimate of Southern degeneracy, they immediately become either something to worship or something to condemn and suppress. These novels have all the truth, vigor, and passion for justice that characterized *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. They are different only because they are modern, and as modern novels they carry on a tradition of thought and emotion that Yankees can believe is the essence of truth.

Then there is the novel that cuts all regional boundaries and is devoted to the salvation of the displaced personnel. Steinbeck is the spokesman for this particular type, and published letters written to his agent testify to how deeply he suffered in his creative labors for the good Cause. The novel itself is ample testimony. So great was his concern for the plight of his characters who represent the inhabitants of a whole state that the novel could not contain the message within the limits of pure story. The novel bursts with message. It swells with a

great pregnancy that is saved from a monstrous delivery by artificial cold packs in the form of fifteen or more essays. These are slapped on at regular intervals in order to cool off the intemperate heat of the story and also to give the reader an opportunity to comprehend its meaning; that is, its message.

And the message struck home. Millions of readers who had never seen a farm or been near the state of Oklahoma found out what the people of Oklahoma are like. They discovered the ideas, passions, hopes, fears, ambitions, crimes, and virtues of the citizens of this great state. They followed the breathless adventures along Highway 66 into the glorious state of California. There, to the satisfaction of millions, the true nature of Californians was revealed. They are cruel, grasping, selfish, mean-spirited. Their police take pleasure in sadistic acts against the poor and helpless. Noble union members are beaten and starved until any crime they may commit looms like an act of divine justice. The whole state gorges its appetite on cruelty. It is not just the cruelty of neglect but a conscious, planned form of torture. In a letter, Steinbeck accused the people of California of encouraging unhealthy and overcrowded conditions in the labor camps as a deterrent to union organization. He wrote, "The death of children by starvation in our valleys is simply staggering I do what I can"

His message carried astonishing conviction. The novel came into its own. It was "dynamic," "devastating," "tragic," the great "voice of an age," "unforgettable," "as great a book as has yet come out of America," "an amazing work of art," "concentrated emotion," "greatest American novel." These and hundreds of phrases in the same tempo by leading American critics described it. Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt was inspired by it to think of "the love that passeth all understanding." That was long ago, in 1939. Today *The Grapes of Wrath* has about as much appeal to the hungry reader as a dessert consisting of one boiled potato, very cold.

It is not enough for the novel to take to itself the task of saving this country from its many and terrible sins, but it must go abroad to do battle with the enemy. The Fascists of Spain are worthy of a great crusader, and naturally the challenge was accepted by an American novelist. He was well trained for the task. He had described the weakness and debacle of the Italian army in World War I; he had written a first-rate account of the disenchanted American soldier in Paris. And he was

further qualified by one novel and many short stories devoted to gamblers, gangsters, whores, and citizens in general of the United States. No better preparation for a story on the evils of Fascism could be imagined, and perhaps no better or more exciting account has been written of the evils and cruelty of civil war.

The best of the American novels of this century have been devoted to the salvation of man. What they have done has been imitated thousands of times in the lesser novels, until the whole field looms as a gigantic collection of social tracts, variously developed, often with great skill, deeply sincere and very dramatic. Each in its own particular manner has been chained to temporary fact, passionately true to the fact, and limited by its special truth to a timely death. The state of the nation at the moment has given each its turn to strut and fret its hour upon the stage, and then it is heard no more. The life of each novel has been brilliant with the hectic flush of a crucial moment in history. When that moment passed, each in turn acquired the grayish color of death as it sank into forgetfulness, there to rest as a part of the nation's history. That they are a part of the nation's history is undeniable. The nobility of the novel's subject matter is generally undisputed, but in the cause of justice the novel has sacrificed itself to dramatized social and economic discourses on the ever-changing state of the nation. The novel has forgotten man in its passion for justice. The novel is sick unto death with the heavy burden it has assumed.

There is a cure, but not an easy one, nor one that can be administered overnight. Perhaps it never will be except to the very few, for why should a patient take a cure when he has millions who testify to his good health? But until the novel does take a sound cure it will continue as it has for more than a generation, flourishing in a timely brilliance of glittering mediocrity, grasping at the latest crisis, reaping a temporary harvest and leaving no heritage that may be called art for a future generation to enjoy.

Every great age in literature has had its heritage of critical principles, and in addition has made its own contribution to theory. This age of novelists has none. It has experimented with a technique devoted to the exploration of the subconscious, an idea borrowed from Freud and Jung. This has brought into the novel a few examples of depth and originality, both in technique and subject matter, but since it was not supported by a theory of fiction nor based upon a philosophy that involved a concept of

man in relation to all aspects of his life and the world, it resulted for the most part in bizarre experiments. Occasionally, as in the early stories of Sherwood Anderson, a psychological theory almost produced a significant novel, but here it failed because Anderson's conception of life was that of a thoughtful man who knew nothing of critical principles and less of philosophy.

Such experiments as were made in the novel in this respect failed because the American novelists had no theory, no philosophy that would relate the great contribution of Freudian psychology to the whole life of man. Consequently it was a fad, strange and wonderful, at times even profoundly revealing as in *The Triumph of the Egg*, but soon abandoned for the more direct approach of exciting but unrelated realities of direct observation.

After this feeble attempt to consider itself as having some responsibility as an art concerned with more than the outer, temporal, and transitory phases of human life, the novel settled back to the expediency of the moment as its only demanding criterion. In this lack of understanding, it became proficient and invited to its cause the great body of the skillful but unlearned. They came by the hundreds from every profession or trade, with manuscripts under their arms and no other thought in their heads than the urgency for publication. They knew nothing of history, philosophy, religion, art, or literary criticism. They had no historical perspective and no knowledge of tradition. When they succeeded, it was due to a natural vigor, boldness, and a willingness to experiment. Native strength functioned effectively on the temporary affairs of village, city, factory, or farm, but when that message was expressed they had said all there was for them to say.

The great literary periods of the past have developed in the light of critical principles. The writers lived and worked in an atmosphere of a great tradition that extended from ancient times to the moment of their own labors in their own particular field and age. They were students of literature, criticism, philosophy, and history. They were masters of the best forms for their age, and they related the form to the expression of man's dilemma in the presence of a universe that surrounded him.

Dante was guided by the principles of a great philosophical system. The Renaissance writers were students of the Ancients, and fused the best of Greek thought with the guiding principles of Christianity. They studied literature, history, philosophy, and religion, and from their studies

they arrived at such virtues as: Fortitude, Temperance, Prudence, Justice, Liberality, and Courtesy. They analyzed these conceptions in relation to man's destiny, and they studied the means and devices by which this might be done in a particular art form. They considered the nature and meaning of tragedy. They knew that no great literature can be developed without a conception of what tragedy is. They knew that tragedy and accident are not synonymous terms, and they understood the basic idea of probability without which there can be no tragedy.

Ben Jonson expressed it: "For a man to write well, there are required three necessities: to read the best authors, observe the best speakers, and much exercise of his own style." But he adds, "No precepts will profit a fool, no more than beauty will the blind, or music the deaf."

The Age of Pope had its critical principles. They may have been limited and confining, but they invited only the writer who had thought deeply, read widely, and practiced diligently. These men studied nature, and nature to them meant the Ancients. They were learned in every phase of the neo-classic tradition, and out of this learning and their mastery of form they developed an enduring body of literature.

The Romantic Period was rich in critical theory. It was theory that rebelled in certain aspects against the past, while at the same time it set forth a positive doctrine for the young writers to follow. Again the emphasis involved not only man's crisis at the moment but his destiny. It was critical theory steeped in philosophy, history, and art. The man who aspired to compete with Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Keats realized that he must be a man of learning, and that his program must be something more complex than the salvation of a particular group of unfortunate men and women in a specific locale.

The limitation of the modern American novel is not that its Cause is worthless. The Cause it serves is genuinely noble. Time may prove that the major reforms of the past forty years were made possible by the indefatigable crusade of the American novel. But one thing seems quite clear; future readers will not return to these novels for either beauty of form, wisdom, insight, or an understanding of man. The novel of today has no learned tradition, no all-embracing philosophy of life, and it has no body of critical theory.

SHAW: IRONIST OR PARADOCTOR?

Alan Reynolds Thompson

A RECENT WORK OF CRITICISM¹ finds in *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* "dozens of ironies, of which the central irony is the contrast between romance and reality"—an irony which "pervades the whole work." Though this book is sometimes more forceful in its pronouncements than judicious, in this instance it could have appealed to the authority of the Great Ancient himself. Shaw, writing at a time when he had not yet become ancient, although he already knew he was great, described his plays as dealing "in the tragicomic irony of the conflict between real life and the romantic imagination."² And elsewhere, with Shavian modesty and simplicity, he merely says, "I am a master of comic irony."³

Certainly his plays abound in situations latently if not overtly ironical, and it is difficult to draw the line between ironies we can discover and ironies that the author has intentionally contrived. Moreover Shaw, whether a master of irony or not, is certainly a master of anticlimax and paradox. His delight is to trick expectation and confound accepted ideas. This is making game of us, and its effect may well be sometimes painful. It cannot be far removed from irony.

We might therefore be inclined simply to bow to the Master's word, except that the more we think about the matter the more we begin to suspect that perhaps he does not mean by the word "irony" what we mean. Perhaps he meant that he was a master of anticlimax or a master of paradox. We shall try to show that there is a real difference between irony and paradox. And first we had better try defining irony.

The word is especially slippery and puzzling for two reasons, one historical, the other psychological. Historically considered, the word has shifted meaning a good deal. It was first used popularly in ancient Greece, and meant the tricks of a dissembler (εἰρων) who, to deceive an antagonist, pretended to be stupider than he was.⁴ When Socrates was first called

¹ Eric Bentley, *The Playwright as Thinker* (New York, 1946).

² Preface to *Major Barbara*.

³ Quoted by Hesketh Pearson, *G.B.S.* (New York and London, 1942), p. 366.

⁴ Cf. Otto Ribbeck, "Über den Begriff des εἰρων" (*Rheinisches Museum*, b. 31, 1876, pp. 381-400).

an εἰρων, the term was one of abuse, but Plato's dialogues elevated Socratic irony for all time to high estate. Søren Kierkegaard practically beatified it when he wrote a doctoral dissertation on the subject.⁵ From Aristophanes to Kierkegaard Socratic irony has risen in estimation, but it remains essentially what it was to the ancient Athenian, a variety of the irony of manner, involving a direct contradiction between seeming and reality. Socrates was a dissembler who appeared to be stupider than he was.

The Greeks did not use the term for the verbal irony, playful or sarcastic, which involves a direct contradiction between statement and meaning, or for the dramatic irony which involves a direct contradiction between expectation and event. And they could never, in their wildest dreams, have fancied that irony would one day mean a godlike superiority of the poet to his creation. These uses are modern. Friedrich Schlegel is responsible for the last, and in part also for the debasement of that more-than-Olympian view of the artistic soul into the mood-mongering which later became known as "Romantic irony." For "Sophoclean irony," and perhaps for "the irony of fate," at least in English usage, Bishop Connop Thirlwall is responsible. He used both terms in an essay published in 1833.⁶ Since then both terms have gained general currency; the latter indeed has all too general currency, being often pressed into service to designate not the fall of kings but the odd coincidences that occasionally befall salesmen or housewives. And although Sophocles made notable use of irony in *Electra*, *Antigone*, *The Trachiniae*, and *Ajax*, and supreme use of it in *Oedipus the King*, it must be remarked that a careful comparison between his use of it and Euripides' clearly shows that, if any ancient tragic poet deserves to have a type of dramatic irony named after him, it is not the serene poet of *Sophrosyne*, but the poet of moodiness, sophistical duplicities, and skeptical despair.

The current definitions of the general term "irony," as exemplified by the dictionary, all consider it as a matter of objective contrast. On this basis we can distinguish three kinds: *irony of speech* (usually called "verbal irony"), *irony of character* ("Socratic," "irony of manner"), and *irony of events* ("dramatic," "Sophoclean," "tragic," "irony of fate"). And if a sharp discrepancy in speech, character, or events were all that

⁵ At Copenhagen in 1841. There is a German translation, *Der Begriff der Ironie mit ständiger Rücksicht auf Sokrates* (Munich, 1929).

⁶ "On the Irony of Sophocles" (*Philological Museum*, v. II. pp. 483-537).

s involved in irony, these definitions should serve. They would also justify Shaw's opinion of his work. But there is a distinction between irony and other effects that, like irony, involve a sharp discrepancy. Irony is not the same thing as paradox, or as comic effect, though all involve a sharp discrepancy.

The distinctive quality of irony, I believe, is not to be observed in the outer contrast but in the effect of that contrast on the observer. Objective definitions do not suggest this subjective effect, and hence do not clearly differentiate irony from other objective contrasts.

This subjective effect is an emotional complex which can be resolved into the conflict we feel when we feel, at one and the same time, both amusement and pain. There is always comedy in irony, and there is also always something that hurts. The proportional intensity of these conflicting emotions may vary from laughter with a note of the disagreeable to tragic pity and fear with a note of mockery. But the conflict is always there if we have genuine irony. The wry smile is its facial sign.

When solemnity or sorrow is proper, there is a peculiar sacrilege in mockery; hence, the way in which the gods mock Oedipus is extremely painful to us. Tragic catastrophe without this note of derision is not ironical, though it involves a violent contrast in events. We may, of course, find irony in the fate of Othello, but we have to look for it. Sophocles not only plots the events so that the contrast between his hero's expectation and reality is forced upon us, he underlines the mockery of the situation by many artful verbal ambiguities.

Contrariwise, a note of derision or bitterness in comedy turns pure comedy into comic irony. It is the unpleasantness in a situation where we would like to laugh wholeheartedly that gives comic irony its peculiarly disturbing quality. "The holy passion of Friendship," says Mark Twain, "is of so sweet and steady and loyal and enduring a nature that it will last a whole lifetime, if not asked to lend money." That is funny, but it also tastes of wormwood. It is irony.

This definition enables us to avoid confusing purely tragic and purely comic contrasts with ironical ones. A failure to make this distinction leads a student of tragic irony⁷ to equate tragic reversal, as in *Othello*, with irony; and also all dramatic contrast between the knowledge of the spectator and the ignorance of the character. At this rate the whole of existence can easily become irony. And since all comedy arises from

⁷ G. G. Sedgewick, *Of Irony, Especially in Drama* (Toronto, 1934).

contrast, how are we to distinguish the special kind of comedy that is ironic?

Since there is always pain in comic irony, successful comedy in the theater can use it only with discretion. Irony chills the playful mood of laughter; it obtrudes unpleasant thoughts; it is the mask of death at the carnival. Swift and Voltaire could use it freely, but they wrote for readers. The great masters of comedy have succeeded in convulsing popular audiences with mirth. A priori, one would not expect them, Shaw included, to risk this theatrical success by a too frequent or explicit expression of painful thoughts. Molière felt very unamusedly about many things, but his comedies, even *The Misanthrope* and *Tartuffe*, insist on them so little that most people enjoy the plays throughout as sheer comedy. And Shaw is not only extraordinarily detached, as Molière was; he is, unlike Molière, a man whose temper is one of unquenchable gaiety and optimism. If bitterness, or at least the wry wince of painful reflection, is not a part of his nature, it is unlikely that he can be called an ironist.

Let us consider the evidence. And to begin at the beginning, let us start with his childhood. This was very unconventional. His father was a witty talker who, whenever he had blown up a balloon of solemn admonition or reverent religious disquisition, was forced by some inner compulsion immediately to stick a pin in it. Bernard took after him. But he did not take after him in lack of business acumen. Shaw Senior was a failure. Perhaps as a consequence, perhaps also because he was likewise a failure as a husband, he was addicted to liquor. Mrs. Shaw seems to have been a woman of no very strong wifely or motherly instincts, but with a strong love of music. She retired into a private world of music, not merely from her husband but from her children. Bernard might almost have been a boarder in the household so far as tender emotions were concerned. "Though I was not ill-treated—my parents being quite incapable of any sort of inhumanity—the fact that nobody cared for me particularly gave me a frightful self-sufficiency, or rather a power of starving on imaginary feasts that . . . leaves me to this hour a treacherous brute in matters of pure affection."⁸ Since he cared little for games, he read enormously of adult books, being, he says, "saturated with the Bible and with Shakespeare" before he was ten.

No wonder his characters lack normal family feeling, either for love

⁸ Quoted by Pearson, *op. cit.*, p. 4.

or hate. It is normal for people to be emotional about their near kindred, and usual, as a consequence, for their domestic relationships to be irrational and muddled. This muddle is often painful, but the normal person would rather suffer the pain than be lonely. His emotional needs would starve without a constant pulling and hauling on his heartstrings. Shaw is, in this sense, the rare abnormality, a man with no heartstrings to be pulled. Hence the adult characters in his plays are one and all abnormal in the same way. They are not perverts; their emotions are not twisted or distorted. They are thoroughly mature intellectually, with a Shavian vocabulary to prove it. But emotionally they are all about twelve years old. Perhaps some of the women are a bit older, but not the men. A boy of twelve is not interested in other people; he is interested solely in, let us say, building model airplanes. The Shavian character is not interested in other people either, except intellectually; he is interested solely in building a utopia. Naturally the Shavian hero runs away from an amorous woman; he does not want to be interrupted. John Tanner is the type for them all. It is significant that his author should have thought him a modern version of Don Juan! And it is obvious that John Tanner is, even more than usual among Shaw's more talkative heroes, largely Shaw himself.

The detachment fostered by Shaw's upbringing was further fostered by his experiences as a young man. His parents had separated, his mother going to London to teach music. When almost twenty, Bernard followed her; and for the rest of his life he has remained cheerfully away from his homeland. A man without a country, he never felt the sentimental need to exclaim, "This is my own, my native land!" Brought up a Protestant, of English ancestry, in southern Ireland, he never felt the ordinary Irishman's pleasure in hating England. Long before he left Ireland he had lost all belief in Protestant Christianity, though psychologically he has remained a Protestant throughout his life in his attitude of protest and in his extreme individualism. He could never take seriously the enormous family pride that some of the Shaws felt. He left Dublin with no attachments of any consequence.

In London his chief interests were, and have remained, large and impersonal. He read Samuel Butler, Ibsen, and Karl Marx; he became an active Socialist, a leader in the Fabian Society (with the Webbs), a pamphleteer and journalist, a soapbox orator and debater; he was even for a time a hard-working member of the council that administered one

of the London boroughs. His male friendships were intellectual; with young women he flirted but did not give himself emotionally. (Could any dramatist but Shaw have written *The Philanderer*?) He was already wrapped up in the building of his utopia and had no emotion to waste elsewhere.

Thus, some time before he started writing plays he had come to view the whole of Western civilization with critical disapproval. But since he was so detached emotionally, he could be amused by it. Unlike most thoughtful men of his time—Hardy and Ibsen are notable examples—he had not suffered disillusionment, and hence he felt none of their bitterness. Mrs. Webb called him a sprite. He could see the shortcomings of the world with a clarity excelled by few and yet be spritely about them. He is still spritely about them, after two world wars!

The source of his optimism is, of course, not merely negative detachment. Ordinary passions do not affect him because his vision of an ideal society in the future absorbs all his deeper emotion. Hence the comparison with a twelve-year-old is superficial; the child's dream is not a religion but Shaw's is. It is fortified by all manner of arguments, but it is not primarily a matter of reason. On the contrary, one more than suspects that his multitudinous reasons for his doctrines are motivated by his desires: that they are, in short, rationalizations. To say this is not to condemn them as arguments. Shaw is a brilliant debater. And for the matter of that, he has been as consistent with his principles as anyone should expect so voluminous a writer to be. If he is not above taking a forensic advantage, he is certainly well-informed, free from the slightest meanness or malice, and on most matters notably sensible and sane. Naturally we must allow for the exaggerations of the social satirist who seems to maintain a position more extreme than he really holds so as to shock us out of complacency. And I do not defend his antivivisectionism, his vegetarianism, and his skepticism about the existence of germs, which are fairly harmless crotchets, or his antebellum admiration for Mussolini, which was not. But his demands for social justice, his analysis of present economic and political evils, and his hope for reform through man's intelligence and will are all fundamental matters, and matters which we can respect intellectually. The point is, however, that Shaw's vision is more than a philosophy; it is a genuine religion; and on the all too rare occasions when he writes like a poet he is inspired by love of it.

This vision is of an earthly paradise to be attained only by our remote

descendants, and then only if men will to attain it. Life is a process of evolution; and even now, for all its present imperfections, it is good because it offers us opportunity to serve the Life Force. We do so by exercising our wills to improve. Thus we help evolve higher beings. This is possible because evolution is not determined, as the neo-Darwinians believe, but creative, as Lamarck taught. Sometime men may outlive Methuselah—if they will to. Then they can finally put away such childish things as sex and art and war, and turn themselves into vortices of pure thought. Meanwhile wars and revolutions are not unmixed evils, for they make possible a more rapid evolution. So Shaw might sing with a poet in many ways very unlike him,

Rejoice that we are hurled
From change to change unceasingly,
The soul's wings never furled.

There is certainly something very Browningsque about Shaw's optimism.

We have indicated that Shaw had matured his views before he turned to drama. He was born in 1856 and his first play was written in 1892. At thirty-six he had already engaged in most of the activities mentioned earlier, and in addition he had written several novels, and had been a book reviewer, an art critic, a music critic, and a champion of Ibsen. Archibald Henderson's exhaustive biography⁹ of him contains 832 pages exclusive of index; it does not get to Shaw as playwright until page 353. This is an anomaly in the history of the drama—a great dramatist who never served an apprenticeship in the theater; who had no vocation to write plays; who was primarily a religious prophet, secondarily a critic of the arts; who turned to playwriting solely and expressly to forward his cause, not for art's sake or even for money's sake. "I am a specialist in immoral and heretical plays. My reputation has been gained by my persistent struggle to force the public to reconsider its morals . . . I write plays with the deliberate object of converting the nation to my opinions in these matters . . . If I were prevented from producing immoral and heretical plays, I should cease to write for the theatre, and propagate my views from the platform and through books."¹⁰ His attitude toward his art is that of the preacher; the drama is an instrument of propaganda. In short, his dramatic purpose is, as he puts it, "to stick pins into pigs."

⁹ *Bernard Shaw, Playboy and Prophet* (New York and London, 1932).

¹⁰ Preface to *The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet*.

His method of forcing his ideas on the public has been, like Ibsen's, to shock and startle it, but unlike Ibsen's, also to make it laugh. I doubt, however, whether he deliberately chose to play clown as well as preacher. His clowning has set a vast number of people unalterably against taking him seriously—an effect he could hardly have intended. Yet his defenses for his practice are singularly question-begging: "All genuinely intellectual work is humorous" . . . "Why does the imaginative man always end by writing comedy if only he has also a sense of reality?" Like many other arguments of his, these defenses sound like rationalizations, only less able than most. Actually he seems to be carried away by an extravagant imagination and a puckish humor which—in spite of his serious purposes, not because of them—he cannot resist. "Shaw never plotted a play in advance," declared a biographer. "Having got the main idea, he sat down and trusted confidently to inspiration, never seeing a page ahead while writing and never knowing what was going to happen."¹¹ It is hard to believe this statement literally since most of his best plays give as much evidence of design as Paley's watch. Even if the biographer got the assertion straight from Shaw himself, as presumably he did, we can believe it no more literally than we can believe Poe's contrary explanation of how he wrote "The Raven." But the frequent looseness and whimsicality of his dramaturgy certainly need accounting for; and the picture the biographer suggests—of the "giant intellect" lulling itself to slumber in order to permit a subliminal uprush of inspiration, even as Romantic poets are supposed to do—is an amusingly ironic one. Is Shaw the avowed enemy of Romanticism because he feels Romantic weaknesses in himself?

Another irony not intended by the dramatist is that these antiromantic works of his which preach such disturbing doctrines as communism of property, benevolent dictatorships, the "liquidation" of the unfit, and the evolution of men into vortices of pure thought, are really popular—those of them that are popular—as romances. Shaw's plays are the escape literature of the intellectual. From messy personal relationships and a painfully chaotic society they set him free to dwell temporarily in a never-never land where nobody loses his temper but, instead, everybody makes the perfect retort; where everybody says right out what in real life he would not dare to say and gets away with it; where people never become passionate and consequently never suffer; where even the good

¹¹ Pearson, *op. cit.*, p. 198. (The preceding quotations from Shaw are taken from p. 199.)

folk are amusing and the bad ones are never villains; where the pains of living are always sublimated into witty disquisition.

A playwright who will not inflict pain on his audiences cannot write tragedy. Most readers who notice that *The Doctor's Dilemma* is called "a tragedy" probably take the designation as just another Shavian paradox. On the contrary Shaw wrote, "I was perfectly unconscious of anything funny about it. I was as serious as Galileo when he said that a five-pound weight would fall as fast as a ten-pound, though no doubt that struck the Pisans as a screaming joke." And again, "*The Doctor's Dilemma* was called a tragedy partly for the absurd reason that Archer challenged me to write a tragedy, and partly for the much better reason that its theme—that of 'a man of genius who is not also a man of honor'—is the most tragic of all themes to people who can understand its importance."¹² Maybe the theme is all of this, but the effect of the play is comic. Dubedat dies, with rhetorical flourishes, a cheerfully unrepentant blackguard to the end. If there is any great pathos in the scene, it is overlaid by quite contrary effects. Besides, it is not Dubedat but Dubedat's wife who is the central character, and she ends the last act by triumphing over her doctor-lover with the announcement of her second marriage. And the unsuccessful suitor takes his defeat with the graceful wit of high comedy: "Then I have committed a purely disinterested murder!" This ending might have been at least bitinglly ironical if not tragic, but one scarcely notices that it is ironical at all, for it is really a happy ending. Though we are not actually told that Jennifer will live happily ever after, at least we know that she is much better off married to anybody else than Dubedat; and as for Dr. Ridgeon, his massive ego will easily adjust itself to his disappointment.

Only one of Shaw's plays moves us with genuinely tragic emotion—*Saint Joan*. There are moments in the others when, as we have said, his characters are poetically inspired by a vision of a better world. Keegan, in *John Bull's Other Island*, is one who comes to mind, and Lavinia in *Androcles and the Lion*, and Lilith in *Back to Methuselah*. At those moments Shaw's deepest emotions express themselves. In *Saint Joan* the historical facts forced him to subdue his unruly whimsicality and its central figure embodied exactly the qualities that to him are genuinely saintly. For once he restrained his lust for anticlimax and sustained serious emotion. Yet even so he would not harrow us with too direct an

¹² Quoted by Henderson, *op. cit.*, pp. 615, 616.

account of the burning, and after it is over he brings Joan back to life in the Epilogue—if only as a figment of a dream—with all her wonted bounce and forthrightness. (I shall have more to say of this Epilogue when I come to deal with Shaw's irony in detail.) *Saint Joan* is, in my opinion, a tragedy, and a great one; but it is a tragedy subject to the limitations of its author's peculiar genius.

But these limitations help make him supreme in comedy. His emotional uninvolvedness enables him to tackle matter of the deadliest seriousness and show it in an amusing light. His extraordinarily bold and whimsical imagination enables him to range further and to achieve a greater variety and unexpectedness in theme, setting, and incident than any other great dramatist, even Shakespeare. His religion gives him a doctrinaire position from which to pass judgments on all he observes and records. And since his Articles of Faith generally contradict those of his conventional contemporaries, the effect of his judgments is highly paradoxical—hence generally funny. He may be wholly in earnest; it does not matter so far as the effect on an average spectator is concerned; his paradoxes are taken as startling jokes.

Thus we come to the central technical device of Shaw's comedy: paradox dramatized. A received moral opinion or social doctrine is embodied in a character who at first seems to the audience perfectly sensible, honorable, right-minded. To this person is opposed a character who embodies the Shavian contradiction of this conventional attitude. Their conflict, mostly verbal, is the central action of the play. The outcome may be victory for the Shavian character, but it is just as likely to be an enigmatic stalemate that leaves the audience puzzled and disturbed. Shaw's resolutions upset us; they seem either perverse or no resolutions at all. Actually they are logical enough from his point of view, and when audiences come round to his point of view the startling force of his paradoxes is lost. That has already happened to some of them, notably that of *Arms and the Man*. This play asserts that the good soldier is not the rash, romantic hero but the cool, efficient realist who avoids unnecessary risks (by running away if need be) and in an emergency stuffs his cartridge cases with concentrated food (chocolate) in preference to bullets. That proposition was shocking in 1894. The play is still amusing but the electricity has gone out of it; the world has finally caught up with Shaw.

Nevertheless the range and shock-power of the Shavian paradoxes

is extraordinary. His method is to begin with a paradox in the abstract, such as one of those he so lavishly scatters about in his dialogue or collected in the "Maxims for Revolutionists" appended to *Man and Superman*. Thus Ellie in *Heartbreak House*: "A soul is a very expensive thing to keep; much more so than a motor car. . . . It is just because I want to save my soul that I am marrying for money. All the women who are not fools do." Thus Tanner-Shaw: "Do not do unto others as you would that they should do unto you. Their tastes may not be the same." Or: "Never resist temptation; prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Or (a much more profound one): "Liberty means responsibility. That is why most men dread it." When Shaw writes a play he takes a paradox of this sort, embodies the contradiction in characters, and lets them fight it out. Their conflict is not necessarily comic; it might easily be tragic, at least painful.

But its painfulness is not ironical. An irony says the expected and means its opposite, whereas a paradox says and means the opposite of the expected. Indeed, since the paradoxer (if we may coin the word) is primarily an advocate, his aim is to win us over, not merely to ridicule our views. The ironist, on the other hand, is a prosecutor. He attacks a folly or evil but offers no substitute. His weapon of attack is ridicule. In it there is always comic effect, even when greatly attenuated. And irony is much more painful than paradox because purely destructive. The ironist may aim at constructiveness as did Socrates, but his irony, as irony, merely destroys.

Again, there is a distinction between dramatic paradox and irony in the way in which the characters who embody them are affected by them. The exemplars of the paradoxical opposition are not necessarily aware of their roles and do not necessarily suffer or triumph. (The play, as not seldom with Shaw, may end in a draw.) The revolutionary moral of the paradox they illustrate must be drawn by the observer. And it is a serious but not necessarily a painful one. The victim of an irony, on the other hand, suffers, and to some extent the spectators suffer with him. Generally he recognizes the irony of his situation. Furthermore, his distress does not necessarily involve a moral. Irony as an instrument is ethically neutral, whereas paradox is always an ethical assertion.

If we feel irony in a dramatized paradox, it must be the result of an ironic conflict in us, the spectators, as a consequence of seeing a demonstration that the very opposite of our accepted belief is true. Thus, for

readers of the late 'nineties (very few saw the play), *Mrs. Warren's Profession* contained a stinging irony in the scene where this wealthy bawd shows herself shocked like a middle-class Victorian at the idea of her daughter's being economically and personally independent, not a parasite on a man. "It was a masterstroke of irony," says a critic, "to embody the conventional horror of independence in a woman of the character of Mrs. Warren."¹³ At the end of the play Vivie says to her mother, "You're a conventional woman at heart. That is why I am bidding you good-bye now." This curtain line with its characteristic Shavian twist is a paradox rather than irony. There is no painful joke on Mrs. Warren. If the joke is on anyone, it is on the public who dislike finding themselves in a class with her. And it is not even paradoxical to those who consider Mrs. Warren with Shavian detachment and from an economic point of view. As a capitalist entrepreneur whose pocketbook is lined by the system that keeps women in subservience, she naturally upholds the system. If other capitalist entrepreneurs, who consider themselves respectable, dislike her company, that can't be helped; facts are facts.

Shaw himself has recognized that the electricity goes out of his twists when audiences grow up to his views. *The Devil's Disciple*, he tells us, has "a genuine novelty in it. Only, that novelty is not any invention of my own, but simply the novelty of the advanced thought of my day. As such it will assuredly lose its gloss with the lapse of time and leave *The Devil's Disciple* exposed as the threadbare popular melodrama it technically is."¹⁴ Shaw seldom does himself an injustice by depreciation; here he surely does, for the play is by no means threadbare, and it is still much more than a popular melodrama. But it has lost the extraordinary novelty of its early years.

Incidental ironies, of course, are frequent in the plays. Lady Britomart Undershaft, in *Major Barbara*, is a bossy aristocrat. Of her daughter she remarks, "Ever since they made her a major in the Salvation Army she has developed a propensity to have her own way and order people about which quite cows me sometimes. It's not ladylike. I'm sure I don't know where she picked it up."

When Mrs. Barnes receives for the Salvation Army great sums from the manufacturers of arms and whiskey, she is piously thankful.

¹³ A. E. Morgan, *Tendencies of Modern English Drama* (New York, 1924), p. 45.

¹⁴ Preface to *Three Plays for Puritans*.

MRS. BARNES (*taking the cheque*)

The longer I live the more proof I see that there is an Infinite Goodness that turns everything to the work of salvation sooner or later. Who would have thought that any good could have come out of war and drink?

CUSINS (*in a convulsion of irony*)

Let us seize this unspeakable moment. Let us march to the great meeting at once

And when Undershaft questions his son Stephen about a career, the latter declares himself uninterested in or unable to undertake any of the usual professions.

UNDERSHAFT

. . . . Well, come! is there anything you know or care for?

STEPHEN (*rising and looking at him steadily*)

I know the difference between right and wrong.

UNDERSHAFT (*hugely tickled*)

You don't say so! What! no capacity for business, no knowledge of law, no sympathy with art, no pretensions to philosophy; only a simple knowledge of the secret that has puzzled all the philosophers, baffled all the lawyers, muddled all the men of business, and ruined most of the artists: the secret of right and wrong. Why, man, you're a genius, a master of masters, a god! At twenty-four, too!

STEPHEN (*keeping his temper with difficulty*)

I pretend to nothing more than any honest English gentleman claims as his birthright.

In *The Apple Cart* King Magnus has granted an interview to the demagogue Boanerges. The king has been pointing out that he is secure in his job—as long as the monarchy lasts—whereas ministers like Boanerges are not. Suppose the trade unionists don't vote for you? No danger, says Boanerges.

. . . . No king on earth is as safe in his job as a Trade Union official. There is only one thing that can get him sacked, and that is drink. Not even that, as long as he doesn't actually fall down. I talk democracy to these men and women. I tell them that they have the vote, and that theirs is the kingdom and the power and the glory. I say to them, "You are supreme; exercise your power." They say, "That's right; tell us what to do"; and I tell them. I say "Exercise your vote intelligently by voting for me." And they do. That's democracy; and a splendid thing it is, too, for putting the right man in the right place.

MAGNUS

Magnificent! I have never heard it better described. You certainly have a head on you, Mr. Boanerges. You should write an essay on democracy. But—

BOANERGES

But what?

MAGNUS

Suppose a man with a bigger voice comes along! Some fool! Some windbag! Some upstart with a platform trick of getting the multitude!

Such passages are surely ironical enough, and men like Undershaft and Magnus are typical ironists. But such passages are not important, or at least fundamental, parts of the plays. The reason for this has already been suggested: Shaw is not interested in merely making fun of anyone, even if he richly deserves it. It is significant of his attitude that, for example, he is careful to state in the preface to *The Apple Cart* that Boanerges has the makings of a good man in him and is not just the funny caricature that people have taken him for.

The butt of the joke has the makings of a good man in him! That is Shaw's invariable way. The secret of right and wrong is indeed not a simple one. No matter how opposed to his author's convictions a character's views may be, Shaw puts into that character's mouth the ablest and most effective defense Shaw, with his great forensic skill, can devise. Undershaft, the armament maker, is the wittiest, the wisest, and the most successful person in the play. The Grand Inquisitor is a model of benevolent justice. Mrs. Warren, the bawd, and the unspeakable Sartorius, in *Widowers' Houses*, have things to say on their sides, and say them.

When the issues of right and wrong are really obscure, Shaw revels in the game his antagonists play. Then the situation reminds one of evenly matched tennis players who sweat through rally after rally only to keep the score at love. Thus Marchbanks and Morell score off each other alternately and end their match with a draw. Conventional theatergoers cannot accept any such inconclusive ending. For them somebody has to win. Hence they generally conclude that Morell is a silly fool who gets off well because his wife pities him. (After all, can a stage clergyman be anything but a fool?) But actually Morell is nothing of the kind, and if anybody in the play is silly and gets taught a needed lesson, it is Marchbanks. A critic recently even blamed Shaw for being too hard on him.

There are several explanations for this impartiality of Shaw's. He loves good debate for its own sake. He is unmoved by normal partisan passions. His philosophy is that "every practicable man (and woman) is a potential scoundrel and a potential good citizen. . . . What he does, and what we think of what he does, depends on his circumstances." Reform is always possible because "there is nothing that can be changed more completely than human nature when the job is taken in hand early enough."¹⁵ He loves no man, he hates no man, because his soul is wedded to his evolutionary utopia. And above all, like his father before him, as soon as he has blown up a balloon of hot air Shaw is seized by a compulsion to stick a pin in it.

The consequence of this quirk of character is that occasionally Shaw kids himself or his own characteristics and beliefs as exemplified by a character, in a fashion that reminds one of the Tieckian variety of Romantic irony. Thus the ending of *Man and Superman*.

VIOLET (to Tanner)

You *are* a brute, Jack.

ANN

Never mind her, dear. Go on talking.

TANNER

Talking!

Thus the comments of the critics on Fanny's play: ". . . I've repeatedly proved that Shaw is physiologically incapable of the note of passion. . . . At all events, you cannot deny that the characters in this play are quite distinguishable from one another. That proves it's not by Shaw, because all Shaw's characters are himself, mere puppets stuck up to spout Shaw. . . . A giant brain if you ask me; but no heart." And thus Dubedat in *The Doctor's Dilemma*:

LOUIS

I'm not a criminal. All your moralizings have no value for me. I don't believe in morality. I'm a disciple of Bernard Shaw.

SIR PATRICK

Bernard Shaw? I never heard of him. He's a Methodist preacher, I suppose?

¹⁵ Prefaces to *Major Barbara*, *On the Rocks*.

LOUIS (*scandalized*)

No, no. He's the most advanced man now living: he isn't anything.

But the resemblance to Romantic irony is only outward. Shaw's feelings are not involved, only his sense of humor. He is no Byron shielding a lacerated sensibility with a show of scornful laughter. On the contrary he loves to satirize Byronic attitudinizing. Thus he presents a Romantic hero (Sergius in *Arms and the Man*) as ludicrously torn between his pose and his desires. The latter are victorious and he embraces the maid in spite of his conviction that he ought to be worshipping the mistress. "Damnation! Oh, damnation!" he exclaims in agony. "Mockery! mockery everywhere! Everything I think is mocked by everything I do."

One great effect of genuine and profound irony, however, we must record—that of the ending of *Saint Joan*. The Maid has been canonized. One after another the people who had to do with her in the play pay her homage.

CAUCHON (*kneeling to her*)

The girls in the field praise thee; for thou hast raised their eyes; and they see that there is nothing between them and heaven.

DUNOIS (*kneeling to her*)

The dying soldiers praise thee, because thou art a shield of glory between them and the judgment.

THE ARCHBISHOP (*kneeling to her*)

The princes of the Church praise thee, because thou hast redeemed the faith their worldliness have dragged through the mire.

And in like fashion Warwick, De Stogumber, the Inquisitor, the Soldier, the Executioner, and Charles.

The impressiveness of the ritual, the beauty of the language—and Shaw has the tongue of an angel when he tries—the worthiness of the exalted praise, have an overwhelming effect; lumps rise in our throats and tears to our eyes. How fitting an end, we think, to that strange but strangely moving Epilogue! At times passages that were almost farcical clashed with the mystic solemnity of the vision as prophecy and as commentary on the tragedy of Joan. But here at last Shaw has subdued his impishness and written like the great poet he could be.

Then Joan speaks: "Woe unto me when all men praise me! I bid you remember that I am a saint, and that saints can work miracles. And

now tell me: shall I rise from the dead, and come back to you a living woman?"

There is sudden darkness.

CAUCHON

The heretic is always better dead. And mortal eyes cannot distinguish the saint from the heretic. Spare them. (*He goes out as he came.*)

DUNOIS

Forgive us, Joan, we are not yet good enough for you. I shall go back to my bed. (*He also goes.*)

And so Warwick, the Archbishop, the Inquisitor, De Stogumber—"Oh, do not come back; you must not come back. I must die in peace. Give us peace in our time, O Lord!"—the Gentleman, the Executioner, Charles, and even the humble Soldier. For Joan's curtain line, "O God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive Thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long?" she is left . . . alone.

After that tremendously moving litany to Joan, what a reversal! The ironic clash is extraordinary. The painful joke is a joke at our expense, a joke on us as human beings who can praise the great dead sonorously but scuttle away at the very thought of having to live with them and in the terrible contrast of their greatness to our littleness. Mankind can revere a saint in heaven but not on earth. Could any dramatist but Shaw have conceived this "cold douche of irony" at such a point, in such a play? And yet, how magnificent it is in the way it deflates us to humility and pity and richer understanding! How long, O Lord? . . . Shaw's daring in writing the whole Epilogue, with its mingling of the sublime and the farcical, has often enough been noted. This ending justifies it and lifts us again, in a more complete sense than could otherwise be possible, to the height of tragedy.

Thus once at least Shaw uses genuine and profound irony with grandeur and masterly power; for this once Shaw wrote a whole play with the seriousness of a tragic poet. Thus this once it became possible for him not only to see the joke in human fallibility but also to feel and communicate the pain of it.

AFTER WINTER—

Spring!

The SPRING number of THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR will include the following outstanding authors and articles:

OSCAR LEWIS: The Outlook for Western Publishing

GEORGE R. STEWART: The West as Seen by the East

HENRY TANI: The Nisei Since Pearl Harbor

BERNARD DE VOTO: Queen City of the Plains and Peaks

ROBERT G. CLELAND: California Centennial: A Study in Extremes

EUGENE STALEY: Some Problems of Economic Development in the Orient

JOHN ROOD: What's It Supposed To Be?

Charter Subscriptions starting with Volume I, Number 1, will be accepted up to February 27, provided the supply of copies lasts. A complete list of Charter Subscribers will be published after that date. Mail the subscription coupon NOW!

THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR

THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR
P.O. Box 3001
Stanford University, Calif.

Please enter my order for a Charter Subscription to start with Vol. I, No. 1.

☐ \$3.50 enclosed. ☐ Bill me.

NAME
STREET
CITY ZONE.....
STATE.....

(Continued from page ii)

popular misapprehension. To this department the editors especially invite the attention of scholars.

HUBERT C. HEFFNER ("The Decline of the American Professional Theatre"), professor of dramatic literature and executive head of the Department of Speech and Drama at Stanford University, returned during this last summer from service with the Army in Europe. Overseas, among other duties, he served as Chief of the Fine Arts Section and Head of Theatre and Radio Arts at Biarritz American University.

AUGUST CHARLES KREY ("Can Law Supplant Force in International Affairs?"), professor of history at the University of Minnesota, is a former president of the National Council for Social Studies, a member of the Council of The Medieval Academy of America. He is on the editorial board of *The American Historical Review*, and is the author of numerous books and articles dealing with the social sciences.

FREDERIC I. CARPENTER ("The Time of William Saroyan's Life"), formerly with the English departments of the University of Chicago and Harvard, is now a lecturer in English at the University of California. He is author of *Emerson and Asia*, and of the Emerson volume of the American Writers' Series. Recently he has contributed articles on American writers, past and present, to magazines such as *College English*, *The New England Quarterly*, and *The Southwest Review*.

ROBERT HAMILTON BALL ("If We

Shadows Have Offended") is associate professor and chairman of the Department of English, Queens College of the City of New York. His published works include *The Amazing Career of Sir Giles Overreach* and *A Short View of Elizabethan Drama* (with T. M. Parrott). Mr. Ball is now at work on a study of Shakespeare on film. If readers have relevant information on the subject, he would be glad to have it sent him in care of *The Pacific Spectator*.

SOPHUS KEITH WINTHER ("The Sick American Novel"), professor of English at the University of Washington, is the author of *Eugene O'Neill, A Critical Study*, of many articles dealing with contemporary literature, and of several novels. His novels have been translated into both Swedish and Danish. Recently he was awarded the Frihedsmedaille (Liberation Medal) by King Christian X of Denmark in recognition of the help his writing gave to the Danish Underground. A new novel, *Beyond the Garden Gate*, published by Macmillan, appears this month.

ALAN R. THOMPSON ("Shaw: Ironist or Paradoctor?") is associate professor of dramatic literature and public speaking at the University of California. A play of his writing, *The Light-Seeker*, was produced at the university last spring. *The Anatomy of Drama* (University of California Press, 1942) has just gone into its second edition. *Irony in Drama*, from which the present essay has been adapted, appears from the same press this spring.

THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR

A Journal of Interpretation

VOLUME I

NUMBER 2

Spring 1947



CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE SPECTATOR'S AUTHORS	iii
London Revisited C. S. Forester	131
The Outlook for Western Publishing Oscar Lewis	138
Economic Development in the Orient: Some Problems Eugene Staley	144
Queen City of the Plains and Peaks Bernard DeVoto	162
Mosaic: A Personal Essay Robert M. Gay	175
TRADITION AND THE SKEPTIC:	
"I Dreamed I Saw Joe Hill Last Night" Wallace Stegner	184
The West As Seen from the East (1800-1850) George R. Stewart	188
What's It Supposed to Be? John Rood	196
The Nisei Since Pearl Harbor Henry Tani	203
THE SPECTATOR'S APPRAISAL:	
F. S. C. Northrop's <i>The Meeting of East and West</i> Robert Grinnell	214
California Centennials: A Study in Extremes Robert G. Cleland	225

PUBLISHED FOR THE PACIFIC COAST COMMITTEE FOR THE HUMANITIES
OF THE AMERICAN COUNCIL OF LEARNED SOCIETIES BY

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
Stanford University, California

Schwabacher & Co.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

Members

New York Stock Exchange

Chicago Board of Trade

New York Curb Exchange (Assoc.)

Montgomery at Market Telephone Sutter 5600
SAN FRANCISCO 4

New York Oakland Santa Barbara
Monterey Sacramento Fresno

The WELLS FARGO HISTORY ROOM, located in the bank's building at 30 Montgomery St., contains relics of pony express and covered wagon days; an original Hangtown stagecoach; early western franks and postmarks, firearms, pictures, and documents.

Open to visitors 10 to 3 daily,
10 to 12 Saturdays.

Wells Fargo Bank

& UNION TRUST CO.

SAN FRANCISCO

Established 1852



A Service for Busy People

An Agency Account with this Bank serves as an aid to busy people by relieving them of much of the detail work connected with the management of their investments.

This Bank, in effect, acts as a financial secretary by cutting coupons, depositing dividend checks, collecting called or matured bonds, keeping accurate records for income tax preparation, and performing many other duties at nominal cost. The investor, however, retains complete control of his affairs.

CROCKER FIRST NATIONAL BANK

One Montgomery Street
SAN FRANCISCO

Franklin at Thirteenth Street
OAKLAND

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

THE SPECTATOR'S AUTHORS

C. S. FORESTER ("London Revisited") is himself as international as his essay. Born in Egypt, educated in England, he is now resident in California.

To readers, Mr. Forester is perhaps best known as the creator of Captain Hornblower, whose appearances, both in magazines and between book covers, have made him a familiar figure to some millions of Americans.

OSCAR LEWIS ("The Outlook for Western Publishing") is known to all readers with an interest in Western history. Much of his work, both fiction and nonfiction, has a California locale, and he has edited numerous volumes bearing on the history of the state. His books include *The Big Four, Bonanza Inn* (in collaboration with Carroll D. Hall), and two novels, the first of which, *I Remember Christine*, won the Commonwealth Club gold medal in 1943. With Robert G. Cleland, he is editing a series of books of Western Americana to be published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., the first of which, Dan De Quille's *The Big Bonanza*, appeared last month. His next book, *Silver Kings*, a group of biographical studies of Mackay, Fair, Flood, and O'Brien, the four "kings" of the Nevada Comstock Lode, will be published this fall.

EUGENE STALEY ("Economic Development in the Orient: Some Problems") is director of the San Francisco

Bay Region Division of the American Institute of Pacific Relations. The present paper was originally presented at the Princeton University Bicentennial Conference on "The Development of International Society" in 1946.

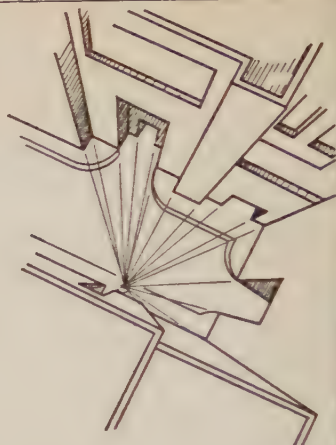
Dr. Staley is the author of *World Economy in Transition, World Economic Development: Effects on Advanced Industrial Countries*, and many other books and articles. He served as secretary of the Committee on General Policy and Scope of UNRRA at the first session of the UNRRA Council in 1943, and as a member of the UNRRA Mission to China in 1944. He is at present working on a book for the I.P.R. to be called *A Preface to Economic Development in the Orient*. The writing has been interrupted temporarily while he serves as consultant to the United Nations in the drafting of a report for the Economic and Social Council on problems of economic reconstruction in the war-devastated areas of Asia.

BERNARD DEVOTO ("Queen City of the Plains and Peaks") admirably exemplifies his own thesis. Brought up in Utah, he departed early for Harvard, lived for a while in Chicago, returned to Harvard, and later left Harvard—though not Cambridge—to give his full time to writing. In the course of these migrations, he has maintained a steady flow of publication, much of it con-

(Continued on page x)

PERSPECTIVE

is the specialty of
THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR
breadth—depth—length



SPECTATOR authors are picked for their vantage points and their perception—their gift for discerning the significant, proportioning it to human values, and giving you articles which may be read for pleasure and authority in the interpretation of these times.

Perspective characterizes not only the contents of individual articles but the editorship of THE SPECTATOR itself. Pertinent comment on the past, bearing upon the contemporary world, is part of THE SPECTATOR formula for viewing the proportion of the future by getting perspective on the present.

**A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR IS NOT
A MERE CONTRACT—IT IS A MEETING OF THE MINDS**

Illustration from *Perspective* by Joseph William Hull (University of California Press).

THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR
P.O. Box 3001
Stanford University, California

Please enter a year's subscription to THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR starting

☐ Winter—
Vol. I, No. 1

☐ Spring—
Vol. I, No. 2

☐ Summer—
Vol. I, No. 3

☐ \$3.50 enclosed. ☐ Bill me.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITYZONE.... STATE.....

AGAIN AVAILABLE

The

ARTS

and the art of CRITICISM

By THEODORE MEYER GREENE

"This handsomely produced volume is a work of magnitude in more than quantity. It is a considered attempt by a scrupulous philosopher, steeped in the arts and patently a lover of them, to give a rational account at once of the basic categories of art and the fundamental principles of criticism The long section on the Principles of Criticism seems to me to have no comparable predecessor in aesthetic discussion in this country His analysis of criticism is unique and of the first importance to students of both art and philosophy."—IRWIN EDMAN in *Journal of Philosophy*

". . . . Of immense value insofar as it painstakingly analyzes the matter, the form, the terminology, and the meaning of the six major arts. No one can read it and not rise from it enlightened, refreshed, and grateful It has achieved its purpose and contributed importantly to our culture."—JACQUES BARZUN in *Saturday Review of Literature*

722 PAGES

300 ILLUSTRATIONS

\$7.50

At your bookstore

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

(Continued from page ii)

cerned with the West, has served as editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, as general editor of *Americana Deserta*, and on the editorial board of *The New England Quarterly*. Among the most widely known of his many books are *Mark Twain's America*, *We Accept With Pleasure*, *Forays and Rebuttals*, *The Year of Decision: 1846*. His latest volume, *Mountain Time*, a novel, appeared in January of this year.

Since 1935, Mr. DeVoto has been the editor of "The Easy Chair" in *Harper's Magazine*, "editor" in this instance meaning, of course, "author." In the summer of 1946, he followed the Lewis and Clark trail through several Western states and reported in *Harper's* on his findings in two of the most widely discussed articles of the year.

ROBERT M. GAY ("Mosaic: A Personal Essay") has found for himself almost as wide a circle of friends by way of his familiar essays as he has by his teaching.

Dr. Gay retired in 1945 from the chairmanship of the Division of Language, Literature, and Arts at Simmons College. He has served as dean of the Bread Loaf School of English and as lecturer at Harvard, Johns Hopkins, and Boston universities. He is one of the founders of the national College English Association, author of many scholarly studies, and compiler of the widely known *College Book of Verse* and *College Book of Prose*.

WALLACE STEGNER ("I Dreamed I Saw Joe Hill Last Night"), winner of

the Little, Brown and Company prize for his novelette *Remembering Laughter*, author of *On a Darkling Plain*, *Fire and Ice*, *Mormon Country*, *The Big Rock Candy Mountain*, *One Nation*, and other books, short stories, and articles, has been since 1945 a member of the English Department at Stanford University. He is at present at work on a novel based on the life of Joe Hill, and on a biography of Major John Wesley Powell, first explorer of the Colorado River. He would welcome information about either. Mr. Stegner is one of the editors of *The Pacific Spectator*.

GEORGE R. STEWART ("The West as Seen by the East, 1800-1850") is the author of *Storm*, *Ordeal by Hunger*, *Names on the Land*, *Man: An Autobiography*, and other volumes. He is now engaged on a novel centered about a forest fire, in co-operation with the United States Forest Service, and has spent most of the last two summers "attending" forest fires. He is professor of English in the University of California, and has taught there for twenty-four years. The present article attests Professor Stewart's long-continued interest in the literature of the West, of which his biography of Bret Harte (1931) and other of his writings are further evidence. He is a member of the editorial board of *The Pacific Spectator*.

JOHN ROOD ("What's It Supposed To Be?"), sculptor, painter, and teacher held a one-man exhibition of paintings at the Ward Eggleston Galleries, New York, in January of this year. Part of

his foreword to the list of pictures exhibited is closely enough applicable to the material of his article to justify quoting:

"When my sculpture was first shown, I had no intention of exhibiting pictures, for they were not mine: too many influences, too many other artists with their brushes in my paint Versatility, as in the Renaissance, is a good thing. The trick is not to spread one's self too thin. God knows most of us are so thin to begin with that any spreading is dangerous."

HENRY TANI ("The Nisei Since Pearl Harbor"), a native of San Francisco, was in the insurance business there up to the time of the evacuation of Japanese and Japanese Americans from the coastal area. A university graduate, Mr. Tani served at Tanforan and Topaz as an educational administrator. Since leaving Topaz in the summer of 1943, he has been associated with the Board of National Missions of the

Evangelical and Reformed Church in St. Louis.

ROBERT GRINNELL ("F. S. C. Northrop's *The Meeting of East and West*"), now an assistant professor of philosophy at Stanford University, studied under Professor Northrop at New Haven. Dr. Grinnell's main field of interest has been metaphysics and symbolism, particularly of the mediaeval period.

ROBERT G. CLELAND ("California Centennials: A Study in Extremes") is widely known as a student of and commentator on American history, and more especially the history of California. Among his published writings are *History of California*, *The American Period*; *California Pathfinders*; *The Place Called Sespe*; *The Cattle on a Thousand Hills*; and *Wilderness to Empire*.

Mr. Cleland is now a member of the permanent research group of the Huntington Library.

The PACIFIC SPECTATOR'S Advertisers

Spring 1947

	PAGE
BLYTH & Co., INC.	v
CROCKER FIRST NATIONAL BANK	ii
PACIFIC SPECTATOR	iv
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS	ix
SCHWABACHER & Co.	ii
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY	viii
STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS	vi
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS	v
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS	vii
WELLS FARGO BANK & UNION TRUST COMPANY	ii

LONDON REVISITED

C. S. Forester

IT WAS ALONG this part of the road that the flagstones in the pavement (do I call it the pavement or the sidewalk?) suddenly and inexplicably became wider. A little boy used to walk to school over these flagstones, treading on all the cracks. I cannot remember now how he rationalized that compulsion—how he explained to himself the pressing need that at each step some part of his shoe should be in contact with a crack—but I well remember how urgent it was. Those old-fashioned flagstones with their unpredictable irregularity of size set an infant's mind at work devising games and systems to deal with them in a much more acute fashion than your modern flags of synthetic stone, monotonously uniform in size and texture.

Four journeys a day up and down that street for more than two hundred days a year for several years impressed my memory with those flagstones so that I will never forget them. It was here that the wide ones were which six-year-old legs could not stride, so that leaps were necessary. The broad flags were still there, but now in the roadway beside the pavement stood an air-raid shelter; built to resist bombs, it was of too massive a construction to be easily removed, and its removal could await a moment of national leisure.

And just above the broad flagstones stood the "Royal" house. It used to bear a little plaque in the design of a crowned heart with the one mysterious word, "Royal," as enigmatic to me as Charles I's last word—"Remember." Those plaques are collectors' pieces now; they were the emblems of fire insurance companies, and in the days when each company had its own salvage corps they were useful indications to the corps to tell them which property to look after in the event of a fire. But to the little boy pausing in his pilgrimage from crack to crack to look up four times a day and read that mysterious word, there was high romance without sordid details in that plaque. Was the Prince of Wales born there? Had Charles II hidden there as well as in the Boscobel oak? And the plaque

was still there; if the collectors had ever spotted it they had not succeeded in persuading the householder to part with it. Good luck to him.

But down the hill from the "Royal" house, all the way down to the main road, was destruction and desolation—desolation made more desolate by the dreary and ugly prefabricated houses being built among the ruins. A big bomb must have fallen just about where the little boy had lived all those years. The house was gone, and the sycamore trees into which he used to climb; there remained only a fragment of the foundations among the prefabricated houses which a house-hungry nation was hurriedly erecting. There was still clearance work going on; the soil which had once been fought over by the little boy's leaden hordes (he had defended and captured fortresses there before he had read about Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim doing the same thing at another time and place) was now trodden by German prisoners under the supervision of a twenty-year-old private in the A.T.S. with a complexion of peaches and cream. In those 1900's when soldiers still wore red coats in the street whoever would have thought of drab prisoners of war at work among the ruins—and, a fortiori, whoever would have thought of women soldiers in women's units?

So I climbed back into the battered car which, despite its batterings, had cost a small fortune in pounds sterling, and drove off, remembering painfully to keep on the left side of the road, and keeping a wary eye on the petrol gauge to see that the precious rationed juice did not run dry. What did it matter to me that in the City there were bomb-blasted vacant spaces all gay with golden and purple flowers? The City meant little to me; it had few memories for me. I used to manage to lose my way in it even when I was grown up, on the few occasions when I penetrated into its complexities to lunch with friends who earned their livings in it by more conventional methods than mine. I was in the London that I knew best, the London of my childhood and boyhood and early manhood—by coincidence it was also that part of London which had lain directly on the main axis of the flying bombs. The southern suburbs centering round the Crystal Palace were harder hit than any other part of England—Coventry and Plymouth suffered more concentrated pounding in a small area, but those long slopes outside the rim of the saucer-like London basin, facing southeastward straight at Hitler, took a long, long pounding for many weary months. Here were the well-remembered crossroads on the way to Dulwich College. I could hardly recognize them; the buildings on each

of the four corners were totally destroyed. The picture gallery—once it held the finest collection in England except for the great galleries—was only an empty, battered shell. The Great Hall of the college was only a shell, like Tintern or Fountains Abbeys. Burned out, presumably, during the fire blitz. Yet peace brooded over those quiet, suburban roads as it had brooded when I was a boy. (Here came a schoolboy in his black coat and straw hat with blue-and-black band, cycling along with a bundle of books under his arm exactly as I used to cycle along all those years ago.) The essential spirit of the London suburbs seemed unchanged, and the London suburbs, with which the outsider can rarely hope to be intimate, are typical of modern England.

The England that fought Napoleon was an England more of farms than of factories, despite Napoleon's gibe at "the nation of shopkeepers," but the England that fought Hitler and withstood without panic five and a half years of murder and destruction, was an England of cities and their suburbs, an ideal target for the fire blitz and the flying bomb. There is a woman I know in south London. She is an ordinary suburban housewife in her middle forties—may heaven forgive me for writing of her in this way, because once I thought her as beautiful as the day, and I used to write poems about her, and dream of her fairy footsteps and the curls on the back of her neck. She was out shopping one morning when the air-raid siren sounded, and she tried to get home instead of taking shelter because her sick mother was alone in the house. That was the day when atmospheric conditions prevented the barrage balloons from being kept in the air, and the Nazi aviators took advantage of the fact and came down and machine-gunned the streets after dropping their bombs. My friend was the only living creature visible in that neighborhood, and a plane swooped upon her, spitting bullets at her. But fortunately there was a bomb crater just there, and she sprang down into it, crouching against the smoking earth and creeping round while the plane circled over her seeking a clear shot, the bullets hitting the earth close beside her. The upper corner of a house saved her—the bullets cut it clean off when the aviator did not notice it was in his line of fire. Then, having expended his ammunition, the Nazi flew home while my friend climbed out of the crater and went on to look after her sick mother. And she is still an ordinary suburban housewife. Now I come to think of it, that very last sentence is a greater tribute than all the poems I used to write to her eyelashes.

The House of Memory was a ruin, too. My children had spent their

babyhood here; in the little public park at the back I had wheeled them in their perambulators—but the emplacements for the battery of anti-aircraft 4. 5's were new to me. And the house itself was a ruin; the house where so much had happened, where so many novels had been thought up and written, where I received the trans-Atlantic telephone call that summoned me to Hollywood, was now a terrifying skeleton of roofless walls. There was nothing to do but to avert my gaze and scramble into the car without looking back and drive to the West End, back to oblivion.

When the social caldron boils and bubbles, a scum invariably floats at the top, and I was part of this scum, as I reluctantly admitted to myself. The people of England—the great, solid, marvelous mass of them—were enduring with the national tenacity the shortages and inconveniences and the irritations of postwar life. I floated serenely above them. There was no question of patronizing a black market; it was merely that in the case of a certain few luxuries the machinery necessary for rationing them would be too clumsy and expensive, so they remained on the free market to be bought by people like me, and by the usual refugees with mysterious sources of income, and by the war profiteers (healthily few of these, though), and the Argentine businessmen, and the American correspondents. It is not practicable to ration duck or venison, so we ate those things every day while, for every one of us, a hundred thousand people round us made do on a meat ration that provided three small chops a week. We had several pairs of trousers apiece; everybody else had to get along with a new pair of trousers a year. We had suitcases full of underclothes, and the collars of our shirts were not made of pieces cut with miserly care from the tails. And I was favored beyond even most of the scum, because I had friends who were glad to see me. They brought out their best for me—the hoarded pot of jam, the can of fruit—and they squandered a fortnight's meat ration on a joint of meat. Could I say roast beef was not a supreme pleasure to me, that I disliked canned fruit? No. I could only accept it without comment, the way it was offered; the English social graces are distinguished by the absence of verbiage where verbiage is not necessary.

It was nothing new to me to admire England, but to me personally it was something new to be able to laugh at her through my admiration, although England has satirized herself throughout the ages. Piers Plowman did it seven hundred years ago, and Swift did it two hundred fifty years ago, and Evelyn Waugh did it last year. Now I could laugh,

thanks to my new-found objectivity. It was the height of the Season, and the Eton and Harrow match, and the Oxford and Cambridge match, and the King's Garden Party followed one after the other. Outward appearances had to be preserved. The morning coat and the gray topper and the gold-headed cane sauntered through the streets as they did when the century was young. White waistcoat and tails ignored clothes rationing, and while the Great Powers bickered over the destiny of the world, a woman member of Parliament was excluded from the King's Garden Party because she did not wear a hat.

A Court official with whom I have a slight acquaintance debated solemnly with me a point I raised with him regarding how Sir Thomas More would be spoken of in an official English document nowadays. The British Government is, of course, painstakingly careful regarding titles, naturally and rightly so, seeing that it awards them, and they are part of the national currency. It will speak with unaffected sincerity about the Honorable and Reverend John Smith, and His Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda, and, by courtesy, it is just as careful with foreign titles. Sir Thomas More was canonized some years back, and presumably the prefix "Saint," bestowed by Rome, is a foreign title which must be treated with courtesy. But he was knighted by Henry VIII four hundred years ago. Should it be "Saint Sir Thomas More" or "Sir Saint Thomas More"? My friend hummed and hawed over the knotty point which might present itself for immediate solution at any moment should circumstances arise in which allusion might be necessary in an official announcement. Supposing a church were to be dedicated to him and the King should go to lay the foundation stone, what would the Court Circular say? It would be a precedent. Is "Saint" a title or a rank? If it is a rank the question is easy, and "Saint" comes first, just as a certain distinguished officer used to be Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten. But if "Saint" is an honorable distinction it is more complicated, because only one distinction is mentioned. Peers who happen to be baronets as well never trouble to mention the fact. Would a knight call himself a saint or a saint call himself a knight? Do bats eat cats? Do cats eat bats? I've forgotten now what my friend eventually decided, but it was very important.

The traditional empire builder wore dress clothes in the midst of the jungle; now he wears them in the midst of clothes rationing. Years of military service, of Home Guard duty, of fire fighting, of driving Nazi invaders from British skies, have not eradicated the feeling of the need

for the right clothes for each occasion. Clothes rationing introduces a new complication, one which would have delighted the heart of Thorstein Veblen. For no one, not even the greatest stickler for the etiquette of clothes, can possibly buy a new dress coat. If he were to do so, it would mean going without shirt and trousers in everyday life, and that would involve an even worse breach of etiquette than dining at the Savoy in a lounge suit. So the possession of dress clothes is a new hallmark; it is a proof of the possession of such things before the war. And if clothes rationing continues long enough, it will be a proof that one's father had such things, and will constitute a clearer claim to lineage than any sixty-four quarterings. Yet I fear that in the years to come money, as usual, will find a way, and second-hand dress suits will be purchased by social upstarts just as in the old days pedigrees and coats-of-arms could be bought.

It may be significant that, despite the profound social revolution going on in England at the moment, good society still wears dress clothes. The French Revolution brought about preposterous changes in men's fashions. The Sans-culottes and the Incroyables boasted of their changed attire, and were even labeled on account of it. England has succeeded, as she has succeeded before, in effecting a far-reaching change while leaving the surface undisturbed. For a nation distinguished for the production of the most flighty geniuses of historic times, it is remarkable that she has never lost her sobriety and her common sense during any long or important period.

The mists still close in over the city, just as they did when Whistler painted his nocturnes. The softness and restraint of the English landscape still endure. There is nowhere else in the world, not even in San Francisco's Bay area, where atmospheric water vapor so profoundly modifies the view, softening and etherealizing it. I can look out from Mount Diablo—westward toward the Golden Gate—or from the Grand Canyon's Bright Angel, and revel in what I see, enjoy it, perhaps even grow a little lightheaded about it; but when I looked out from the Embankment, and when I braked my car on the crest of Wenlock Edge, I recognized, like an old friend, the lifelong feeling that I wished some different arrangement of chromosomes had made me a painter instead of a novelist. The English social system can adapt itself to economic change, but looking over Wenlock Edge I felt goose flesh at the thought that in a few more years some public nuisance might begin spraying substances from airplanes to modify the English weather and change the character of all

the beauty I was looking at. Beautiful it still might be, but not the beauty I have known all my life, the beauty I can hardly bear to write about in this cold-blooded fashion.

And yet in the Strand I thought about San Francisco's Post Street; on Wenlock Edge I thought about Grizzly Peak. Can a man love two women at once? I fortunately do not have to debate that point at this moment. But this I know, that a man can love two countries at once. Which is my wife and which is my mistress? England or California? Fortunately, again, I do not have to decide. Does a man while he is in Eunice's arms think lingeringly about Euphemia's charms? Maybe he does. Driving through Devon I found myself stringing words together in my mind to the tune of "Widecombe Fair." Widecombe was only just over the hill, and yet I was singing to myself faithfully

Jan Peerce, lend me your old Ford
 All along out along down along lea;
 For I want for to go to Hobo Hot Springs,
 San Diego, San Francisco, Santa Ana, Santa Clara, Santa Rosa, San Jose,
 San Luis Obispo and all—
 San Luis Obispo and all!

There are people in England who still sing those words. I taught them.

*There is nothing besides the goodnesse of God that pre-
 serves health so much as honest mirth, especially mirth used
 at dinner and supper and mirth towards bed.*

—ANDREW BOORD, 1626

THE OUTLOOK FOR WESTERN PUBLISHING

Oscar Lewis

THE HISTORY OF PUBLISHING on the Pacific Coast presents a curious anomaly. During the first two decades after the Gold Rush the number of newspapers, magazines, and books produced on the Coast was far higher in proportion to population than at any later period. The reason is obvious: the area was so far removed from publishing centers in the East, and transportation was so uncertain and slow, that pioneer residents had either to supply their own reading matter or do without. The result—for, of course, they chose the first of these alternatives—was an extraordinary outpouring of printed matter, not only daily journals recording happenings up and down the Coast, but weeklies purveying fiction, poetry, and humor, all bearing on Western themes and addressed to Western readers. To fill the hungry columns of these dailies and weeklies scores of writers were developed; their output was so large and in general of such excellent quality that this period came to be known as the golden age of Western letters.

The era lasted almost an even two decades. The completion of the overland railroad in 1869 marked the end of full-scale publishing in the West by the simple process of making it unnecessary. With only a week separating the Coast from the Eastern seaboard, the area was no longer under the necessity of providing its own intellectual fare. When New York magazines went on sale on newsstands in San Francisco and other Coast cities before they had been ten days off the press, the local weeklies at once began to lose ground. And since these papers had for years been the main outlet for local writers, their failure to meet the competition of their older, larger, and generally more ably edited Eastern rivals had the expected result. The West Coast lost its isolation, but in shunting it off it also lost both the conditions and the mediums that had produced a virile, lively, and highly individual literature.

It was no temporary loss. For three-quarters of a century West Coast authors have had in large measure to look to Eastern magazine and book publishing houses for a market for their wares. To be sure, at no time

during this period has the region been wholly without publishing facilities, but in the main these have been limited in number and scope. In the magazine field there have been trade journals, scientific, or scholarly publications and the like, all more or less regional in purpose and appeal. Repeated attempts have been made to establish general magazines of national circulation; with the single exception of the *Overland Monthly* during its initial period, none has had any considerable success. The history of Western book publishing has followed a similar pattern: university presses have industriously cultivated their special fields, the region's fine presses have deservedly won renown for their beautifully made limited editions, and such commercial publishing houses as exist confine themselves mainly to works of regional interest designed for a regional market. By and large, West Coast publishers have had to be content with issuing such works as the first-line Eastern houses have not for one reason or another wanted to sponsor.

That this concentration of publishing facilities on the far rim of the continent has seriously retarded the development of a West Coast literature is hardly open to question. It is not a matter of conscious discrimination against Coast writers by Eastern publishers: the major houses have long cultivated a national viewpoint, and the manuscript written in Spokane or Fresno is no less attentively read than one that originates within hailing distance of their New York or Boston or Philadelphia offices. Nor has the fact that book manufacturing facilities have long been—and still are—mainly centered in the East much changed the picture. This means higher shipping charges on books sold on the Coast, but the hardship falls on the bookdealer rather than the buyer, and retail prices are the same the country over.

Granted, then, that neither Western authors nor readers suffer any willful neglect from the Eastern houses, and that the latter not only welcome publishable manuscripts from this area but go to a great deal of trouble and expense to find them. In view of this, what becomes of the theory that the grouping of the major publishing outlets at so great a distance has hampered the development of a West Coast literature?

The answer lies in the peculiar nature of the publishing process. The publisher is, of course, a businessman (if he is not, he doesn't long remain a publisher), who buys raw material, processes it, sells the finished product, and ends with a profit or loss depending on his judgment, or luck, or both. But the material with which he deals is unusual in that it consists

of intangibles—the product of the mental processes of others—and his success or failure depends in large measure on how wisely he makes his decisions as to what to publish and what to reject. In this phase he is still a businessman, but here it is desirable that he be more—preferably something halfway between a gambler and a seer. To this extent a publishing house differs from, say, a soap factory or a steel mill, but all three are alike in other ways. For one thing, all manufacturing processes should take place at a point not too far removed either from sources of raw material or from the markets to which the finished product is sold. So far as business in general is concerned this rule is based on sound economic principles; there are reasons why it applies with especial force to publishing.

Let us consider a typical publishing operation. A writer in Sacramento becomes interested in the vast wheat ranches that flourished in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys during the 'seventies and 'eighties. After a preliminary investigation and an examination of the available source materials, he decides he would like to do a book on the subject. But if he is at all prudent in business matters—not too common a trait among authors—he will hesitate to embark on so large a project without assurance that when his manuscript is completed it will be acceptable to his publisher, or at the very least that the latter will guarantee it close and favorable consideration.

It is precisely on this point that the West Coast writer, under present conditions, is at a disadvantage. His publisher is several thousand miles away in an office in New York or some other Eastern city. Although he is quite sincere in his belief that he views all projects submitted to him impartially and without sectional bias, yet it is not to be wondered at if, when our Sacramento friend's suggestion reaches him, he finds the subject so remote from his knowledge that, lacking the background for an informed opinion of the book's interest, value, or sales possibilities, he ends by dispatching westward a polite letter of refusal and proceeds to draw up a contract for yet another book of *New Yorker* sketches. Multiply this instance by the dozen each year and try to estimate whether or not the effect on the literature of the region is good or bad.

While this situation admittedly works certain injustices on both writers and readers of the West Coast, for years it was agreed that nothing much could be done about it. Those who considered establishing full-fledged publishing houses here, operating on the same scale as the major concerns of the East, soon discovered that a number of conditions made this ex-

tremely difficult if not altogether impossible. One of the chief handicaps is, of course, the lack of manufacturing facilities capable of producing books in quantity and at a price that would permit Western publishers to compete on even terms with the Eastern houses. The printing and binding of trade books, involving as it does the fast and economical production of many thousands of copies of any given title, calls for a great deal of specialized equipment and a personnel trained to operate it. A modern book-printing plant equipped to do edition work represents a very heavy investment; so does an edition bindery. They can be profitably operated only where they are assured of the volume of bookwork needed to keep them continuously busy—that is, close to the major publishing centers.

No such plants exist on the Coast, and until very recently there was little prospect of any being established here. Hence, any Westerner who planned a general publishing house faced the necessity of having his books manufactured beyond the Mississippi, and a little investigation disclosed that, besides the disadvantages of dealing with printers and binders several thousand miles away, the added transportation costs imposed a burden so heavy as to render the operation financially unsound.

These conditions have held for many years; it is only in very recent times that the picture has changed for the better. One significant development has been in the magazine field: the adoption by the management of two popular weeklies—*Time* and *Life*—of an entirely new publishing technique. Designed partly as an economy measure but primarily to speed deliveries to West Coast subscribers, arrangements were recently completed by which plates of each issue are flown from Chicago to Los Angeles where they are put on high-speed presses and enough copies run off to supply the needs of the territory. Now that the practicability of this pioneering venture has been demonstrated, few doubt that other publishers of large-circulation magazines will presently follow the same procedure; in fact, it is reported that several are actively preparing to do so.

This development augurs well for the future of West Coast publishing. To produce Western editions of any considerable number of national magazines will require a large expansion of existing printing equipment, of modern presses geared to quantity production at high speed, plus facilities for the rapid handling and distribution of the merchandise. Once this is accomplished, it is easy to visualize a further step: the printing here not only of Pacific Coast editions of large-circulation magazines but of best-selling books. This last is by no means a remote possibility. Observers

close to current publishing trends regard it as an inevitable development, likely to be put into effect as soon as present shortages in book-printing and book-binding machinery are overcome. If these prognostications prove correct and the Coast does in fact presently possess facilities for the large-scale manufacture of trade books, the chief obstacle retarding West Coast publishing will have been overcome. Western firms can then enter the field on an equal footing with their Eastern rivals both as regards the cost of manufacturing their books and their quality.

But publishing is, of course, far more than a manufacturing operation. The printing and binding of books and their promotion and sale are merely the final phases of the process, and in many respects the least important. First comes the exercise of the editorial function: the determination of what books to publish, the dealings with authors, and the highly delicate business of giving them advice and counsel—tactfully informing one that a five-act drama in blank verse is unlikely to prove a good commercial risk, dissuading a competent author of whodunits from attempting a 600-page costume epic, pointing out to a promising beginner the faults in her first novel and giving her help (and perhaps a modest advance) to buoy her up while she revises it. In the last analysis, this is the soul of publishing, and here, too, the Western writer has been at a disadvantage by having to deal with editors from whom he is separated by the width of a continent.

But here again the picture grows brighter year by year. Where formerly author-editor contacts were mainly carried on by correspondence (the West Coast author who wanted a personal conference was expected to go to New York), now virtually every Eastern publisher—or one of his editors—visits the Coast at least once a year, eager to beard the author in his native habitat. Besides this, a growing number of firms have assured themselves of year-round representation by appointing some local resident (usually an author whose books they publish) as Pacific Coast editorial representative charged with steering their way whatever promising writers or manuscripts they can search out. This well-established trend recently saw a further development when one large Eastern publisher established permanent editorial offices on the Coast, and already there are signs that others are preparing to follow.

What this all adds up to it is perhaps too early to tell. Certainly, however, the day is passing when the West Coast author need consider himself a neglected stepchild of American letters. With Eastern pub-

lishers going to ever greater lengths to gain his favor, and with every prospect of Western firms entering actively and on even terms into the competition, he need have little fear that such masterpieces as he produces will go long unpublished. For, the time approaches when the author who plies his precarious trade on the Coast will find local conditions at least as favorable as his writing ancestors enjoyed during the 'fifties and 'sixties.

Does this presage another golden age of Western literature? Maybe.

The Anglo-American relies on personal interest to accomplish his ends and gives free scope to the unguided exertion and common sense of the citizen; the Russian centres all authority of society in a single arm. . . . Their starting point is different, and their courses are not the same; yet each of them seems to be marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe.

—ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, 1840

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT IN THE ORIENT: SOME PROBLEMS

Eugene Staley

NO PART OF THE WORLD is free from want, but the largest concentration of chronic poverty and the most massive challenge to the economic engineering of international society is in the Orient. From the northern frontiers of China south and west to India, and south and east through Korea, the Philippines, the Malay Peninsula, and the islands of the East Indies, live approximately one billion people, about half of humanity. Their production methods are those of preindustrial societies. All through this area, from two-thirds to four-fifths of the people get their living from the soil, live in agricultural villages, many of which are still accessible only on foot, and carry on hand industries for local needs. To be sure, there are found in this area some modern factories, mines, and plantations, some great commercial cities with impressive modern sections, some railways and roads and airfields. But by and large, despite this superficial modernization, the living level of the great mass of the people is still, in the middle of the twentieth century, at the stage of grinding poverty, disease, and ignorance. Contact with the powerful new methods of production infiltrating from the West has increased wealth in places, but it has also created problems. For example, the competition of factory-made goods has undermined many village industries, while money accumulated in the new commercial centers has encouraged concentration of landownership, fostered the evils of absentee landlordism, and intensified agrarian problems in the countryside. The old preindustrial economy is sick but not yet dead; the modern economy is still struggling to be born. Here is the great unfinished business of the industrial revolution.

Today the need for promoting economic development in underdeveloped areas is the constant theme of spokesmen from such areas in the economic meetings of the United Nations. The attitude of the politically articulate people of Asia has changed completely from the day when the Emperor of China wrote to England's King George III: "Our Celestial Empire possesses all things in prolific abundance, and lacks no product

within its own borders; there is no need to import the manufactures of outside barbarians." Before the second World War the director of the International Labor Organization, Harold Butler, reported on a trip to the East that "the immemorial passivity and fatalism of the Orient are beginning to yield to the desire for higher standards and the determination to acquire them," while the transformation so foreshadowed would have "immeasurable significance" to the rest of the world: "It is perhaps the most revolutionary movement of our revolutionary age."

The urgent desire for economic development now manifest throughout the Orient has a twofold motive. One is concerned with raising the level of material well-being of the people, which can only be done on the basis of vastly improved production methods. Another motive—and the importance everywhere given to it is a symptom of the sickness of our international society—arises out of the knowledge that modern industry is an essential basis of military and political power, which a country must have if it is to be or remain independent or to play a major role in the community of nations. Can a fundamental economic transformation take place in the Orient, so as to make possible a substantial rise in the material well-being of the people, without too much warping of economic development into the sinister patterns of military preparation and without unleashing new wars? Here, in this complex of interwoven economic and political problems, we have both a world danger and perhaps the greatest of all opportunities for positive, constructive achievement in the second half of the twentieth century.

It has often been argued that a rise in levels of material well-being and the spread of knowledge are essential if the world is to have a durable peace. What are the conditions for successful application of this thesis in the Orient? What can be done internationally? Are there points at which the processes of economic development that are required to raise living levels may run off the rails and menace, rather than strengthen, the peace of the world?

To take the last question first, let me suggest that there are two dangers connected with economic development in the Orient, and that international action should be formulated with full, careful, and open attention to them. The first is the danger of a population explosion. The second is the danger that economic development may fall into the hands of antidemocratic, militaristic groups which may use the power conferred by industrial modernization for oppression at home and aggression abroad

—in other words, that for its trouble in aiding economic development, the world may have a series of new Japans on its hands.

Look first at the population problem.* The development of modern industrial society in the West has comprehended a series of social changes so fundamental as to deserve the name revolution, among them a revolution in population balance, or "vital revolution." A combination of high mortality and high fertility has changed to a combination of low mortality and low fertility.

For example, in England and Wales two centuries ago the death rate was in the neighborhood of thirty to thirty-five per thousand of population. In 1942 it was less than twelve. The birth rate two centuries ago was probably around thirty-five to thirty-seven; today it is around fifteen. These data from England illustrate one of the most striking achievements of industrial society: a transition from a vital pattern wasteful of human life, in which there are many births but many early deaths, to a new pattern in which fewer people are born but more grow up and live longer.

The reasons for the fall in the death rate include improvement in public order, better food, clothing, and housing, and better facilities for the prevention and cure of disease. These influences act rather directly, once they are set in motion by the more efficient transportation and communications, the new methods in agriculture and industry, and the general advance in science, technology, and wealth which are part of the industrial revolution.

The fall in the birth rate, however, appears to result from more complex, indirect, and slower-acting forces—factors bound up with changes in the whole outlook of a people as industrial society develops out of preindustrial society. Urban life, which is a consequence of industrialism, makes it much less convenient to rear large families; children on a farm can help with the work at an early age, but in towns or cities it is many years before a child ceases to be an economic burden and becomes an economic asset. Because each infant born has a greater chance of living to maturity, parents have less reason to want a large number of births. Parents wish to give each child a better start in life, including a longer

* It is a pleasure to acknowledge the aid received on this point from the publications of Professor Frank W. Notestein and his colleagues at the Office of Population Research, Princeton University, especially *Demographic Studies of Selected Areas of Rapid Growth* (Milbank Memorial Fund, New York, 1944), from Warren S. Thompson's recent comprehensive survey, *Population and Peace in the Pacific* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1946), and from A. M. Carr-Saunders, *World Population* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1936).

and more expensive education. Also, they wish to have more time outside the home for themselves. As living standards rise, individual ambitions and the desire to get ahead become more important. The emancipation of women, the multiplicity of new interests and diversions outside the family, longer periods of training making for later marriage, all tend to establish the small-family pattern, which distinguishes the more mature industrial societies from preindustrial or newly industrializing societies.

A most significant fact, however, is that the birth rate responds much more slowly than the death rate to the processes of social change set off by the industrial revolution. The death rate in England, which was thirty to thirty-five per thousand in the 1740's, declined to twenty-seven by 1800, to twenty-two by 1860, and continued to fall until it was less than twelve in 1942. The English birth rate, however, remained in the vicinity of thirty-five until 1880, and finally dropped rapidly to thirty in 1900, twenty-five in 1920, and fifteen in the 1930's. This lag between the effective action of forces affecting the death rate and forces affecting the birth rate—between death control and birth control—has been characteristic not only of England but of all countries which have hitherto attained an advanced industrial development. It means, of course, a temporary period of rapid population growth, tapering off later as the society approaches a new vital balance involving a longer average life span and fewer births. In Japan, an Oriental country and a late recipient of the industrial revolution, the same typical population response has been evident—namely, a relatively quick fall in the death rate, followed by rapid growth in numbers before the birth rate could respond to the more complex and slower-acting forces affecting it. There were definite indications before World War II that fertility was declining in Japan and that the same vital revolution which had been observed in the West was under way.

As a result of the lag between the fall in the death rate and the fall in the birth rate, Europe's population has grown some fourfold or fivefold from its preindustrial epoch to the present. At the same time, the level of material well-being of its people has increased substantially. Are there any reasons why today's underdeveloped countries in the Orient cannot run through a similar population cycle with good results? Unfortunately, there are.

Both the internal and the external situations faced by the Orient today are significantly different, from the population point of view, from those

faced by Europe when it began its modernization. The average density of population in China, and also in India, is around two hundred fifty per square mile. In Java it is nine hundred fifty, unsurpassed by any country in the world. These are very high densities, indeed, for areas living predominantly upon agriculture, as can be seen by comparing them with the figures of one hundred eighty-four for modern Europe west of Russia and forty-one for the United States. They far exceed the population densities of European countries at the beginning of their industrial modernization. Furthermore, Europe was able to send tens of millions of migrants to America and other overseas areas of sparse settlement at the height of its population growth in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and to draw directly upon newly developed natural resources in these overseas areas. Europe in 1800 had less than 200,000,000 people; Asia today has more than a billion. And migration opportunities are incomparably less today than in the nineteenth century. Finally, some of the factors in Oriental cultures which make for high fertility, such as the high values placed on kinship ties, veneration of ancestors, and some religious customs, may prove even more resistant than corresponding traits in the culture of preindustrial Europe to forces that would lower the birth rate.

There is very real danger, then, that economic modernization in the Orient might induce, through a fall in the death rate, such an explosion of population growth that even a considerable advance in technology would not increase total production faster than total population. The misery of the people might even be greater after this partial modernization than before. Basically, there are only two ways to curb a rapid growth of population such as economic modernization will induce (and, indeed, has already induced in important areas of the Orient, as will be seen below). One is through large-scale operation of the "positive checks" made famous by Malthus: famine, pestilence, and war. The other is through social changes inaugurating the second phase of the vital revolution described above—a fall in fertility, leading to a decline in the birth rate. The shorter the lag between the fall in mortality and the fall in fertility, in the Orient, the better it will be for the well-being of the people and for the peace of the world. Peace could be imperiled either by aggressive outward thrusts from peoples armed with new industrial weapons but facing disastrous overpopulation, or by enormously increased discontent and disturbance in areas still too poverty-stricken to be strong.

In addition to the danger of a population explosion, a second danger against which we must be on guard is that economic development in the Orient may fall into the hands of anti-democratic, militaristic groups and lead to oppression at home and aggression abroad. The outcome of Japan's modernization was not a happy one from the point of view of the rest of the world. We must ask ourselves seriously: Why did an industrialized Japan run amok? Among the pertinent reasons, three will be suggested here.

First, the common people of Japan did not share sufficiently in the benefits from, or the controls over, Japan's economic development. The common man, especially in the countryside, remained oppressed, ignorant, and superstitious. Democratic political control never really developed, and a few monopolistic family-combines held the key positions of economic power. Thus, a social and political system only partially remodeled from feudalism was armed with the weapons produced by a modern economy.

Second, the world environment in which Japan developed was one of power politics. Political and economic privileges, even the privilege of independence itself, seemed to depend upon military strength. This intensified the warlike traditions of Japanese feudalism. Economic development was directed primarily toward the military power of the state and only secondarily toward the well-being of the people. Once economic development had gone far enough to provide a new basis for strength, Japan asserted itself, first against weaker neighbors and then against great powers. In view of the record (not only in Japan, but also in the successive economic and military rise of England, France, the United States, Germany, the Soviet Union, and, indeed, the whole, long ebb and flow of power throughout history) one may seriously question whether the rise of an important new area to industrial competence, and hence military power, can be accomplished in a world setting of power politics without its being the occasion of a series of wars to readjust the power balance.

Third, during the later phases of Japan's modernization the world allowed the channels of peaceful international trade to get choked up by depression and trade barriers. It was inevitable that Japan should be vitally dependent on imported raw materials for its new industries, and these industries alone made it possible to support a rapidly growing population on a rising level of material well-being. To pay for indispensable

imports it was necessary to sell Japanese goods abroad. Yet the collapse of the American market for silk and other commodities in the depression of the 1930's, the rise of new tariff walls, the adoption of restrictive and discriminatory measures against the penetration of Japanese goods in colonial areas, all strengthened the arguments of Japan's military expansionists that only by conquering and dominating its own "co-prosperity sphere" could Japan insure its future.

We have before us now two serious dangers connected with the economic development of the Orient: one, that a population explosion may occur; two, that the new power conferred by a modernized economy may be turned to internal oppression and external aggression. How can international action cope with these two dangers? The problem is difficult; there are no easy solutions. If men's minds prove inflexible, even under the threat of catastrophe, there may be no solution at all. Perhaps the world has to go through more catastrophies. But it would be a sad commentary if, in this day of alarming progress in physical science and physical engineering, the students of economic and social affairs were either unwilling or unable to offer some constructive analysis as a basis for the necessary parallel efforts of social understanding and social engineering. Therefore, let us seek to state the *conditions* which would have to be met in order that economic development in the Orient be successful. "Successful" in this context means bringing a substantial increase in the material well-being of the people and strengthening, rather than weakening, the peace of the world.

I shall suggest four such conditions. It will be noted that the first two relate primarily to the Orient itself, while the third and fourth bring out the fact—which, however obvious, constantly needs re-emphasis—that the shape of developments in a particular region depends on the over-all world drift of relations among the great powers and on the world economic environment set by the great industrial countries.

First condition: that economic development in the Orient be *balanced* and *rapid*.

Second condition: that economic development be of such a kind and under such auspices that a rise in the economic, cultural, and political status of the common man goes hand in hand with the rise of modern productive power.

Third condition: that development take place in a reasonably healthy world *political* setting.

Fourth condition: that development take place in a reasonably healthy world *economic* setting.

The first condition prescribes a balanced and rapid development. I mean by balanced development much more than a relative decrease in the number of people employed in agriculture and an increase in the number employed in industry and commerce, though that is a fundamental part of the process. The balanced development which is essential for successful modernization of the Orient can be analyzed into five elements. These are like simultaneous equations: together, not separately, they contain the solution to the problem. Neglecting one or several, or getting some out of line with the others, would promote misery, chaos, and wars.

The first element essential for successful modernization of the Orient is an improvement in agricultural production, so that a smaller percentage of the people can produce more food and fiber. This has technical aspects, such as better seeds, but also very touchy social organization aspects. It appears that in most of the area under discussion modernization cannot go far without drastic agrarian reform, including rent reductions, sound rural credit to loosen the bonds of usury, and some means of consolidating small holdings, which might in some cases be accomplished through a co-operative form of land tenure.

There is, secondly, the need for development of industries, to provide alternative employment which will draw people away from agriculture, to produce the new goods for sustaining a higher standard of living on the part of people who stay in agriculture and those who do not, and to help create a new social setting in which the birth rate will decline.

The third necessary modernizing element is the development of transportation, communication, trade, and services, thus making possible more productive specialization within agriculture and within industry, as well as providing the necessary links between agriculture and industry.

Fourth is a rise in the technical and skill levels of the people so that they can make use of new methods and new equipment to produce more in agriculture, industry, and commerce.

The fifth and last essential is rapid improvement in the cultural levels of the people, especially the rural people, so that they acquire broader interests and new wants, abandon passivity and fatalism, adopt new ideas and ambitions for personal and family advancement, and so that family plans come to emphasize healthy rearing and good education of smaller numbers of children.

In view of the dangers of unbalanced development and the appalling complexity of a balanced development process, a natural question is, Should the West encourage economic development in the Orient at all? Should it not rather try to stop or at least to retard the process? One answer is that the continued existence of mass poverty anywhere constitutes a political danger and that the whole world may gain economically from a rise in the producing and consuming capacity of underdeveloped areas. A further answer, and one absolutely compelling, is that modernization in the Orient has already gone too far to be stopped. The West cannot even withdraw the aid it is giving to modernization in the Orient (educational and missionary contacts, trade, and investments) because it has too many humanitarian, political, and economic stakes there. Even if it did withdraw now, that would not stop the modernization process but only retard it. Furthermore (and this is the vital point), *to retard the process now, or to try to stop it in midstream, would of all policies be the most foolhardy.* A little modernization is a dangerous thing, especially in view of the population situation in the Orient. There are dangers in every direction, but the only direction in which there is some hope is forward toward a rapid carrying through of a balanced development.

It will be well to amplify and illustrate this crucial point. Modern ways come to the Orient not as indigenous growths, but as culture-borrowings from the West. Thus far, the borrowing has been only partial. Especially in the areas ruled by the West, those portions of modern industrial culture which have the effect of postponing deaths have been applied with noticeable effect, while the more complex elements of the industrial culture that retard births have not been introduced. The Dutch in Java, for example, have maintained public order, have made more food available by improving agriculture and opening new land, and have introduced sanitary and medical measures. However, there has been very little industrialization and urbanization, and that only lately. Furthermore, out of motives which bespeak an enlightened and humanitarian policy, the Dutch have protected native customs, religions, and social organizations, all of which encourage the having of children. Under this combination of circumstances, Java's population has increased from perhaps 4,500,000 in 1815 to more than 48,000,000 in 1940. The growth in the decade 1930-40 amounted to 15 percent, about 6,500,000 people. There must have been some increase in the average level of living in Java, otherwise people would not be living longer and the population would not be growing. But

living levels are still very low; it is becoming more and more difficult to make agricultural production keep pace with population increase; and no signs point as yet toward a fall in the birth rate.

In India, the two decades 1921-41 brought population increases of 11 percent and 15 percent respectively, with a total growth of 83,000,000, almost two-thirds the population of the United States. Here, too, Western rule has introduced orderly administration, transportation, irrigation, and the beginnings of sanitation, but the deeper economic and cultural transformations which might bring a fall in the birth rate have hardly begun to take place. Population continues to press to the maximum on resources, and the situation threatens real catastrophe.

In the Philippines, death rates before the second World War were the lowest among Asiatic colonial peoples, but birth rates remained at the high preindustrial levels characteristic of the Orient. Congestion is less than in Java or India, but the rate of growth is faster (averaging about 25 percent a decade over the two decades before 1939). Unless a more balanced form of development comes along to lower the birth rate, the Philippines will ultimately face the same problem of an overcrowded but still growing community. American policy in the Philippines deserves credit for greater relative attention to the educational and political development of the people than has been manifested in other colonial areas, and this makes the outlook somewhat better with respect to possible completion of the "vital revolution" in the future. But economic policy under American rule can justly be criticized on the ground that it failed to encourage diversified development and widespread growth of local industry; on the contrary, it promoted one-sided development of production for export.

China, not having been under the rule of a technologically advanced power from outside, has been less exposed so far to those aspects of modern industrial culture which bring the death rate under control—that is, public order, sanitation, and preventive medicine, and increase of the food supply by improvements in agriculture and transportation. Its population grew considerably between 1650 and 1850, though the data are so unreliable that guesses vary widely as to the exact multiple. Since 1850, in the opinion of informed students, the increase has been negligible.* Unification of China, however, and the carrying forward of measures of modernization, some of which were well started before the Japanese attacked,

* Ta Chen, *Population in Modern China* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1946), pp. 3-5.

would surely bring quick results affecting the death rate. A population growth comparable to that in other areas where the old balance of high mortality and high fertility has been disturbed would begin at once, and, if unchecked by a quick fall in fertility, would soon pose problems comparable to those of India and Java. Formosa, where more than 90 percent of the people are Chinese, increased its population by about 25 percent in the decade 1930-40 under the order and sanitation provided by Japanese rule. Such a rate of growth in China as a whole would mean an additional 100,000,000 people in ten years, and even the 15 percent increase attained by India in the decade 1931-41 would increase China's population by 60,000,000 in ten years.

The key problem in the economic development of the Orient is how to shorten the lag between the fall in the death rate and the fall in the birth rate. The problem is much more than merely to disseminate birth control knowledge. It is to create as rapidly as possible a social situation in which people prefer smaller families. This requires a balanced completion of the whole process of modernization, including a rise in levels of living and *standards* of living (using standards in the precise sense: the level that is urgently desired and striven for).†

Is there any hope that modernization of economic life in the Orient can be carried through in balance, without a catastrophe? There is some hope, and it comes from three circumstances. First, there is a tremendous potential in modern technology which, under favorable circumstances, can give a quick, initial, forward spurt to production in technologically backward areas. This should enable average income per capita to rise initially, despite increases in population—and some considerable increases will be unavoidable. For example, it is roughly true that in Japan during the six decades after 1880 the population doubled but the total national product quadrupled, thus doubling average per capita income. If the initial period of rapid technological advance in the Orient is used to carry through the economic and social changes that lead to the small-family pattern, then the increase in wealth-producing power could continue to outstrip population. The latest developments in technology, it would seem, enhance the prospects of expanding production in the Orient faster than population during an initial period, given peaceful conditions. Power plants based on nuclear energy, for example, may make it feasible to

† Cf. Joseph S. Davis, "Standards and Content of Living," *American Economic Review*, March 1945, p. 3.

undertake intense development in areas lacking ready access to coal or water power, and it may be that giant-energy projects like pumping whole rivers over mountains in order to irrigate dry areas of inner Asia will become practicable.

The second circumstance that offers hope is the possibility of "combined development." Late-comers to the industrial revolution do not have to recapitulate the successive stages which were required in the original development of technology or in the social adjustment to it. The steam engine and electronics can be adopted at the same time. The factory system need not precede by fifty years the system of workmen's compensation for industrial accidents, as it did in the West. This means that it is possible for late-comers to "convert" to industrial society much more speedily, and it appears to have been broadly true in fact that the more recent the adoption of the industrial revolution the more rapid the process has been. The problem in the Orient is to apply the principle of combined development effectively in the social and cultural sphere as well as in the sphere of production technology. It is important to speed the adoption of those modern outlooks and modern social conditions which lower the birth rate, so that this phase of Western culture, though historically it appeared later, can be taken over almost simultaneously with other phases that lower the death rate. If this can be done, then the danger of a population explosion can be averted. But this is a big "if," given the rigidity of customs and religions and social institutions in the tradition-bound rural areas of the Orient.

The third circumstance is that the late-comer to the industrial revolution has the possibility of aid from earlier industrialized countries, especially in the form of "know-how" and through loans of technicians and capital. The scale on which such assistance might be rendered is greater today than it ever has been in the past, given political stability. The wealth-producing capacity of the technologically advanced countries is greater now, and there is an increased disposition, indicated by the founding of specialized United Nations institutions like the Bank for Reconstruction and Development and the Food and Agriculture Organization, to organize and stimulate aid of this sort. It is vital, in view of conditions in the Orient, that international aid should not promote unbalanced development. Concretely, this means international emphasis on educational and cultural advancement, as well as on production technology in the narrower sense, and it means that development programs need to

be appraised continually from the standpoint of their probable influence in encouraging the small-family system.

The discussion thus far has related to the first of the four conditions laid down for successful economic development in the Orient: that economic development be balanced and rapid. The second condition is that economic development be of a kind and under such auspices that a rise in the economic, cultural, and political status of the common man goes hand in hand with the rise of modern productive power. It is a matter of vital importance to the world that Oriental economic development be directed primarily toward that objective. In view of all that has been said about the need for balanced development, including a quick rise in living levels and living standards, as a means of meeting the population problem, and in view of the explanation offered earlier for Japan's running amok, it hardly seems necessary to labor this point. The principle is clear enough, but how is it to be implemented?

The United Nations Charter says that the United Nations are not to intervene in matters which are essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any state. At the same time, the outside world has a real concern whether a process of economic development, which the outside world may be aiding, raises the economic, cultural, and political status of the ordinary people or builds up an aggressive-minded oligarchy. How can that concern be made effective? Should international agencies supply the services of technicians and lend capital only to democratic governments? Whose idea of democracy is to be applied, and who is to make the determination? Should the United States apply some such criterion in decisions taken under its own national policy of developmental aid to other countries? Or, perhaps international aid should be granted only for developmental projects that are genuinely calculated to raise the living level of the masses in the country concerned? This sort of discrimination by type of project would work in the simpler cases, such as eliminating aid for armaments factories. But steel mills or hydroelectric plants or highways can serve either the ends of peaceful well-being or of military oppression and expansion.

A more positive approach is international stimulation, through organizations like the International Labor Organization and the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization, of rapid progress in social policy and working conditions, and in rapid advancement of education for the masses. In some fields of social policy, acceptance of mini-

mum standards might be required as a condition for loans and technical aid (though a warning is in order against applying this to wages in a manner which would push wages ahead of productivity and thereby stifle development). Yet the basic problem goes deeper. Japan had a fairly respectable record for co-operation with the ILO and ratification of its conventions. What went wrong in Japan was more deep-seated than could be reached by such measures, desirable as they are. It involved a basic question of by whom and for what ends economic and political life is to be controlled.

Despite difficulties in application, it seems impossible to dodge the fact that United Nations and United States agencies which promote economic development by international action must have a policy, implicit if not explicit, about the kind of development they want to see and the manner in which they want to see it controlled. The types of projects which are considered sound, those for which most cordiality is shown, will influence the shape of development. Neutrality in such matters will be more or less fictitious, so it is well to start thinking the problem through. Do the United Nations and the United States want their policies in the Orient to encourage large commercialized-estate agriculture? Should they consider it sounder to support a few huge hydroelectric projects that would have the effect of concentrating production in relatively few centers, or many smaller projects with emphasis on carrying decentralized industry to the countryside? * Many other such issues could be raised.

Economic development is a massive undertaking in human education and social readjustment; that is the real heart of the problem. It would be well for international and national agencies concerned with it to hang a motto on their walls like this: Social engineering is as important as physical production engineering in successful development policies. It might be a good idea for the United Nations organizations engaged in promoting economic development to expose their staffs, particularly the engineers, technicians, and financial experts, to in-service training institutes or seminars in order to indoctrinate them—as the military services would put it—in the broad social objectives of economic development programs from the United Nations point of view, and to give them an understanding of the conditions that must be realized if these objectives

* There is a real problem here. Would a policy of carrying industry to the villages, for which there are strong arguments, have as quick an effect in the all-important matter of reducing the birth rate as a policy of concentration in the cities and towns? In the past, the decline in fertility has been closely associated with urbanism.

are to be attained. It is particularly to be hoped that the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development will look at loan projects from the point of view of the complex problems involved in promoting a rise in levels of well-being, and not feel that its responsibility is discharged merely if its operations are sound in the narrow financial sense.

It remains true, however, as said above, that the direct ways in which international action can influence the politico-economic character of internal development, within the United Nations Charter, are bound to be limited and relatively ineffective. The real way in which international society will shape the course of economic development in the Orient, intentionally or unintentionally, is by the character of the world political and economic setting which it provides for that development. This brings us to the last two of the four conditions for success laid down above.

The third condition is that development take place in a reasonably healthy world political setting. We may as well face the fact that the most important influence in determining the shape of economic development in the Orient over the next few decades will be the nature of the relations between the world's greatest powers. Economics is a matter of using means efficiently to gain certain ends. The objective of economic development can be to increase either the military power of the state or the material well-being of the people, or some combination of the two with varying degrees of emphasis between them. If the external political setting is to be competition for power between two hostile worlds rather than co-operation for mutual security in one world, then the economics of power will take precedence over the economics of well-being, and the effects on development in the Orient will be far-reaching. For example, priority would almost certainly be given to heavy industry over light industry, even in situations where the latter would contribute more quickly to a rise in general living levels. Armaments expenditure would burden the budgets of developing countries and leave them in no position to foster great educational programs, even though the ultimate soundness of the industrialization program would thereby be imperiled. Concentration of economic and political control would be fostered. It is obvious how these effects of a power-politics world on the shape of modernization in the Orient would make the two dangers discussed earlier in this paper almost inevitable: a population explosion, and the control of Oriental economies by oppressive and expansionist-minded groups.

The fourth condition for successful economic development in the

Orient is a healthy world economic setting. This means something more positive than merely the absence of excessive trade barriers, though that is part of it. What is required is an expanding world economy, in which there is a high and stable demand for raw materials and finished products, and this depends above all on the maintenance of stability at a high level of production and employment in the chief industrial countries. Expanding markets in a situation favorable to two-way trade would make it possible for the developing countries to borrow and repay capital with less chance of difficulties arising, and would enable them to get the added productive efficiency which comes from a lively interchange of specialized products. If the channels of international trade are clogged, on the other hand, newly developing countries will have to aim toward self-sufficiency, or toward mutually exclusive trading blocs, or toward the acquisition of additional territory.

A vigorous program of internationally aided economic development in the Orient and in other underdeveloped areas would itself help to maintain the desired setting of an expanding world economy. Quantitatively, it could not be the dominant factor, however, at least in the near-term future. For example, the influence that might be exerted on the level of production and employment in the United States by investment in developmental programs abroad on any scale now contemplated could hardly be one-fifth as large as that of total internal investment in the United States. Nevertheless, a soundly conceived program of international development would be a helpful factor, particularly if attention is given, as it should be, to the stability and counter-cyclical timing of international investment operations for developmental purposes. The kinds of equipment which would be needed for rapid development of Oriental countries—machines, trucks, engines, communications apparatus—are the kinds of goods for which labor skills and plant capacities have been most expanded during the war, and as soon as the period of catching up with accumulated wartime demand has passed, new developmental demands for these products will be particularly useful from the point of view of economic stability. Also, the psychological value of a constructive international attack on the problems of poverty in these areas where it is endemic should not be underrated as a factor capable of influencing the world economic setting.

One final point may be made about the influence of the world economic setting, and especially the maintenance of a high level of produc-

tion and employment in the United States, on the relations between the greatest powers and hence on the very important question of the kind of *political* setting in which Oriental economic development may take place. One important source of the current tension between the Soviet Union and the West is to be found in the expectations entertained on each side regarding the probable evolution of the other system. The leaders of the Soviet Union appear to proceed on the assumption (see Stalin's speech of February 9, 1946) that the economies of the "capitalist" countries must inevitably move from one crisis to another until they produce aggressive war, probably directed against the Soviet Union. Accepting such a doctrine, Soviet leaders are bound to give little weight to any present manifestations of good will which may come from United States officials and citizens, for they think they know that the anticipated economic breakdown will bring to power a new set of leaders, who will be fascists. Therefore, the Soviet Union must act as though war with the West were inevitable, and thereby perhaps make it inevitable.*

The Western world, on the other hand, has certain doctrines of social causation which it applies in estimating the future evolution of the Soviet Union. These doctrines, while not accepted with the uniformity and authority with which the Marxist-Leninist views are held in the Soviet Union, are nevertheless widely believed. One of these is the doctrine of the inevitability of aggression by a dictatorship. According to this thesis, the corrupting influence of absolute power will sooner or later manifest itself in unlimited ambitions that lead to aggressive war. Or, a ruling clique, defending its internal power by police measures, propaganda, and terror, may find it convenient to trump up an alleged "foreign menace" as a tool for suppressing internal dissensions. Here, too, it must be admitted that there is historical foundation for such a doctrine.

It hardly seems possible that the deep-lying suspicions which now prevent effective co-operation for security and for economic well-being between the two greatest powers in the world can dissolve in any short time. The problem for the United States and the Western countries is to prove over a period of years that they can stabilize production and employment at high levels, that they can and will prevent the development of the soil in which fascism comes to bloom. The problem for the Soviet Union and its bloc is to prove that they are not possessed of un-

* For an excellent exposition of these points see John Fischer, "The Scared Men in the Kremlin," *Harper's Magazine*, August 1946, pp. 97-106.

limited ambitions for expansion of their state power or their economic system by military and propaganda means; that the ideals of Communist theory, which look toward the "withering away" of the state, and the ideals of the Soviet Constitution of 1936, which look toward a greater measure of personal freedom, are more than eyewash; and that Soviet society can achieve a greater measure of political democracy—government of the people and by the people, as well as for the people.

Some of the stated objectives of our system and of the Soviet system are not so far apart, though the methods which the two systems propose to use to attain these objectives differ widely. One common element in the credos of Western democracy and of the Soviet Union is belief in economic advancement for the purpose of raising the levels of living of ordinary people. Fascism and Nazism presented "guns instead of butter" as a virtue rather than a misfortune, but that view is not compatible either with the American or the Soviet outlook. Both profess that one of the most important tests of the success of any politico-economic system is its capacity to provide a high and broadly distributed level of living for the people. If any bridge at all is going to be built between the two competing world views, here is one of the promising anchor points. Any workable program for positive co-operation in "one world," as opposed to increasingly hostile competition in "two worlds," must certainly have a worldwide campaign of economic upbuilding high on its agenda, and it must be imaginative and bold enough to represent a real attack on poverty in those underdeveloped areas where mass poverty is endemic.

Because of difference in methods, proposals for economic development of the poverty-stricken areas of the world, especially those in the Orient, might simply provide bones of contention for the quarrels of two hostile camps. On the other hand, if enough emphasis can be put on the deeper unity of the long-range purposes which each at least professes, it is not inconceivable that a vigorous program for abolishing poverty in the Orient could act as a unifying factor. It has been said that "ideologies separate; projects unite." Certainly, one of the most helpful things that could happen, from the point of view of the development of international society, would be for the two great power blocs represented by the United States and the U.S.S.R. to agree to suspend for a time their thrusts and counter-thrusts and try concentrating the attention of the world on the greatest constructive task of the twentieth century: how to start more than half the world on its way out of poverty.

QUEEN CITY OF THE PLAINS AND PEAKS

Bernard DeVoto

"Under these skies resplendent in September beauty—amid the peculiar landscape you are used to but which is new to me—these interminable and stately prairies—in the freedom and vigor and sane enthusiasm of this perfect Western air and autumn sunshine—it seems to me a poem would be almost an impertinence."

MAY WE AGREE that an idea is an act of personality? Some years ago a writer was lecturing in Utah, where I grew up. When he finished his lecture and submitted to the usual questioning, one of the audience who had been a friend of mine and knew that the lecturer had been too asked him about me. Was I a good writer? Just what was wrong with me?

How good a writer the lecturer said I was has not been reported. He answered the other question, however, by saying that I had made an irretrievable mistake. I had moved away from Utah and done my writing elsewhere and that, he said, was wrong. I should have stayed in my own country and grown up and grown old there; I should have submitted the shaping of my work to its life and landscape. When I went East I destroyed myself. For, he said, a writer's roots are where his childhood was and to go away is to sever them. Oh, the bush may flower pleasantly enough but it can bear no fruit, it is sterile. Exile from the writer's home kills; self-exile is suicide.

The lecturer was Robert Frost. The author of *North of Boston* had forgotten for a moment that the author of *A Boy's Will* was born and came to know about a boy's will in San Francisco.

I have only one thing to say, explicitly, about myself: that my leaving the Utah of thirty years ago was an act of self-preservation as instinctive as the first strokes a man takes when he falls into a river. We may be confident that no environment is very favorable for any writer, and some have wondered whether a good one may not be worse for him than a bad one. But clearly he must live where he can both write and stay alive, and a serious writer could not have survived in Utah a generation back. The

ecology has changed; some serious, even good writers live there now, though others still sever their Utah roots, undismayed by the fantasy of suicide. I do not know if outland writers move to Utah now, but they certainly move to other parts of the West. They go from Iowa or York State or Georgia to Colorado or New Mexico, to Montana or Oregon, and especially to California, and there they file homestead claims on the local culture in a belief that they will remain potent enough to prove them up, though their childhood was spent elsewhere. I do not know if there are enough of them to balance the eastward emigration of writers who were born West.

If there are, then it is for the first time. Ever since the West was settled some writers have gone there like goldwashers, to mine it, and some, a few, others to stay. But they have never equalized the exports, the writers whom, like gold or lumber or any other unfabricated wealth, the East took to itself. The net deficit has implied something about the East. It has implied something about the West too, and writers, understanding themselves to be part of the West's exportation of intellectuals, have always been willing to explain what. They may be wrong: they may not be.

Some of the reasons are obvious enough. The West is even younger as an economy than as a society, though as a society it is the youngest of the sections, and economic facts have tended to force writers East. Magazines and publishing houses are concentrated in the vicinity of New York even more densely than colleges, libraries, museums, and galleries. Writers congregate in the vicinity of Sutton Place (as once in Chelsea and the Village), on both shores of Long Island, and on both banks of the Hudson as a trade convenience. There they are able to exploit their markets effectively and intelligently. This does not mean merely the advantage of being able to judge current market needs on the spot—though because essays such as this are usually austere, we had better remember that a writer has to support his family and can't support it without selling his work. More important is the fact that when a writer is on the scene he can make himself felt in the disposition of it. He can give it timing, he can have a voice in the design and typography of books, he can utilize his special knowledge in co-operation with editors and publishers more effectively in person than by mail. And associating with editors and publishers, who can be reached on Madison Avenue at any time whereas they go West but rarely, is important in the development of his talent. A

writer is quite as likely to find his best themes, even his true style, as the result of a publisher's suggestions as he is by the sure promptings of instinct that the romances talk about.

Concentration of the publishing business on the northeast coast has concentrated in the same vicinity the professionals who do the bulk of any period's writing. The professional writer is not exclusively a figure of the Eastern seaboard but he is scarce anywhere else. Conversely, because the magazines which have a national circulation are there, the press elsewhere survives by devoting itself to regional and local interests. This reinforces other influences that predispose its contributors to exploit regional and local interests. Thus the writer whose interests are primarily national is drawn East.

Writers who live in the parts of Connecticut, Westchester County, and Bucks County that are almost literary housing projects say that they are nourished or sustained by constant association with other writers. I think they attribute to one aspect of the environment a quality that is really the virtue of another aspect. It is true that a writer needs the understanding of his craft which only fellow-initiates have, that shoptalk and some feeling of guild support are essential to him. But overindulgence in them is easy and dangerous. The poison of literature is the purely literary approach to life and it comes of an anaerobic bacterium. It develops in isolation, which a gang of writers in Westport can effect as easily as solitude on Wolf Creek. Gangs encourage a writer to overvalue himself and his calling, they distort the relationship of both to mankind at large, and they increase the subjectification of experience, the natural solipsism, toward which the literary temperament tends. A writer needs continuous touch, even friction, with other kinds of experience and emotion than his own, and he needs the corrective realism about himself that contact with nonliterary, not to say normal, people imposes. Too close association with other writers begets specific kinds of arrogance and pride and unreality; they impair the only thing a writer has that is worth having, his feeling for the primary experiences of life.

Nevertheless a writer must have surroundings which if not favorable to writing are at least tolerant of it as such, a society which respects his calling enough to enable him to respect himself without being self-conscious or defensive. That, I think, is what writers are really praising in the Eastern areas they inhabit. There are such things as urbanity and cultural maturity, after all. They may mean no more than indifference,

they may even mean the social weariness that is a prelude to decay, though on the other hand they may simply mean civilization. Whatever they mean, the East has more of them than the West has ever shown. The fundamental reason why writers leave the West has always been to escape the vigilantes.

Literary housing projects along the Eastern tidewater are full of emigrés from other sections besides the West. If severing one's roots is so evil as Mr. Frost said, that may be what is wrong with American literature as a whole. But I doubt it. I am not clear just what the roots spoken of are or just why they can be healthy only in the town or landscape of one's boyhood. I have seen a good many writers turn out to be less than I had expected, a good many fair promises peter out, a good many lives and careers go to pieces. Estimating one's own capabilities too generously is not confined to writers, however, and mortality comes upon even the nonliterary. Year by year everyone who survives, who holds together and goes on, sees more of his friends fail to. Strength, endurance, resolution, character, talent reach their limits, circumstance proves too powerful, fortune looks away—and I doubt if anyone can build up immunity in his boyhood home. I think that this idea, a fantasy of protection within the amniotic waters, is one of the subterfuges men use to grant themselves pardon, and is also a bit of low-grade mysticism. We may wish a writer moderate psychological comfort, confident that if he gets it he will destroy it on his own behalf. We may wish him physical surroundings—city or town or country—that he finds pleasant or stimulating. We may wish him some friends who will warm his loneliness and whose lives may teach him wisdom and compassion. Beyond that we may wish him access to ideas and experiences that give his talent appropriate stuff to work on. Most of all, if we are realistic, we will wish him good luck.

Belief or proof that such matters are not to be had in his home town will be enough to take a writer elsewhere—out of the West. Moreover, some writers who were born in the West but have never revisited it since they first raised the price of a ticket East are good writers. They appear not to have been impaired. The severance of roots—perhaps a symbol of the castration anxiety?—appears not to have occurred; their roots are drawing sustenance from soil that is not Western but obviously is fertile. Some of them are among the best Western writers; they write about the West and in the Western spirit quite as well as any who stayed

home. Some of them would have been lesser writers if they had stayed West, and some would not have been writers at all. Of one I can say with certainty that he became a Western writer solely by living in the East.

We should be more concerned here, however, with writers who stayed in the West. Taxonomy, I think, divides them into two classes—those who had less courage or resolution or self-confidence than the ones who got out of the West, and those who had more. There is not much to say about the former class. If chance works out favorably, some of them may become writers of quality, but they are withdrawn from the friction and competition from which a whole writer may by no means absent himself. The home town is not topsoil and subsoil for their talent but a shelter from the world which it is their first duty to grapple with. The second class have not avoided friction and competition but have chosen to take them in the first instance, in the immediate forms which the West itself provides. They need more fortitude than most writers, for they voluntarily engage in an additional struggle above and beyond the struggles with circumstance, failure, and their own limitations that all writers must engage in. They choose to engage in the struggle which writers who left the West chose to avoid because they believed that it was not worth their time and strength. A struggle against the West.

For let us make no bones about it, the West is a less favorable place for writers than any other section, even, God help us, the paleolithic South. I am writing for fellow-Westerners and I must remind them that we are gifted beyond other Americans with a talent for deluding ourselves. The Western ways of life are often admirable; they are attractive, enjoyable, rewarding, full of promise for the future of the American nation. But we delude ourselves when we deny that those ways of life limit the kind of freedom which writers must have if they are to be writers at all and that they proscribe the minimum of common respect which writers need in order to respect themselves.

We Westerners are an engaging and friendly people, richly tolerant of behavior and standards and ideas to which our own conform, and suspicious—or afraid—of the variations from pattern, the conflicts and dubieties, the interior explorations, the appraisal and criticism of values, the anatomizing of experience, that make up a writer's life. Let me be wholly clear: I am not speaking from the literary cliché of thirty years ago which told us that America was an unfit place for The Artist—if I were,

I should be in harmony with one of the more reminiscent schools of Western writing today. I am talking instead about a fact of history: that the forces which produced the West operated to prevent the development there of a margin of social neutrality, the complaisance that tolerates deviation and variation. The vigilantes are not specifically antiliterary, as any victim of a school board, a Chamber of Commerce, or a farmers' association can testify, and the vigilante state of mind is not a Western monopoly. But it disturbs the functioning of precisely the nerve centers that writing employs, and it is in the West, as it is not elsewhere, the strongest resistance that writers must overcome. In the earlier West there was only one area where writers could live in an awareness that their neighbors regarded them as normal, not to say useful, people and that area never extended far beyond the corporate limits of San Francisco. Today there are a number of areas but the obvious thing to say about them is that they are not the West but only islands or oases in it.

The vigilante state of mind need not be overt in order to do its job. Every Western writer knows its passive manifestations. Usually he can report experiencing it in an elementary form, say the assumption that because writing is not male as maleness goes in the Western fantasy he must be a homosexual. Or a kindly indulgence, amounting sometimes to actual admiration, which men occupied with stern tasks like warehousing crops may feel for a luxury article like literature. Or the protectiveness which a business club may sometimes extend to him as a local asset, as someone who gets the town's name into print. This is deadly enough; generalized as condescension to him and his trade it is an influence which the Western writer must waste strength resisting.

Nevertheless the attitude is less serious than the hostility in which it arises. That hostility is a threat to deviation from orthodox thought and feeling and especially to critical exploration of them—that is, to the primary activity of a writer. The West forbids critical inquiry, it forbids criticism, it desires the critical faculty not to exist at all. The only good writer is a dead writer, one who never crosses the margins of its taboos. Since the indispensable preliminary to any writing that is worth a damn is an inquiry into experience, the West is instinctively hostile to any writing that is worth a damn. The viciousness of this hostility is not that it may occasionally explode overtly but that a writer, temporizing more as he grows older, growing into his circle and community, growing tired and disheartened, must realize always more vividly that the con-

formity which would diminish him as a writer would comfort and assuage him as a person. This fixed condition of writing in the West requires writers to fight for the identity and individuality for which in the East they need make no fight at all. I honor those who stay: they have more guts than I have. I hope they earn in the end the reward due to valor, a deeper knowledge of the life about them, a more complete identification with the soil where, the fantasy tells us, their roots are nourished. But I know that it destroys some who might have had rewarding careers where I live. And in some who achieve effective functioning because they fight well I see scars I cannot like.

The necessity, even the habit, of such resistance tends to drive a man in on himself. Other forces work in the same direction. It is unhappily true that, however self-reliant the Western writer may be and however content in his decision to stay West, he is under some pressure to feel inferior simply because he is not East. There is some mirage of the capital city in the minds of all who do not live in it. That mirage is a mere by-product of the advertising business but it may stimulate the reflexes of doubt. A writer's name shows up too seldom in the gossip columns of literary weeklies—his publisher gives no cocktail parties for him and meets him at no airports—some symposium of what really counts in the literature of this half-hour gives him no mention—they are not teaching him at Vassar—he is not named on this one's inventory of significances or that one's check list of portents. Now this is as trivial as possible. It links him with the Denver millionaire's daughter ecstatically remembering that Sherman Billingsley greeted her by name in the Stork Club, or the millionaire's wife who transcends the provinciality of Denver because she has on precisely the ninety-five-dollar corset from Bergdorf's that her townswomen can know only in the inside cover of *Vogue*. But who said that the trivial cannot wound? The trouble is that below consciousness a writer may be led to mistake advertising for realities and so may overreact. He may too vehemently champion the local compensations and, in his ninety-five-dollar *chaparejos*, come out even with the Chamber of Commerce: what have you got in the East to match our Navahos' knowledge of the life force? Or he may find comfort down another path. A friend of mine who is one of the best writers in the West and the United States at large has a way of writing me a droll gratitude whenever I say publicly that he is just that. He is grateful, the joke runs, to be called a writer. Not very funny, I think.

Or still different responses. If it was natural to speak of local aggregations of writers in the East as housing projects, God knows it is inevitable to speak of certain Western aggregations as colonies. Some men are tough enough to withstand a life that is for most a flight into diletantism, or to make without meaning them the postures of barren caste-consciousness, or to tolerate in health the virus of preciosity or dedication that kills the talents of the rest. Some—a few—occasionally. Mostly the colony is a swarm of phony egos infinitely dear to themselves but without value to literature. Yet there must be some end to loneliness and some combination against the hostility of the environment. Colleges supply most of the oases I have alluded to and may they be therefore praised. They are developing for Western culture the necessary margin of toleration where the writing of books is as indifferent as the merchandising of shirts, and they extend their welcome to good as well as bad writers, as Eastern colleges assuredly do not. But they too impose strain and wariness on writers. A writer who joins one may find his energies engaged in preventing the campus from becoming a coterie. If not, he is certain to meet the hostility of at least English scholars. This last of course is universal, not Western, and derives less from the scholar's envy, though there is always that too, than from his discovery that accessory service to the luncheon clubs pays well. But it is an additional burden.

I do not suggest that these impositions on a Western writer are often in his consciousness. On the contrary, they exert their force below consciousness. And if I, who read most Western writing, read it correctly, they tend to warp him in one or the other of two ways. I say, tend to warp him. If they do warp him, then they impair him. If he successfully resists them, he has nevertheless had to expend strength on them that should have had a better use.

The first pressure warps toward the kind of regionalism that capitalizes its initial. Now the whole duty of a writer is to explore his experience and so much of the experience of those about him as he may be able to understand, and to report on it as honestly and as well as he can. And to explore the variations or colorations of experience that derive from local circumstance, the local patterns of life, the conditions of the natural environment, the problems and necessities of the human environment in adaptation to it—this is as valid as any other literary undertaking and will be the more important as the writer may feel deeper emotions about the country he has identified himself with. Of his love—whose twin is hate—

shall his books be born. Moreover there is the local self-consciousness to heighten and the local way of life to clarify to itself and perhaps to enrich. Any writer's appointment as an appraiser of society carries most weight where appraisers are fewest. The Western writer as a citizen is obligated to anatomize the truths about his region, the patterns of its experience, the shapes it gives thought and feeling, the possibilities for individual and social life implicit there and what may endanger them, and man's pain as the West may be the wound.

Even here, however, regionalism runs risks simply through being deliberate. There is no more local literature than *Huckleberry Finn*, but who supposes it was regional in origin or intent or is thought of as regional by anyone who reads it? The risk is that a first-rate writer may be content with second-rate ends. Another danger is arrogance, whether defensive or not. That one shall think writing about Nevada superior simply because it is not about Maine. Or that there shall be greater virtue in distilling some ultimate essence of Nevada than in writing about the United States. What of the writer who would explore murder or adultery or old age as they happen to mankind, careless whether Nevada has tintured them at all? The writer who concedes that the cultures of the United States are as fascinating as you say but finds himself more interested in American culture? The writer who chooses to inquire whether there may be a national quality in matters which the regionalist will follow no farther than his local ridge? The writer who lets his choice take him wherever it may lead, without reference to an address in Carson City? Regionalism may come to disdaining him as a lesser man. To setting up its own orthodoxy.

But the greater risk is that regionalism may decay into Regionalism.

It has done so too often in the West, and where it has I am afraid there is no hope but to be born again. Self-conscious regionalism has never been anything but a mildew on literature. Its preoccupations are frivolous, which would be gay if only they were intended frivolously but they never by any chance are. They become solemnities which are a good man's poison and dogmas which go the way of all cults. On the one hand the coteries lead to a kind of jurisdictional strike: prayerful to derive the purest essence of the Coyote County consciousness, promising you that the most local will be the universal when filtered out, and scrupulous not to cross the boundary into Elk Creek because someone else has authority there and love as well as soil is foreign. On the other hand its effect,

when not in fact its intention by manifesto, is to sanction writers to write for one another only or even for themselves alone. Here comes the Artist, whose integrity is so precious that he is exempt from discipline, exterior or interior. The semiliterary, the amateur, the phony, the dear soul takes over. And what the devout write is shapeless, a doughy mass, literature as pure, literature as momentous and infinitesimal—and be damned to it. Down this highway to the inane, recurrent fashions among small talents march with banners in every period, but the fashion is not even comic in the West, where it has curiously undertaken to rebuild the Greenwich Village of 1910 on the left bank of Muddy Creek in 1947. Not comic, merely a Bergdorf corset from the inside cover of *Godey's Lady's Book*. The purple whiskers of that innocent day are simply grotesque when one comes straight from the irrigation ditch to crimp a curl in them. Coterie writing is a good culture-jelly for young green minds. The blight is that Western coteries will not see why.

For the second warping that must be withstood I have never found a name that satisfied me, though the word used by writers who do not withstand it is "mysticism." It is a capacious word; it loosely designates innumerable vague things. Mysticism as certain saints have experienced the immediate personal presence of God, however, does not show itself in Western writing. What does appear too often is a rapt formlessness of emotion offered us in abdication of thought. Clearly its authors intend it to mean something. Or do they, may there not sometimes be a belief that meaning is unworthy if significance can be had? Significance to be communicated from mind to mind by induction, carried along by type but not translated into words, finer than idea and above it in the scale. If you can feel portentously enough, then let who will be clear. It is writing by accord of sentiment—the spark is to cross the gap by its own voltage, with no vulgar bylaw that it must say something. Behind it are feelings subtle or noble to an extreme, no doubt, if only you could find out what they are, and manifestly intense, but they relate more to the universe or eternity than to the temporal inanities of this world. And it is their characteristic to perish of a blur. Earthbound readers, who are the majority, ask meaning of them and, finding none, give up.

Spores of this mysticism infect much Western writing about Indians, if Amerinds is not the word called for. Indian thought and feeling are the thought and feeling of a people who remained neolithic five thousand years longer than European man and therefore have evolved—with dis-

maying complexity—along paths much different from the evolution of the European thought and feeling which, beginning with the sixteenth century, came to complicate them still more. Whether this fact is intolerable as literary ethics or merely as hard work I do not know, but Western writers seem to find it intolerable. They tend to write about Indians badly and all too often incomprehensibly. When they are sentimental there may mingle with mystical notions a guilt out of the white man's past. But also it has proved necessary to endow an interesting and abused people who are fully as human as the rest of us with subtlety beyond our apprehension and means of access to truth that we may by no means use. The Indian, it appears, has gone deeper into the mystery of life than we have. That may be, but if so then the writer who follows him there ought in honor to tell us wherein and to what end, and no writer has so far. Also the Indian perceives truths beyond our rationality and by processes finer and more instant than we clogged souls use, who are confined to commonplace discharges of the nervous system. That too may be, but if so then a scrupulous writer is bound to tell us what the truths are, as no writer ever does. Apparently the utmost possible is to allude to spiritual perception in prose that may stimulate but says little. Not much of what the West has written about Indians is very good and one comes close to deciding that nothing sensible can come out of Santa Fe.

Spongy mysticism about Indians is in part a reflex of a commoner one that is begotten by the landscape. Here we reach a problem that would be formidable enough of itself if there were no predisposing influences at work on Western writers. The immensity, emptiness, grandeur, and beauty of the West's landscapes assault personality, tending to diminish it, to leach the ego away, to narrow or generalize consciousness—and this tendency is reinforced by their potential power to create loneliness, anxiety, and terror. A condition set for Western writers is that they must work with a country that is always threatening to overwhelm their identity. There is a quick escape into mere rhetoric which leads nowhere—except to a bulk of bad writing. A stubborn mind may persist farther only to break up in corrupted poetry, and much Western writing that started out to tell us how man lives in the Western setting has ended in what amounts only to a conceit, the pathetic fallacy. Tragedy turns out to be the agony of malign deserts, or regeneration may be earned or faith justified because a river breathes, or the high country will medicine our wounds. This is shallow enough though gifted men have often labored

it for a lifetime, earnest to drive a metaphor through all the levels of consciousness. But many who have got beyond the pathetic fallacy have fallen away in a mysticism quite as unsatisfactory.

Lately Mr. Frank Waters published *The Colorado* in the Rivers of America series and the book is a specimen of what I mean. I know nothing about Mr. Waters, but his book shows that he is a good writer and that his life in the West has gone deep. He deals excellently with many Westerners, a variety of their experiences, the ways of their lives, how the Western country has affected them, what they crystallize out of fate's mother liquor. Clearly he knows the West and it has given him a compassionate understanding, deep as love or deeper, of the lives he here chooses to explore. Reading him one feels repeatedly the final response beyond which criticism cannot even try to go: yes, this is said.

But his people and societies are, as the West is, framed by the mountains and deserts and Mr. Waters repeatedly undertakes to tell us that in the mountains and deserts there is . . . well, Something. I do not know just what, for Mr. Waters never says. A mind predisposed in his favor and made admiring by his wisdom and skill tries to close in and seize his meaning—and slips off, is puzzled, is cloudbound, is mired down. What is this Something, what is Mr. Waters talking about? It is immaterial certainly, it is spiritual, it is interpenetrating, vast, immense, tremendous, eternal, as important as birth or death, more important than either—transcendent. But what is it? Are we reading an animism, a pantheism, some refraction through that dome of glass, some immanence of unearthly and eternal power—or just what else? There is no knowing and the reason we cannot know is that Mr. Waters does not know. There is no meaning, for he does not even mean to mean. Enough to vibrate with a reflex from the inexpressible. The Something is big but it is never said.

But for a writer there can be no such thing as the inexpressible. There is no soundless music, and if you leave the canvas blank you have not made a picture but only put a frame around space. Either Mr. Waters has flunked his job or the West has betrayed him into lying. It does not matter in the least if the lie be honest and come from a clean heart.

Meaninglessness begotten of immensity is a quicksand sucking at a Western writer's feet—and he will have less chance to escape it as the predisposing influences I have mentioned may have wrought upon him. The step from man to landscape is short, easily taken, and once taken fatal.

A depressing amount of Western writing is blighted by just this willingness to endow inert matter with a significance much too great to be given precise utterance. Blighted—for the result is dead, an evasion, an illusion, a folly, a lie, worse still a sentimentality. So in staying West also there seems to be some danger of impotence—that though the bush may flower it will not bear.

The Rocky Mountains are as barren as the mountains of the moon except as men live in them. The West can be nothing at all to Western writers except as men living in the West. The Western setting, deserts and mountains, perils and beauties, is only stuff for chemists except as men and society become engaged with it. A writer who goes, or is forced, at it the other way may experience emotions as noble as they are vague and may write prose or poetry that clangs resoundingly upon an empty mind, but he has lost out. The sunset on the peaks is like a fire but you will burn no fingers there. It's pretty to look at but a writer had better be getting on home to dinner. Where the children are.

It is a good idea for writers anywhere to shorten the radius which the optimism of their estate leads them to begin on. A writer anywhere matures when he comes to realize that, happily, his trade lays on him no obligation to be great. Greatness does not come by assignation and if, from making the world over or solving life's ultimate mystery, we broaden down to writing something which we feel is honest and which some of our friends respect, then there is some small chance of doing a little more. Specifically, the Western writer is not obliged to write on the scale of his geography. For him, with all the threats of failure that menace him—for him as for the rest of us, a short rope and a small loop. The story of how men came to the West is one of the American stories, and the drama of their society surviving there always in the shadow of destruction by natural cataclysm is one of the American dramas. It would be foolish, simply because the stage is big, to concentrate on the stage properties and let the actors go.

MOSAIC: A PERSONAL ESSAY

Robert M. Gay

THE YEARS TICK OFF like minutes, and all of a sudden we discover that we are old, or appear so to the young. But no one who is in good health and reasonably happy ever really thinks of himself as old unless he happens to notice his appearance in a looking glass or is treated politely by a Boy Scout. I myself first definitely wondered whether I was getting on in years when, one evening on Boylston Street in Boston, a young sailor who was pleasantly drunk put his arm round my shoulders, squeezed me affectionately, and inquired, "Hi, Pop, how's things?" I had never seen him before, but something in his manner suggested that I reminded him of his greatgrandfather; a touching thought, but subtly deranging. It was not long afterward that I began to suspect that young people were regarding some of my pet ideas as quaint, listening to them with the expression of mixed affection and amusement with which we view a haircloth sofa or a whatnot. This was just before I retired.

I was not foolishly sensitive about it, for I knew the ideas were pretty good, since I had had them all my life, though I may only recently have begun to talk much about them. What some of them were will probably appear below. But it occurred to me that perhaps my manner of presenting them had not been solemn enough. I should certainly have been more solemn; in fact, anybody who wants to carry weight nowadays should be as solemn as possible. All the successful men and women are being so, and that naturally impresses the young who, under their gay exteriors, are very solemn themselves. But I suppose this has always been so. A hundred years ago Sydney Smith, contrasting himself and his brother, remarked that they had violated natural laws, for his brother had risen through gravity and he himself had sunk through levity. There is no doubt, anyhow, that, as between the two sentiments, "Life is real, life is earnest" and "Life is a jest, and all things show it," you can bet on the general public's accepting the former and rejecting the latter as scandalous, very few noting that one is as questionable an opinion as the other.

Whatever cheerfulness the old may exhibit that the young and middle aged find suspicious or, at best, quaint, is probably due to the fact that

the old have lived long enough to detect an ancient fishlike smell in many preferred opinions, and therefore do not take as solemn a view of them as do those for whom they are fresh and new. They also have found that certain ideas, acquired in youth, have worn well, even though they may not be in fashion now. Or it may be that, having discovered that most of the ideas that scared them in the past proved to be only false alarms, they are less easily disturbed by new ones than the young. Or, finally, having survived so much themselves, they have decided that humankind as a whole is not going to the dogs just yet. However this may be, the proverbial notion that youth is gay and age grave is only as true as that youth is grave and age gay.

It happened that, more than most people, I had had to do with youth all my life, for I had been a teacher, and yet it was chiefly at the end that I thought youth seemed more solemn than I was. But almost immediately I realized that they were no different from what young people have always been. I myself was more solemn at twenty than I have ever been since. My own college teachers were old men, the fact that they wore beards making them seem even older, perhaps; and now upon reflection I recalled that I looked at them affectionately and leniently, making allowances for their years and yet amused at their somewhat callow outlook. It was evident that none of them had lived dangerously or had ever had the profound thoughts that visited and sometimes afflicted me. They seemed lovable but superficial, and there were times when we boys used to ask one another why we could not have had some young teachers who realized that the earth had moved, took the earthquake seriously, and told us the latest news about it.

I naturally understand those old men better now, realizing that they themselves were once young—about 1850—and looked upon their elderly professors with commiseration because of the simplicity and superficiality of their ideas. In a sense all old men, I reflected, are younger than young ones because they were born earlier and their ideas are therefore effete or artless. Besides, to the young nothing is so old-fashioned as last year's hat, and they are too young to realize that if one wears a hat long enough it will some day be in fashion again, and so with ideas. The cycle seems to be shorter for ideas, however, than for hats, as anyone can see who merely compares political platforms over a brief period or glances back at our opinions during the past few decades on Russia, Britain, education, diet, or the removal of teeth and tonsils.

An inquiring mind is, of course, always ready to adopt new ideas and discard old ones—or at least, so I have heard. And yet I have noticed that even the brightest of us manage to think up or adopt only two or three general ideas about life in a lifetime, and some people get along with one or none. By general ideas I mean those that get right down to the bottom of things, having to do with time and eternity, good and evil, pleasure and pain, as distinguished from those that are useful for polite conversation. We usually find, borrow, or exude these general ideas before we are twenty-five, and although we may discard them for others as we go along, we are likely to slough these others off after a while as a snake does its skin. The snake remains the same old snake; and yet, it is curious to note in passing, the snake has somehow become the symbol for a kind of wisdom, though I never heard its ability to shed its skin and yet remain itself given as the reason.

Perhaps I should not speak of these general ideas as ideas at all, for in their origin they seem hardly more than a set of impulses or propulsions that push us one way or another; and it is only later that we rationalize them and call them ideas, even in time coming to look upon them as a philosophy. We do this mostly in youth, when nothing is important except ideas or ideals and when we develop a conscience, if ever. Getting a conscience is a parturition that causes some youths severe birth pangs, though we must be honest and admit that very few seem to suffer much. Those usually spoken of as “just normal” boys and girls may arrive at twenty-five without any special psychical disturbance except love and, having survived that, sail along through life quite content with whatever impulses they were born with. An appreciable number are, however, for a time very solemn, adopting ideas of admired elder persons who dress up their dejections and depressions, vapors and spleen, in garments so impressive that such youths are easily taken with them and dress to match. Such clothes are nowadays likely to be called an ideology. If any elderly person makes fun of the costume, the youth’s feelings are as hurt as if some one had ridiculed his dinner clothes or hair-do. I am glad I never did that but always treated the convictions of youth—even when they seemed pretty raw—as sacred, though I confess I sometimes found them a bore, even while I loved their possessor for being so much like me at his age.

We live in a pedantic and jargonistic age and must be charitable toward youth which catches the contagion but will probably recover. It is not usually in this way, however, that we gather the general ideas I have

spoken of, that we keep and cherish because they are congenial to our temperament. Just where we do get them is hard to say. They seem to float "out of the Everywhere into the Here," though sometimes we can trace them to a book or friend or teacher, or to some midnight powwow or bull session when thoughts make as dense an atmosphere as the tobacco smoke.

Wherever we get them, we usually assume that they make us; but it is quite as true to say that we make them. They are like food which, though it certainly shapes our bodily frame after we have digested it, can only develop the frame already there. It cannot appear as an extra leg or nose or even change our expression much. And before it can do anything to us we have first to choose it, and then do something to it to make it assimilable. So with ideas: for some obscure reason we choose some and not others, and even then we must do something to them before they can do anything to us. This fact, commonly ignored, suggests a whole theory of education, but I shall not go into that here. My point is that we assume such ideas, not as clothes or cosmetics, but as food. Why certain ideas appeal to one man and others to another is as mysterious as why one likes cats and another dogs, or as mysterious as why you are you and I am I. Sober people are forever writing articles on "Books that Have Made Me," seldom reflecting that the books would not have had a chance if the reader had not been a certain kind of person first. And so with the "Great Books" courses we are hearing so much about: no book is great to me unless it is great to *me*. And no book can affect us much unless we affect it first. Even Mark Hopkins, the one-man university on his log, would need the right kind of boy on the other end, and the boy would really be as remarkable as he.

There is fate or foreordination in this, though only as much as makes one boy different from another. Much of our education consists in a mistaken effort to make all boys alike. In my recent reflections on my own history I have realized that the original mold in which I was cast, though it might be glazed and decorated, could not be changed much in basic design, and that what I am was impressed upon the clay by the potter Chance, Nature, or God from the beginning. "In a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth; and some to honour and some to dishonour" though one may be as useful as another and as capable of holding wine or water. The problem of education is to see that, as the apostle says, they become vessels of honor

and meet for the master's use. What interests me most here, however, is the basic design I have mentioned, the type implicit from the beginning.

There is an ancient metaphor that likens the human personality to an onion which we can reduce, shell by concentric shell—one representing what we owe to kin, another to teachers, a third to books, a fourth to nature, and so on—seeking the ultimate and irreducible onion or self, only to discover there is none; nothing of either onion or personality remains. This metaphor was heard more often in my youth than now—for we were all Environmentalists then—and was sometimes presented gravely and not as satire or fantasy. But it is fantasy, nevertheless. We simply cannot peel off our kin, teachers, books, and the rest, like coats or scales, for they are part of us all through in the way a head of lettuce or slice of beef we have eaten is part of us all through. Even if we could, something after all would have to do the peeling, and what could that be but the ultimate onion-self we were looking for?

If we change the metaphor, we can liken the self or ego to an egg which becomes a fetus, the fetus a baby, the baby a man, not by accretion, but by absorption; and the baby swallows its parents, kin, books, teachers, friends, and much of the surrounding landscape in a way remarkable to behold. It grows, that is to say, rather than gathers a personality. Even if we argue it out of existence, there is still something which has been called soul, spirit, ego, superego, Id, Ground, mind, intelligence, instinct, impulse, temperament, personality, identity, or even God, depending upon the point of view, and which becomes very interesting when we grow old. The poets have generally called it the "Child."

I have never paid much attention to this "Child" till now. Most of us forget him in middle age; he sinks underground, overlain by heavy strata of custom, use, and wont. It is in age that he manages to struggle up and put his head out, and we can look at him and decide whether he amounted to much. Before I go on I should explain that I am not referring to second childhood.

I do not know how it is with others, but with me this late emergence has a faintly comic effect, as of Harlequin popping out of the window as himself when we last saw him dressed soberly as the Doctor. For years we have thought of ourselves as so grown up, so sedately adult, and now we discover that the essential *us* in us was all along what we started with. Life begins to look like a detour round Robin Hood's barn. It is no wonder if middle-aged people try to keep this infant battened under

hatches, for he may be disconcerting to anyone seriously pursuing some latest evangel of worldly wisdom or success. And perhaps it is only we oldsters who can calmly consider what the poets and mystics of the ages meant by their mysterious pronouncements about babes and sucklings, the child we must become to see God, "the Mighty Prophet, Seer blest," "best philosopher," "eye among the blind," and so on.

Evidently the child they refer to is not any given child or even children in general. Any given child may be so maltreated by the man who contains him that he does not emerge at all or only as an ugly changeling, or he may have been an ill-conditioned brat to begin with. And even average children, observed with the cold eye of a stranger, seem seldom to resemble much the "Child" celebrated by the poets.

He certainly is inside us, nevertheless, and is, as the poets say, actually the father of the man. I have lately been struck by the suspicion that he has sat in the middle of my psyche, like a gyroscope in the bowels of a ship, unseen and unfelt perhaps, but always there, working to bring me back on a course however I may have veered and canted, pitched and tossed. The element of humor I spoke of lies partly in my illusion of steering myself. My life, I see now or think I see, however formless and even scrambled it may have seemed while I was living it, was really all of a piece; my choices (and life is made up of choices), even when they seemed most conscious and adult or most capricious, were really those the child I once was would probably have made if he had been mature enough to make them at all.

Such a discovery needs much discounting and qualification, of course, for I certainly made some choices he would have frowned upon. But these, after all, were not fundamental; they were aberrations which he silently corrected by his chart. What this chart was like I have only a general idea. To decipher it fully would require psychoanalyzing myself, and doing that is a good deal like operating on oneself for appendicitis—possible, perhaps, but amateurish and messy. The chart simply made me myself, I suppose, or different from other people.

This difference used to give me heartburnings and repinings, and I made many efforts to overcome it. I early discovered that

Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me

and this fact made me lonely. But I found that when I tried to love what others loved, shun what they shunned, slight what they slighted, I was not happier: I was bored and soon reverted to my old hates, followings, and receivings, not realizing that these reversions were due to the gentle pull of the child.

Fortunately, though each man's pattern is unique in details, it resembles other men's in general, or we should be lonelier than we are. Schopenhauer says that the pattern of our individual life is like a work in crude mosaic, the design and meaning of which can be discerned only at a distance. Old age provides the distance and perspective. This is true enough; but Nature—"so careful of the type she seems"—tends to standardize us, so that, in spite of our infinite variability, we fall into stock patterns or, as the psychologists are saying just now, psychosomatic types, the members of which find one another understandable.

I see now that, like most introversive or, as we used to say, introspective children, I began as a romantic idealist and have been one at heart ever since, though most of my life I have tried not to be because the type was not in fashion. At fifteen my "great book" was *Les Misérables*, and at eighteen *Sartor Resartus*. In these the claims of the heart were exalted above those of the head, and I had had no experience to cast any shadow over what to tough-minded people was sentimental moonshine. The shadow came in time and with it the cynicism that is the natural refuge of disillusion, but it was a cheerful cynicism that found the human spectacle amusing rather than disgusting and that clung to the hope that we human beings were better than we seemed. I was saved from melancholy by the discovery, made through books and friendship, that whatever we may be as a race, as men and women we can be admirable and lovable.

But that early bias toward the heart must have been strong, for I never allied myself with the realists who worship the God of Things as They Are, grab at the main chance, assume that every man has his price, and believe that not only do the fittest survive but that only they should. If at times I felt borne down by this philosophy, which is very plausible and specious, I went to the children and animals who are the only true realists because they do not know they are, never having rationalized their greeds into creeds.

I gradually realized that the self-denominated realists were really romantics turned inside out. Despairing of the power of pity and love in a world like this, they asserted the power of cruelty and hate; but these

were only the same thing in reverse and led as surely to unreason. It is, however, the unreason of Belial instead of Raphael. However you look at it, the sons of Raphael, even though crazy, make for light, music, and healing, while the sons of Belial, whether insane or not, make for disease, discord, and darkness.

I became increasingly aware, I see now, that both the glory and the tragedy of man is his power of abstraction. Give him a brick and he will build a skyscraper on it. He cannot help this, for it is the penalty of his being a thinking creature. But how shaky his constructions are is shown by the fact that of ten thousand systems of philosophy he has built, not one has ever gained more than a local or temporary acceptance unless it was built on a foundation of pity and love.

In one era every educated person is a romantic, in another a rationalist, each despising the other. But if romanticism or rationalism is true or false in one era, it is so in all; the fact being, of course, that it is partly true and partly false all the time. The uneducated—the children, the animals—follow their hearts or heads from moment to moment and are perhaps as wise in doing so. They at least escape the danger of following a system because they invented it or it is in fashion. But nothing is more evident than the ability of the educated to adopt any construction of thought that happens to attract attention. I remember once listening to a discussion of humanism when that theory was in vogue, and, after two hours of mystification, asking, with a pretence of artlessness: "But why be a humanist, or not be, all the time? Why not a humanist at one time, a naturalist at another, a spiritualist at still another, if it makes you happy?" My friends looked far more shocked than if I had told a dirty story, and I saw that I ought to be ashamed of having a trivial mind. And yet I had only described what the human race has been doing all along.

Children and animals, from whom I seem to have learned more than from the philosophers, live like that all the time. My little dog no doubt thinks himself a devil of a fellow. He rushes out of the back door every morning and tells the world he is here and dares it to come on. But if there happens to be a fly buzzing in a room he retires under the kitchen sink and cowers, and if there is a thunderstorm about he pants and trembles. The one is too mysterious and the other too big for him to manage. But is he ashamed of these inconsistencies? Not a bit. Tomorrow he will be as brave as ever, leaving flies and storms to be dealt with when they come. He goes, that is to say, by his feelings. But no man, however

ignorant, can hope to be like that, because he thinks and looks before and after. And almost the first step in thinking is abstraction.

The second or third step, however, is in the direction of a lie, for he will arrive sooner or later in the sphere of pure ideas where human warmth and the instinctive wisdom of the heart may dissipate or be frozen. It is then quite easy for him to convince himself that the end justifies the means, the end being some abstraction he has concocted, and even to justify the liquidation of everyone who happens to have concocted some other abstraction. That is why the poets have spoken so often of the wisdom of the "Child," suggesting that the heart must justify the head. It is quite as true that the head must justify the heart, of course; but nowadays this does not need to be said so often. The great teachers have all been at one in this—that each must justify the other.

The quaintness I mentioned at the beginning, which young people find in their elderly professors, is due, I suppose, to the fact that the old man who has spent his life in abstract pursuits comes in the end to see that the dictates of the heart and the affections alone have permanence. What he knew as a child by nature he knows now by experience. The young are all for explicit explanations, short roads, and easy answers, but he knows there are none. A lifetime can only build up a mosaic, teach an attitude. He can hardly hope to make the young see this. It took him a long time to see it himself. But he can tell them that what we desire is the measure of what we are and what we love makes our soul what it is or, as Spinoza puts it, "all happiness or unhappiness solely depends upon the quality of the objects of love." This seems final, or can be if we act upon it. It is a key to what we need to know about ourselves and even about others. We can easily tell whether we loved children and animals and beauty, truth and justice and our fellowmen and goodness or God. If we did not, then we were only vermin crawling between earth and heaven. If we did, then nothing else about us matters much.

"I DREAMED I SAW JOE HILL LAST NIGHT"

Wallace Stegner

We have heard the legend of Joe Hill as Paul Robeson sings it, as Dos Passos wrote it into *Nineteen-nineteen*, as Woodie Guthrie is putting it into a song, as it is being painted into a mural in Minnesota, as it lies buried in files of yellowing labor journals in the basements of libraries. It goes like this:

He was a young Swede who came to the land of promise at the century's turn, worked in saloons and on the long-shore, beat his way West through Chicago and the Dakota harvests, worked out of San Pedro as a bindle stiff and an occasional deckhand. He never smoked, drank, or chased women. A natural musician, he could play any instrument, and he had a knack for poetry and drawing. When the Southern Pacific strike of 1910 occurred, he wrote a parody of "Casey Jones" that swept the Coast, was printed on cards, got picked up by the vaudeville stage. He joined the IWW and became an organizer and strike leader and wrote more songs—"Mr. Block," "Scissorbill," "The Preacher and the Slave." (This last, as "Pie in the Sky," was to become the theme song of the generation of the 'thirties.) His songs went into the *Little Red Song Book* of the IWW, and men sang them in the jails of Fresno and San Diego and Spokane and Seattle. Shingle weavers sang them in the Washington mills, bin-

dle stiff and bums knew them as well as they knew the IWW Preamble.

In 1914 Joe Hill—his real name was Joe Hillstrom—was arrested in Salt Lake City on a murder charge. His friends said he was being railroaded by the Copper Trust and the Mormon Church because he had helped organize the Utah Construction Company at Bingham and won the strike. Before his trial was over, the Swedish Ambassador and President Wilson had interceded for him, and the Wobblies (or their enemies) had threatened the lives of Utah officials and planted bombs by the governor's house. None of these measures availed. Joe Hill had been convicted mainly on the circumstantial evidence of a bullet wound in his chest which he refused to explain, except to say that he got it in a quarrel over a woman and did not want to ruin her reputation. Even when the Pardon Board offered him a commutation of sentence if he would tell her name and prove his story, he said that he did not want a commutation. He wanted complete vindication. He said he would get a new trial or die trying.

He died trying. Before he went down to face the firing squad, he sent a message to the Wobblies through Big Bill Haywood: "Don't waste any time in mourning. Organize!" In jail he

wrote two new songs for the *Little Red Song Book*, and a poetical "Last Will." He did not want the state of Utah to contain his bones. He wanted to be cremated and have his ashes scattered:

Perhaps some fading flower then
Would come to life and bloom again.
This is my last and final will.
Good luck to all of you.

Joe Hill.

On November 19, 1915, "Joe Hill stood up against the wall of the jail yard, looked into the muzzles of the guns, and gave the word to fire." According to his wishes, his body was taken to Chicago ("What kind of a man is this," asked a Chicago newspaper, "whose death is celebrated with songs of revolt and who has at his bier more mourners than any prince or potentate?") and on May Day, 1916, little envelopes of his ashes were scattered to the winds "over every state in the Union and in every country in the world."

There he comes out of the legendary past, looking just as Dos Passos left him in the coffin, "with his handsome stony face staring into the future." There he is, "smiling with his eyes" in Earl Robinson's ballad, telling laboring men everywhere that "Joe Hill ain't never died," that "what they forgot to kill went on to organize." The same spirit that could look into the muzzles of the guns and give the word to fire has walked out of the jails and out of the grave more indomitable than ever. "Takes more than guns to kill a man." A *New York Times* editorial on the morning after Hill's death worried that

his ingenious plea of defending a woman left an opening for people to make a hero of him, and might "make Hillstrom dead more dangerous to social stability than he was when alive." The *Times* was profoundly right. Joe Hill shows signs of becoming the Number One labor martyr and legend.

There is a certain wry interest in checking legends against facts. Here, unfortunately, few facts are available. Practically all that is known of Joe Hillstrom's life up to the time of his arrest comes from information supplied to Ralph Chaplin, the editor of *Solidarity*, by a Swedish sailor named John Holland who said he was Joe's cousin. Chaplin, a poet himself and an ardent admirer of Hill's songs, wrote the information up for the *Industrial Pioneer* and later for the *New Masses*, and it apparently became the basis for Dos Passos' thumbnail biography. To supplement these brief notes we have only the controversial facts of the trial plus the recollections of a few old-time Wobblies who knew Joe Hill before his arrest. And even these limited sources force correction of the legend at many points.

There is undoubtedly truth in what John Holland told Ralph Chaplin in a Chicago tavern, but it is truth mixed with alcohol and ardor and the desire to please. Perhaps he was Joe's cousin, and perhaps the details he gave of Joe's early life were accurate. But when he has Joe going down to San Juan and being shot in the leg there, doubts arise. Presumably the reference is to the "*tierra y libertad*" uprising in Lower Califor-

nia; there are extant letters from Joe Hill to Sam Murray which indicate that Hill was present in Tia Juana during this abortive *putsch*. But the examination made of him at the Utah State Penitentiary failed to disclose any scars on his legs. It found scars on neck, face, nose, chest, shoulder, forearm, hand, but no bullet scars on the legs.

Some of Holland's other statements are equally dubious. He says, for instance, that Joe was a natural musician and could play any instrument. The legend makes him a fine pianist; Dos Passos has him playing the concertina outside bunkhouses. But an old Wobbly who played the guitar in Jack Walsh's first IWW band and who batched with Joe Hill in Hilo during the summer of 1911, tells of Joe's unsuccessful attempt to learn the guitar that summer, and dismisses him rather scornfully as a "one-finger piano player."

Holland described Joe Hill as soft-spoken, generous, mild, gentlemanly. He neither smoked, drank, nor chased women. But Wobblies who knew Hill in San Pedro remember him as a very tough citizen indeed, a cool, quiet, well-dressed singleton, a lone wolf who kept his mouth shut and worked alone, but who occasionally dropped hints of having "made a score," and who was supposed to have heisted a conductor and to have participated in some jobs of cargo pilfering. And according to his guitar-playing roommate in Hilo, Joe took a drink in his turn, and was putting in his months in the Islands because of complications with a lady in Portland. The roommate remembers Joe as re-

sembling a certain type of Western bad-man, with a pleasant manner, an immaculate exterior, and a lot of cold nerve.

The legend makes Joe Hill an IWW organizer and blames his conviction and execution on the "copper bosses" and the Mormon Church who resented his organizing the Utah Construction Company workers. It is true that Joe carried a paid-up card, and that he never transferred from the San Pedro local where he first joined. But he does not seem ever to have been an active leader, is associated with none of the free-speech fights and only one strike, and is believed by some of my Wobbly informants rarely to have been involved in any IWW squabble. I have found no evidence that he was associated with the Utah Construction Company strike, and I doubt that he was even in Bingham at the time.

"I have lived like an artist; I will die like an artist," Joe Hill said in jail. But on the morning of his execution his nerve cracked. He barricaded himself in his cell and stabbed at guards and deputies with a broken broom handle until Sheriff Corless went in and talked him out of his frenzy.

Finally, the legend says that he stood before the firing squad, looked coolly into the muzzles of the guns, and gave the order for his own death. Certain details are inaccurate. He did not stand; he was strapped into the death chair. He did not look into the guns; he was blindfolded. It seems that he did give the order to fire. Newspaper reporters heard differently the last words he said, be-

cause he was talking very fast and rather incoherently all the time the preparations were being made. But at the last moment he did, according to Sheriff Corless, shout something like "Fire!" Like virtually everything else in the trial and execution, his last words were ambiguous. They could be interpreted as either defiance or hysteria—and were.

It might be possible, if one wished to do it, to whittle the figure of Joe Hill down to the stature of a migrant yegg. There is a chance that he was guilty of the crime he was executed for, even though the state of Utah most certainly did not demonstrate his guilt beyond any reasonable doubt, and even though the anti-IWW feeling was so strong that he would probably have been executed regardless of his innocence or guilt.

But one thing is sure—the prophecy of the *New York Times* has been more than fulfilled. People have made him into a Galahad, a hero, and a martyr, and they have done so because he gave them the opportunity, he offered the leads. He had what none of the other dozens of eligible martyrs had—imagination, a flair. His curtain line was magnificent: "Don't waste any time in mourning. Organize!" He died for a cause, for a principle, for a woman's honor, for the things that fire the imagination, and the world-wide scattering of his ashes was a fitting finale. That

symbolic act fertilized both the movement his songs served and the legend of labor's songster.

As a song writer Joe had two sides, one mushy, soft, sentimental ("Don't Take My Papa Away From Me," "The Rebel Girl"), the other mordantly ironic. The *Little Red Song Book* piously preserves both, but it is the ironic parodist who has really lasted. The "Wobbly Casey Jones" and "The Preacher and the Slave" are no longer IWW songs, or even labor songs. They are folk songs. And the ambiguous bindle stiff who wrote them has outgrown the narrow, embattled Wobbly movement in which he was enrolled. He is almost the one thing that the Communists, Socialists, Trotskyites, CIO, AFL, Railway Brotherhoods, and the ALP have in common.

It does not really matter whether or not Joe Hill was guilty of shooting a grocer named Morrison in Salt Lake City, whether he was in life a tough citizen or a simple, singing, working stiff. They killed everything of Joe Hill but the poet, and the poet went on to organize. The Joe Hill who may never have walked a picket line in his life has been on hundreds since his death. He has been improved and purified and remade in the image of his makers. As legend, he is whole and unambiguous.

THE WEST AS SEEN FROM THE EAST (1800-1850)

George R. Stewart

BEFORE THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE there was little knowledge of, or interest in, the as yet foreign region which was to become the western half of the United States. Once that area had been acquired, interest sprang up quickly, but knowledge came more slowly. Gradually, however, knowledge was disseminated—by actual travel in the West, by word-of-mouth reports of returned travelers, by fugitive articles in newspapers and magazines, and by books. Inevitably there was another lag before such knowledge could be absorbed, and re-expressed in writing which may be properly described as “The West seen from the East.”

The whole process was obviously gigantic in proportions. Even if magazines and newspapers are neglected, the book titles alone constitute a formidable list. The West was described to the East in numerous volumes based upon the notes of official explorers—Lewis and Clark, Pike, Long, Frémont. Other notable titles sprang from the journeys of travelers and unofficial explorers—Breckenridge, Irving, Catlin, Leonard, Gregg. Some highly interesting books lay along the line of fact and fiction—Pattie’s *Personal Narrative*, Coyner’s *Lost Trappers*, Garrard’s *Wah-to-Yah*. Other writers, like Cooper and Emerson Bennett, wrote novels or romances. Some of the interpreters of the West were not Americans at all. They might be British, like Bradbury and Ruxton, or they were from the Continent, like Prince Maximilian and Sealsfield.

The present essay, for limitations of space, passes by these many interesting but secondary writers, to concentrate upon a few of the important literary figures. The work of such men has a double interest, being both an interpretation of the West and of the men themselves. In general, moreover, their attitudes toward the West show the same variations which are characteristic of the less important writers and of the country as a whole.

Doubtless along the frontier the chief source of information about the

EDITOR’S NOTE: This article forms part of the forthcoming *Literary History of the United States*, to be published under the direction of an editorial board headed by Professor Robert E. Spiller of the University of Pennsylvania. It appears here by permission of the board and of the author.

farther regions was always actual travel and the talk of returned trappers and Indian traders. For the rest of the country, newspapers and magazines may perhaps have been the most important. The literary men, however, were readers of books, and their ideas were largely shaped by such reading. In fact most of the sources of their writings about the West can be found in a few books. Of these the most important were Biddle's redaction of the journals of Lewis and Clark (1814), the narrative of Long's expedition (1822-23), and Frémont's report (1845).

Among early literary figures the two who most strongly felt the influence of the West were Cooper and Irving. In addition, these deserve first and fullest discussion because their writings in turn became strong influences upon later writers.

Cooper's *Prairie* (1827) appeared at the height of his popularity. It was widely read and greatly admired by a public which as yet had little real information, and was therefore unable to separate fiction from actuality. The *Prairie* can thus be set down as one of the most important single literary influences in producing a picture of the West in the American mind.

What is the genesis of the *Prairie*? Specifically, the novel itself shows that Cooper had read Biddle and the Long report, and perhaps a newspaper account of the Santa Fe trade. So far so good, for Biddle and Long were authoritative. The trouble was that Cooper went no further, and seems to have read nothing more. He did not (as Irving was soon to do) actually visit the West. Instead, with this slight smattering of knowledge, he merely let his romancer's imagination have free play. The result has been much admired as a romance, but as a picture of the West it is a far-rago of absurdities.

For illustration, a single example of Cooper's method must suffice. In a romance, he needed heroes and villains. With his Indians, he had already worked out a good, if shallow, formula. The Indians on our side shall be noble Red Men (Mohegans); the opposing Indians shall be Red Devils (Mingoes). In the *Prairie* he cast the Pawnees as the heroes, and Sioux as the villains. Actually, there was little difference between the two tribes; each had its good and bad points. (Curiously, in Irving's *Tour on the Prairies*, the Pawnees have the villain's role.) One detail of Cooper's traducing of the Sioux is his constant attribution to them of all the horrors of practicing torture upon their captives. Probably he did

this because he assumed them to be like the Iroquois and other Eastern Indians. The Sioux themselves, however, have vigorously denied the charge, and the facts seem to be that, being a primitive people, they killed their captives outright. Torture thrives only among more sophisticated peoples who have learned restraint, such as Iroquois or Italians of the Renaissance.

The *Prairie* thus spread misinformation broadcast. Fortunately the next important Easterner to approach the subject set a higher standard, and subscribed to the sometimes forgotten principle that a writer should, when possible, collect some firsthand knowledge on a subject before setting himself up to write about it. In short, Washington Irving went to look at the West.

There has been of recent days a tendency to sneer at Irving's Western writings. Many moderns, their own knowledge gained of necessity chiefly through books, seem to have forgotten that Irving had actually learned about the old West from actual sight and sound. He had crossed a swollen river in a bullboat; he had seen Sublette coming home wounded from the epic fight at Pierre's Hole; he had known the terror of the cry "Pawnees!"

A Tour on the Prairies may be called a simple and factual record of the expedition in 1832 across what is now Oklahoma. There is, of course, some artistic shaping. Critics may point out that Irving suppressed some incidents which would have made him seem ridiculous, that he developed an unfortunate dislike for the half-breed Beatte, that his polished style is not cousin to the roughness of the Cross Timbers. But there is no traveler's narrative which does not show similar, and often greater, distortions than Irving's. Certainly his is much more detailed and interesting than the two others still extant of the same expedition. In many ways it is the most alive of Irving's works at the present time.

A background of Western experience must have given Irving confidence, and must actually have helped to make *Astoria* and *Captain Bonneville* the solid books that they are. Inspired they are not, and yet they still remain the authoritative works on their subjects. (Of how many other American historical works of the 1840's can the same be said?)

The chief charge that can be brought home against *Astoria* is that it is not what it purports to be. Irving in his Introduction mentioned "the journals, on which I chiefly depended," but listed also six published works of which he had availed himself "occasionally." Actually, the reverse was true, and many parts of *Astoria* are nothing more than paraphrases

of the accounts by Bradbury, Breckenridge, or one of the other earlier writers.

Granted, however, that his acknowledgments are not what they should be, Irving shows up well both as scholar and writer. Like many a modern professor, he hired a research assistant to do the spadework. Then from the half-dozen different accounts he drew his own conclusions as to what most probably had really happened, and wrote a reasonably well-unified and certainly a readable account. To produce solidity of background he had his own experience, and he also culled information from such a basic work as Biddle's. *Astoria* is neither profound scholarship nor inspired writing, but it is at least that somewhat rare combination of good scholarship with good writing.

Captain Bonneville is more difficult to appraise. It is perhaps not quite so well constructed or so well written as *Astoria*. On the other hand, it remains much more of an original contribution, based upon now lost documents and upon conversation with Bonneville himself.

Astoria was the subject of a highly laudatory review by Poe in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for January 1837. This book apparently stimulated Poe's interest in the West, and one may note, as details, that in the *Narrative of A. Gordon Pym*, written soon afterward, the hero selected for his reading "the expedition of Lewis and Clark to the mouth of the Columbia," and that his comrade Peters is described as a "hybrid" Upsaroka, that is, a half-breed Crow Indian.

Poe's only extended piece of writing about the West appeared in 1840. He saw fit to masquerade *The Journal of Julius Rodman* as "an account of the first passage across the Rocky Mountains." Probably, however, it deceived few people. In writing it, Poe apparently followed Biddle chiefly, but also drew material from *Astoria*, *Captain Bonneville*, and probably other works. In order to make the story more reasonable, Poe adopted the device of understatement—"in every point, Mr. Rodman's account *falls short* of Captain Lewis's." Such a method naturally did not produce an exciting story, and in the end Rodman, like Pym, merely petered out and his story was left unfinished. The *Journal* is thus of little importance in itself, although it remains a document of some interest as another indication of the turn of attention westward toward the end of the 'thirties.

The Transcendentalists on the whole concerned themselves more with the Far East than with the Far West, although the mountain men in-

deed were skilled practitioners of self-reliance, and actually lived the kind of life which Thoreau played at living when he camped by Walden Pond. The practical or Yankee side of Emerson appreciated the expansive, go-ahead spirit of the frontier, but his earlier experiences with it and most of his scattered statements about it deal with the Middle Western rather than Far Western conditions. He read Frémont, but his comment in his *Journal* is a shrewd one upon the Pathfinder's own self-consciousness, not upon Western scenes or characters.

Thoreau, one might expect, would have displayed an interest in the great opening Western land. He seems rather, however, to have reacted by contraries. Extensive passages in his *Journal* discuss the fur trade and the California gold rush. Thoreau conceived both primarily in economic terms. There must always, of course, be an argument as to how largely the economic factors loomed in such frontier movements. Yet anyone reading even a few of the genuine Western books can notice that hope of profit was seldom the sole motive, or even the first one. There were plenty of volunteers, for instance, to go with Lewis and Clark, but they could scarcely have expected to make money in addition to ordinary wages. Among the motives often mentioned in reminiscences are desire to go adventuring, to see strange country, and to live a free life removed from the restraints of civilization.

Thoreau, however, saw in the mountain men only "the loafing class tempted by rum and money," and exclaimed, "What a pitiful business is the fur trade!" He thought that the rush to California reflected "the greatest disgrace on mankind."

One cannot help feeling that something of Thoreau's curious antagonism toward the West may have sprung from frustration and jealousy. The trappers were gloriously shooting the rapids of a hundred uncharted rivers while he floated upon the placid Concord; they made Homeric revelry and battle at Pierre's Hole, but he raised beans within sound of the home-town dinner horn.

The poets also paid the West rather little attention. Bryant's famous "where rolls the Oregon" apparently sprang from his reading of Biddle's version of the Lewis and Clark narrative, as is shown by his use of the spelling "Oregon" in the 1817 version. The next few lines beginning "Yet the dead are there" were probably suggested by the vivid descriptions of Melamoose Island and the other Indian burial grounds along the Columbia. Bryant's *Prairies*, although showing his

familiarity with Far Western conditions, actually sprang from his own experiences in Illinois and describes scenery of that state.

Section IV of Part Two of *Evangeline* opens with a sweeping scenic passage:

Far in the West there lies a desert land,
where the mountains
Lift through perpetual snows, their lofty
and luminous summits.

Most of its details can be traced to Frémont, even such a touch as the juxtaposition of

luxuriant clusters of roses and
purple amorphas.

Although well handled, the passage does not necessarily show much reading on Longfellow's part. Most of the allusions can be traced to the first few chapters of the book, and the fine geographical *coup d'oeil* with its place names is suggestive of what might result from the inspection of a map.

Two young New England writers actually saw the West. Richard Henry Dana, Jr., chose to call his book *Two Years Before the Mast*, but it might equally well have been *A Year in California*. Francis Parkman, like Irving, actually took a trip upon the plains with a view to utilizing his experiences in writing. His *California and Oregon Trail* (1848) was misleading in title, for he never got near to either California or Oregon. Doubtless many a forty-niner cursed the book as a worthless catchpenny, but it has survived as a juvenile.

Dana was an excellent factual reporter upon the West; Parkman was more likely to be carried away by his own emotion, and to interpret what he saw upon the basis of his own insufficient experience. Both the youngsters carried with them their Bostonian traditions. Dana had a raised eyebrow for frontier morality, and Parkman curled a snobbish Brahmin lip at covered-wagon emigrants.

This sketch of early writing about the farther West can naturally be brought to an end around 1850. At that time the gold rush to California was stirring the whole country. In the new desire for information *Two Years Before the Mast* was rescued from obscurity; Frémont gained

thousands of new readers; *The Oregon Trail* became a best seller; and dozens of now forgotten books about the West came sliding from the presses. Casual references to the West began to crop up everywhere. Poe wrote his *Eldorado*. Melville adorned the pages of *Moby Dick* with some half-dozen Western allusions—"the black bisons of distant Oregon." Even Hawthorne's dimly lit world of dream and allegory was not wholly insulated; the Introduction to the *Scarlet Letter* (1850) contains a reference to digging gold in California, and Chillingworth is stated to have "dug into the poor clergyman's heart, like a miner searching for gold."

Thus, by 1850, the Eastern writers all knew something about the Far West, or at least had some vague notions about it. What was this knowledge—or what were these notions? What interpretation, for good or bad, did the writers derive from the ideas?

Most typically, they conceived the Far West as a very strange country. The American tradition, and the English tradition before it, assumed that a well-watered and well-forested country was the natural state of the earth as God created it. Actually, vast regions are desert or steppe, and only comparatively small areas are well-watered and -forested. The misconception, however, was natural. Early descriptions of the West emphasized again and again a tale of grass-grown plains boundless as the ocean, of rocky buttes like ruined castles, of bare earth encrusted with salt, of endless buffalo herds that shook the earth. The "scoriac rivers" of *Ulalume* could have been derived from some description of a Western lava flow. Certainly Julius Rodman described the scenery in not dissimilar terms—for example, "The whole descent towards the stream has an indescribably chaotic and dreary air. No vegetation of any kind is seen." There is no need to multiply examples; the strangeness of the country was notable then, by experience or through descriptions, just as it is still notable to any born-and-bred Easterner making his first trans-continental trip.

If this first acquaintanceship with the Far West had arisen during the middle eighteenth century, no one can doubt but that the new land would have been judged altogether hideous and repulsive. But even before the *perioques* of Lewis and Clark first cut the muddy water of the Missouri, the spirit of Romanticism was alive in the land. People had begun to love deep romantic chasms more than well-kept sylvan parks and enameled meads. As Poe wrote of Julius Rodman: "He stalked through that immense and often terrible wilderness with an evident rapture at his

heart which we envy him as we read." Such a sentence is almost a textbook demonstration of Romanticism, and it might also be quoted of Frémont, Jedediah Smith, and other actual Western explorers.

This rapture at the heart, sometimes combined with advertising zeal, led to the build-up of the West as a land of beauty. First, possibly, the strangeness stirred the heart, and when the heart was stirred, the eye saw beauty. Thus, by grace of Jean Jacques Rousseau, our poets and novelists, and Americans generally, came to see the West as a strange but beautiful land of vast spaces where a man could live freely. And so, as dream and partially as reality, it has been ever since.

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticizing hedge-rows and black cattle. . . . If you remark the scent of a bean field crossing the road, perhaps your fellow traveler has no smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is shortsighted and has to take out a glass to look at it.

—WILLIAM HAZLITT, *On Going a Journey*

WHAT'S IT SUPPOSED TO BE?

John Rood

PEOPLE—NOT ARTISTS or those particularly interested in art, just people—stand in front of what is obviously a picture of a man and ask the question; they look at a sculpture of a horse or a cat or a nude figure and ask, "What's it *supposed* to be?" It is as if they had lost their ability to recognize things familiar as well as the ability to enter into and understand any new thing. This is unfortunate; more than that—catastrophic. Recognition of things familiar is not important; understanding new things, or a deepening of understanding of old things, is important, for we never can completely understand anything. In a time so chaotic, so aimless as our own, any small addition to understanding is precious. Now one of the greatest possibilities of art is to increase understanding of things hitherto partially known or entirely unknown. Science is not much help; it plays odd tricks on us; just as we begin to think it is our friend, it pulls something like the atomic bomb from under its hat and what we mistook for a friendly face turns into a skull. Religion has lost its hold on many of us. Art could be the friendly hand in the dark. But is it?

How many "modern" pictures, sculptures, symphonies, contribute to understanding? And how much does contemporary criticism—loaded as it too often is with such phrases as "*trompe l'oeil*," "chromatic orchestration," "enigmatic articulation"—contribute to the understanding of works of art?

Certainly at no other period in art has there been for so long a time such complete confusion. If, say, after the Armory Show in 1913, that confusion had begun to clear by the middle of the next decade, we could lean back and say, "Another instance of the artist being ahead of his time." But the confusion seems to be chronic. Youngsters today, like their parents before them, refuse to believe that modern art is much more than a rather dull joke perpetuated by artists who are either incompetent to say anything or have nothing to say. They refuse to be interested in pictures which say only such trivial things as, "You thought an apple was

round. See, I am showing you it is also square," or sculpture which says, "Yes, a bird is streamlined." They look at a stone egg and are not impressed; after all, at breakfast they saw a real egg with something inside it. And they turn away with the half-realized feeling that they have been insulted.

The blame for lack of understanding cannot be placed entirely on lack of sensitivity, stupidity, or just plain willfulness on the part of the people. For they have been shown pictures which were not about anything and have seen sculpture that was merely a hunk of stone that you could pick up on any walk through the country, or wood and bronze twisted into amorphous shapes which might have been "created" by the whimsy of wind or water or the chance belch of a blast furnace. And they have been told by Little-Miss-Home-From-Boarding-School that they could not possibly understand. If she made the thing, she says, "It's the way I feel. It's art." God help her!

What is it all about, then, this so-called "modern" art, modern now for almost half a century?

Let us go back to the beginning. The blame is sometimes placed on Cézanne, who remarked that all nature could be reduced to the cube and the sphere. It is the sort of remark almost any great artist, whose mind throws sparks off in all directions, might make—not perhaps taking it too seriously, just throwing the idea out for what it might be worth. In any case, that's what some young men started doing in their pictures; they reduced nature to geometrical shapes. Many interesting pictures came from their experimentation. The young men were in revolt, as they had a perfect right and even necessity to be, against the fuddy-duddy realism of the nineteenth century that had spawned the most insipid painting and sculpture ever glorified by the name of art.

But the revolution went on and on. Some of the young men repeated their experiments over and over, which was bad enough; rich people bought the pictures and the property investment had to be protected—museums were founded, writers coined fancy phrases to tell how wonderful the pictures were. Miss Nellie Everbrite of Dreary Creek saw abstract art, found that with a few lessons she could paint just as abstractly as anybody, and quite naturally began to do it. But worse than all this, teachers discovered that the "modern" way was extremely easy to teach, for any high-school child could be taught in a month to turn out an abstraction that for slick decorative quality would almost, if not quite,

rival the work of the smart metropolitan practitioners. This is, of course, an overstatement; however, as any teacher of art knows, an effect of competence can be had very quickly. The girl fresh from the daisies comes to college, is taught the little bag of tricks, turns out a prettily colored design, and Miss Nellie and Miss Susan and Miss Jenny gather about her to exclaim: "Oh, how *interesting!*" "Such *feeling* in that line!" "So *original!*"

Now what is original in an experiment that is an imitation, several times removed, of an experiment? What the girl has done is to make, at best, a good design, and the ability to make a good design is certainly a part of any artist's equipment. She should be taught the elements of abstraction, i.e., abstract design, as well as representational drawing, perspective, color theories, and so on. The student cannot be taught what to say in his work; he can be taught the mechanics. There can be subtle influences, inferences, as to what he should say—though this conditioning can be dangerous, as we shall see. Too often he is taught one thing, design, which is made an end in itself. This teaching results in a flood of abstractions, the skeletons of pictures, which are as dull when seen in quantity as any collection of paintings from the Old Maid School of Painting—the school, that is, which turned out young ladies who painted "The Stag at Bay," "Waterfall by Moonlight," and so on. I venture to say it did not take as much artistic intelligence and knowledge of craft to turn out the abstraction as it did to turn out the "Waterfall by Moonlight"!

In short, what began as a revolution has turned into a new and dull academism, which seems to be the way of most revolutions.

One explanation only, Cézanne's remark, has been given here for what we call modern art. Such a chance remark is obviously not enough. There is another explanation which goes deeper.

Religion and art stem from the same root and have always gone hand in hand, whether the religion be pagan, Christian, Buddhist, or Judaistic. Except (and this may or may not be of importance) that Judaism, of all the major religions, produced no plastic art of much consequence until the religion itself had begun to decay along with Christianity. Now the second of the Mosaic laws, or ten commandments, is, "Thou shall not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under

the earth" This law has never been followed to the letter by the major Christian religions, but it is significant that Judaism, which did adhere to the Mosaic laws, had begun to lose some of its ancient power at about the time that so-called modern art had its beginnings.

Very little modern art would be called religious, yet art can be of the nature of religion without dealing with religious subject matter, and much modern art is of the nature of religion. This sounds rather odd until we look into it more closely.

We find several tendencies in modern art. One of them is to get away from reality; that is, the depiction of existing things or people. Another is the search for ideas among other religions—pagan, savage, primitive.

The camera has received the blame mostly for the move away from realistic depiction. "The camera can record better than the artist." And the camera does have something to do with the movement away from reality. But to go back to the idea of the rise of modern art at the time of religious decay, one wonders if the taboo against creating images, though consciously ignored, does not linger on in the subconscious minds of artists? Thus at the same time that the artist creates images, he so distorts them that they are not recognizable as images. He keeps himself "pure" as it were, yet satisfies his desire to make man in the image of God. Since many leaders in the modern movement belong to that religion whose taboo against representation most recently lost its power, this explanation would seem more logical—certainly a deeper-lying reason—than that of the camera.

The other idea—that is, the search among other religions for motivation—lies close to the "nature of religion" in modern art. For we do have incantation, magic, in the art of our time; the art of primitive peoples is almost pure incantation, produced to frighten, to inspire with awe, to cast a spell. Now, as other writers have pointed out, human sacrifice was a part of most of these religions from which our artists borrowed; the gods of those religions were cruel, horrific, frightening beyond mere childish boogerman fear. This cruel quality is apparent in many of the works of art of our time; there is the same fearsome quality in much modern sculpture and painting that one sees in those gigantic heads on Easter Island: a bland, idiotic stare—impersonal, inhuman, hypnotic. A new demonology, as it were, the opposite side of the coin, has come into being. The artist, turned from belief in his own gods, sickened by war and the signs of inhumanity about him, fled into what might be called

spiritual nihilism. Or, deprived of religion as a source of inspiration, the artist—like the rest of the world—turns about and tries to destroy himself by making meaningless things or else things of demoniac rather than godlike nature. For demons destroy while gods create, and it is true that the creative faculty when thwarted will turn to destruction.

Some observers of this phenomenon of the making of images with demoniac content, similar to the gods of the human sacrificing religions, have explained it by suggesting that it might have been the result of the first World War and of all the bloodshed and spiritual destruction that has gone on since then. However, the search by artists for motifs in primitive religions had begun long before the human sacrifice of the first World War, so that instead of the war's being the cause of demoniac art, it would be certainly more logical to say that demoniac art had been the cause of the war!

In any case the making of images, lying as close as it does to religion, is a serious business. When an artist paints a picture or carves a statue, he is doing much more than putting paint on canvas or cutting chips from stone; he is, whether he realizes it or not, making an image, and that image can and may have a profound effect—he will soon die, but the image will remain.

Let us return now to Miss Nellie Everbrite and her class of young people. She is telling them, "It is only possible to be really *creative* if you work abstractly. You just can't reproduce something, like a camera. You've got to make up something new! Now look at this picture by Picasso. And this one by Bauer. Notice the rhythmic arrangement of the masses and lines—like a visual symphony." So goes the daily sermon. The pupils doggedly pattern space, make receding and projecting planes, work out color harmonies and dissonances, try to wrench something out of themselves that is not there. Miss Nellie walks among them watching, saying, "Oh no! Not like that. Don't try to draw all the fingers on the hand—just give the effect, give the *feeling* of the hand." She would smile in a superior way if somebody suggested drawing from a plaster cast, not realizing that her attitude is quite as wrong as the old way of drawing *only* from plaster casts.

Thus the new academism: the youngsters are admonished to be creative, to be different, and are shown examples of what that "creation" and "difference" should be. We are deluged with experimental, abstract

pictures: imitations, that is, of experiments made by great painters some decades ago. That these youngsters are making images does not occur to them or to their mentor. The images made at this stage are not important; the fact that they are learning the pattern, the tricks, for the making of future images *is* important.

An amusing by-product of this sort of teaching is that pure abstraction often verges on pornography. For if you turn youngsters loose with the admonition only that they make no recognizable thing, just shapes, they are apt unconsciously to make sex symbols. One quite nice woman of my acquaintance who is an ardent abstractionist turns out pictures so distressingly phallic that one wants to murmur, "Don't look *now*, but"

As this is being written, I can imagine the cries of outraged exponents of modernism. "So, modern art is no good? You advocate a return to realism. A reactionary! Back to the good old masters!"

No, none of these. What we call modern art is the work of many sincere and highly gifted men. Their work will remain long after they and I are dead and will withstand the howls of people who do not like it. These men did their work and made their contribution, and like all good artists they recorded the spirit—or lack of spirit—of their time and also saw into the future. For that, who can quarrel with them? With the forces that made their physical and spiritual environment, yes.

But the little ones, the slavish imitators with nothing to say, the Miss Nellies having no real understanding or feeling for their work or its implications; the youngsters who are shown only the work of modern masters as examples and who are admonished to use only their special formulas—these are the ones who need to be told that this is no pretty toy. I would not tell them, "Turn back to the past. Forget this modern stuff and study only the old masters. Try to copy exactly what is in front of you." For any rigid academism in art is equally sterile.

What it boils down to is this: imagination, individuality, inventiveness, vigor, resourcefulness are all very much a part of any artist's equipment. The more of these qualities he has, the greater will be his effect on art and on mankind generally. However, we are not going to foster these qualities in young people by substituting one kind of academism for another—which is exactly what we are now doing.

One does not become an artist overnight; you cannot know too much, experience too much; you cannot understand too much of people, ideas.

One's individuality is not increased by admonitions to be "different"; we *are* different, and it is by richening our individuality through experience—our individual reactions to experience—that we can become more completely ourselves. The artist has special sensitivity—too often confused in the past with hysteria when the artist felt he must prove his difference—and that sensitivity is a precious thing, not to be tampered or interfered with. The artist's environment, physical and spiritual, is important because of that sensitivity. It is a serious business to place images before him—particularly when he is young, impressionable, in the formative stage—and say that these are the images after which he must pattern his work; more especially is it dangerous when those images are the demoniac or destructive ones which make up a good share of the art produced in the past thirty years.

Modernism in art is the new academic style, and youngsters are taught to follow it. But remember, good artists do not follow styles; they make them. Young people should study all the tricks of past and present masters, keeping this in mind: the artist has a grave responsibility—much less to himself than to the world. We must all strive for understanding of others and of ourselves and create our works of art out of that understanding, using the technical tricks of the masters and making up a few ourselves, as vehicles to carry the freight of what we have to say. When there is a choice, we will discard the negative statement for the affirmative.

And first of all, though it comes last, we will remember that we are ourselves. That integrity, for an artist, is the most priceless of possessions.

THE NISEI SINCE PEARL HARBOR

Henry Tani

FOUR WARTIME YEARS have crowded into the lives of some 112,000 Pacific Coast residents a volume of experiences such as only Japanese Americans can tell. Suspected, uprooted, dislocated, relocated, and resettled, they were the home-front casualties of our Western shores.

What did really happen, now that we can look back objectively? And how did these *évacués* undergo their communal existence behind barbed-wire fences? Where did they go when the War Relocation Authority closed these relocation centers in the fall of 1945? Are they better or worse Americans for their experiences? How does the movement affect American democracy, now and in the future? And what are some of the unfinished businesses?

I

No sufficient answers can be given to these questions without some brief consideration of the past history of Japanese immigration into the United States.

As every Pacific Coast resident knows, the Japanese were not the first Orientals to reach America nor the first to meet there a reception increasingly hostile. The Chinese long preceded them. Only after the Chinese Exclusion Act shut off a chief source of cheap labor were other Orientals brought in—at first, from among those already in the Hawaiian Islands, then from Japan proper. The majority of the male Japanese came between the years 1900–1910; most of the women arrived in the 1910–20 decade. The immigrants of these years are the parents of those now called the “Nisei,” which means “second generation.” Since nearly all the immigrants were young, children came rapidly. The peak of the birth rate was reached in 1921, and along with it the height of Coast anxiety over the presence of this new “Yellow Peril.” In 1924, a year which stands out like a sore thumb in international relations, the Japanese Exclusion Act became law.

The high birth rate was not the only cause for the passing of this act

nor for the general uneasiness which inspired it. The incoming Japanese tended, as all newcomers do at first, to live closely in groups, to cling to their own customs. But unlike immigrants from European nations, these groups were not readily assimilated. Being ineligible to citizenship, they had no incentive to learn English as part of the naturalization process. With none of the sense of security which citizenship might have given, they clung the more closely to the culture patterns of the old country. Japanese-language schools dotted the Coast from Seattle to San Diego. Clusters of Japanese immigrants took the places filled earlier by clusters of Chinese.

Gradually, though, the public schools, the playgrounds, Scout troops, churches, and movies exercised their influence on the younger generation. The teachers of these shy, reticent children of an unwanted immigrant group had kind words to say of their pupils. Attendance, homework, deportment, co-operation, neatness—these were the qualities attributed to them. More than their share of the Nisei went beyond high school into the colleges and universities. Their prewar record in American society was favorable too in so far as the police blotter, the relief rolls, and the reports of social workers show. Family pride and unity and respect for elders, carry-overs from their earlier culture, continued to exist in the second generation. Along with it went a sense of obligation to the country which sheltered them, though grudgingly.

Even when an American education had been achieved, however, not many opportunities were open to the Nisei. Apart from agriculture and the service trades, almost the only chance was in the wholesale-retail handling of Oriental imports and exports. Knowledge of Japanese was essential here, for Japanese firms tended to look favorably on the bilingual Americanized Nisei. For the ambitious, then, it was the part of wisdom to attend Japanese-language schools as well as American ones, to spend some time after graduation in Japan. Hence the presence in Japan of a sprinkling of Nisei brought up within the United States—that source of many of the “fifth-column” rumors prevalent in the early days of the war.

II

The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor fell with explosive force on immigrants and Nisei alike. On the night of December 7, the Federal Bureau of Investigation took into custody some two thousand “enemy

aliens," those listed in its files as having connections with Japan. Coupled with these arrests came the closing of the business establishments of those arrested, the freezing of bank accounts of all aliens and alien-controlled businesses. A hushed gloom settled over two thousand homes from which the breadwinners had been removed.

On the brighter side of the picture, it should be noted, however, that there were acts of magnanimity and understanding, especially on the parts of those dealing with Japanese American children. On the Monday following Pearl Harbor, school teachers, principals, and superintendents reassured their pupils (and most of all the self-conscious Nisei) that no confusion was to be made because of who or what was the enemy. No major incident involving school children has been reported. There were, too, sporadic acts of trust and kindness toward individual Japanese, but these not in numbers sufficient to check the general suspicion and fear.

Following the first arrests, Army orders came in rapid succession: orders defining military areas, listing contraband goods, establishing an eight o'clock curfew, calling for the registration of all aliens, freezing persons of Japanese descent, citizens and aliens alike, to within a five-mile radius of their homes. Neighbors looked askance at all Orientals, and the Chinese and Filipinos wore badges to identify themselves. Of special influence on the public attitude were the rumors that came from the Hawaiian Islands. There were stories of Japanese-driven trucks blocking main roads; of enemy fliers wearing mainland college emblems; of fields plowed to form arrows pointing to Pearl Harbor. It mattered little that these stories were ultimately proved false. Newspapers and radios carried them, adding a little here and there to emphasize the point. Where the newspapers left off, the self-seekers carried on, those with their eyes set on Japanese holdings or Japanese trade.

The fact that settlements of Japanese were to be found in all the main seaports, next to large airfields, near dams, bridges, and railways enhanced the general suspicion. Not much was said of the fact that many of the rural settlements had preceded the highway or oil field or airport. With emphasis only on the existence of strategically situated settlements and none on the origins of those settlements, panic grew instead of lessened through the early weeks of the war. To Lieutenant General John L. DeWitt, Commanding General of the Fourth Army and the Western Defense Command, goes the doubtful honor for declaring a "military necessity" and for the subsequent evacuation from the Pacific Coast of

all persons of Japanese descent. Backed by Executive Order 9,066 under date of February 19, 1942, General DeWitt established the Wartime Civil Control Administration—the WCCA—which undertook the first evacuation movement.

III

Attesting to the ingenuity and capacity of the military, there were eighteen "Assembly Centers." Within two months and all at short notice, over 100,000 civilians became wards of the WCCA, living a communal life in hastily built barracks and reconverted stables in fairgrounds and race tracks. Privacy was at a minimum; standing in line at the mess halls was the chief occupation of the day.

Though much might be said about the bitterness and disillusionment that clouded the atmosphere, still more important was the effort of the *évacués* themselves to make the best out of a bad situation. Their confinement was, in one sense, a matter of choice. The alternative offered them was voluntary evacuation beyond the prescribed military areas, roughly a strip of one hundred miles along the coast line. Some five thousand or more had undertaken on their own, especially in Utah and Colorado, to fend for themselves. The greater number, however, had neither the resources nor the self-assurance to face a war-hysterical public and asked only that the original family and community groupings be retained.

There was some reassurance in facing an unknown future with familiar neighbors and friends. Since the prewar Japanese community as such was not a geographical area, but more a social relationship knit together by many common ties over a wide area, the confinement of the group, so long as it remained a group, lent a certain family atmosphere to an otherwise grim situation. Leaders with established reputations had only to assert themselves to be placed in positions of responsibility. The dominant response of the imprisoned thousands was wholehearted and unselfish. The knowledge that these Assembly Centers were temporary, pending development of the more permanent centers, soothed an anxiety made the sharper because of cramped quarters and abnormal routine.

There were, too, a few immediate alleviations. The WCCA reckoned rightly when its directors chose to lay great emphasis on the recreation program. An educational program inspired and administered by the *évacués* themselves became a vital niche in the life of school-age children.

Craft and hobby shows of things made from scraps with the simplest of tools revealed unending patience and skill. Medical centers staffed wholly by *évacués* were developed and maintained. Carnivals, concerts, forums, and special events flourished. Statistics from the *évacué*-published *Tanforan Totalizer* in its final edition dated September 12, 1942, indicate the extent of participation at one of these centers. Of the 8,000 residents confined for four months at the Tanforan Assembly Center (race track) just south of San Francisco, 2,230 were enrolled for formal instruction from kindergarten to adult classes; 1,259 participated in the music, art, and flower-arrangement schools. A library of 5,000 books grew overnight, with books donated from "outside" friends and institutions. The recreation department announced that softball addicts accounted for seventeen leagues involving 117 teams and 1,170 players. The medical center diagnosed and treated 35,000 cases, the dental clinic handled 4,777 cases, and the optometrists gave over 1,000 prescriptions.

There were nuisances, of course, in the WCCA centers. Wartime restrictions were still in order: twice daily roll calls, searches of quarters for contraband, denial of "community councils" to speak in behalf of the *évacués*, restrictions on the use of the Japanese language, limitations affecting visitors, but for the most part these were endured without much complaint.

IV

The transition from the Army's WCCA to a civilian War Relocation Authority came as a general relief. It must be said, however, that both the military and civilian personnel of the WCCA showed every consideration possible under the circumstances. Nevertheless, the WRA and its ten relocation centers situated in seven states in far-removed places offered more in stability and permanence. For here was "home for the duration."

Take the Central Utah Relocation Center, for example, situated some one hundred forty miles southwest from Salt Lake City, sixteen miles west of Delta on the Union Pacific's main line. This was Topaz (named after a near-by mountain), located at an elevation of 4,700 feet at the edge of the Sevier Desert on what was once the bottom of Bonneville Lake. Two months after ground breaking, the first contingent of *évacués* appeared on the dust-laden wasteland, and in another month Topaz was

the fifth largest city in Utah, with a population exceeding 8,000 residents, mostly from the San Francisco Bay area.

The whole project here embraced 17,500 acres (which later went on sale for a dollar an acre); the residential area was one square mile, fenced with barbed wire, with the inevitable wartime watchtowers, searchlights, gates, and military police patrols. Within was a checkerboard division of thirty-six residential blocks, each block uniformly constructed with twelve barracks of six rooms each. A dining hall, and a washroom, toilet, and laundry building supplied the needs for the 250 to 300 persons in each block.

Attempts to make life normal and comfortable in the barren rooms were the primary concern upon arrival. Homemade furniture and furnishings, aided by mail-order purchases, did much to relieve the drabness of G.I.-supplied cots and potbellied stoves. The scramble for the more desirable jobs also attested to the "for the duration" psychology. The city of Topaz had presently a 128-bed hospital, a school system embracing a junior-senior high school, two elementary schools and three preschool nurseries, plus adult education classes in art, music, sewing, and Americanization. Chief contribution to the communal life was the Topaz Consumers Co-operative, Inc. With one-dollar memberships, the Co-op operated three stores handling drugs, shoes, clothing, food, and soft drinks, besides services in shoe and radio repairing, banking, barber and beauty shops, and movies.

Here, too, the recreation program was aggressively promoted. Arrow-head hunting, artificial-flower making, wood carving, polishing of stones, and making of sea-shell pins and brooches with native materials found in the area supplied a valuable outlet for otherwise idle hands. Religious functions were fully organized, and neighborhood life on a block basis soon developed. Some 200 federal Caucasian employees supervised and staffed the various divisions, but the *évacués* also were fully employed. Internal politics, represented in part by a community council with block representation, sprang up. A wartime city thus came to be.

V

No sooner had the *évacués* settled down for the second time than the grapevine carried the news that a third movement was underfoot. The word "relocate" became the watchword, and the *évacués* were alerted to the desirability of making plans for going "outside." The WRA was

serious in its task of becoming a self-liquidating agency, and all efforts were bent to that end.

Public relations in the "outside" areas were developed, employment and housing opportunities sought, favorable press reports and influential individuals and groups were used. In educating the public to the fact that here was a civilian group which was the victim of war hysteria and race prejudice, the appeal to basic Americanism and fair play was the telling blow. Of the many influences that helped, we mention only two—the student relocation program, and the Nisei in the armed services.

First to leave the confines of the centers were students. Special procedures were secured to send them to colleges and universities outside of the restricted Pacific Coast states. Through the efforts of the National Student Relocation Council, composed of educators, civic and church leaders, fully 3,000 Nisei students found their way into more than 500 institutions of higher education all the way across the country. This was a significant contribution to the relocation program, not because of the individuals involved but because of the manner in which the plan worked. Sheltered in the liberality and warmth of college campuses, they were the more articulate of the group from which they came, and hence became effective good-will ambassadors wherever they went. Their presence in areas where Orientals were unknown gave new meaning to the war. Reports that these students wrote back to the centers were read and discussed as amazing evidences of real Americana, quite unlike what camp residents had known on the Golden Coast.

As for the Nisei in uniform, fully 5,000 of them had been drafted prior to Pearl Harbor; after that, the Selective Service discontinued accepting them. In June 1942, a unit of 1,000 Nisei, the 100th Infantry Battalion from Hawaii, went into training at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, and attracted much favorable attention. This reassured the War Department of their ability, and to answer the clamor of the Nisei within and without the relocation centers for a chance to serve in the armed services, the Secretary of War, on January 28, 1943, announced the formation of the 442d Combat Team of some 5,000 men to train at Camp Shelby in Mississippi. It was at this critical moment that President Roosevelt made his memorable statement: "Americanism is not, and never was, a matter of race or ancestry."

Only volunteers were invited to join the all-Nisei 442d, and it was not until almost a year after, in December 1943, that Selective Service

was reinstated for the Nisei. The record of the 100th and the 442d with the Fifth and Seventh Armies in Europe is now history. Up to V-E Day, the 442d, with which the 100th was later merged, accounted for 4,105 Purple Hearts, 9,230 wounds, 640 killed, 75 missing in action, 5 Presidential citations (two more subsequently received), 64 Divisional citations, 42 Distinguished Service Crosses, 249 Silver Stars, and 601 Bronze Stars. In public reports, the 442d is freely quoted as being the "most decorated unit in the history of the U.S. Army." On the Pacific front, thousands of Nisei graduates from the Military Intelligence School at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, served as translators, interrogators, and interpreters. They intercepted and wrote propaganda, broadcast to civilians, and were of use in every contact with the enemy. Those much condemned Japanese-language schools which had flourished along the Pacific Coast may have unwittingly aided the war effort.

To the relocated student and to the Nisei G.I., theirs was not an individual burden but a responsibility toward the whole Japanese American population. That "extra 10 percent" in performance became standard equipment. The Nisei G.I. fought for democracy abroad to secure democracy at home. And largely because of the records of student and soldier, the work of the WRA in dispersing the center population into areas in the Midwest and the East became less a matter of seeking openings than of pleading with the *évacués* that their place was not within, but without, the barbed-wire fences.

VI

As of January 2, 1945, there were still some 61,000 residents in eight relocation centers. On July 1, the number dropped to 45,000, and by December 1, 1945, the liquidation of the centers was virtually completed. Official WRA figures show that 42.3 percent of center residents went directly back to the West Coast states, but added to this number must be those who first went East, and then rejoined their families on their westward trek. Shifting population makes only estimates possible, but it may safely be stated that of the original number removed from the Coast, probably some 60 percent went back.

That leaves a full 40 percent of the original West Coast Japanese population scattered elsewhere, some of them in the rural areas of Utah, Idaho, and Colorado, which had had some prewar Japanese residents, and still more in the urban areas of the Midwest and East. Outstanding is

Chicago, which has now the largest postwar concentration outside of the West Coast states, with estimates topping 15,000. Detroit, Cleveland, and the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul exceeded 1,000 resettlers each. Around the 500 mark were such cities as Milwaukee, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Philadelphia, New York, and Washington, while smaller numbers made homes in Des Moines, Dayton, Buffalo, and Boston among countless other places. The Seabrook Farms in New Jersey attracted over 1,000, who were employed in the truck garden and frozen foods industry there.

By and large, those who ventured into new areas found a friendly community and a greater choice of occupations than had been open to them earlier. Once the novelty wore off, fellow employees and neighbors treated the resettlers as cordially or indifferently as individuals ordinarily would; only, the cordiality was rather more pronounced, and certainly more appreciated, as compared to the lack of it "back home." The American goal of complete integration of immigrant folks became more possible under the circumstances of the dispersal, since, even within the cities named above, the resettlers were usually well scattered, both as to homes and jobs. It took a certain degree of "readiness" and an independent spirit for them to get away from the mores of the old "Japanese Town" and press forward on their own ability. When they succeeded in doing so, they found no stigma attached to being different, and social and occupational fields far more accessible than under the restrictions existing on the Coast.

The returnees, on the other hand, did not come back to what they left, but to war-affected cities, much overcrowded and dislocated. Housing was the prime concern. Jobs were available, but, as in the prewar days, the choice was narrowed to the domestic and gardener level. A few have broken into new lines, but the general observation still holds—Orientals do not get white-collar jobs. There is a revival of the Little Tokyos up and down the Coast. Segregated churches and communities with their own athletic leagues and social life show a dependence upon their own kind. Unlike the extrovert attitudes of those who are sinking roots in the East, the characteristic returnee's view on the Coast is again introverted, with emphasis on "apartness." The older generation, however—and these comprise the greater part of the returnees—find much consolation in a return to the familiar grounds where they labored for so long and to which their emotional attachment is strong.

VII

Of the many agencies which prodded and aided the government, the most persistent was the Japanese American Citizens League, which at the outbreak of the war represented 20,000 members in 60 chapters. During wartime, the JACL concerned itself with the public dissemination of facts concerning the Nisei and their problems, with pressing for the return of the civil rights, participation in court test cases, and general representation in official channels. The American Civil Liberties Union was also prominent in its concern, for the evacuation was obviously a breach of some civil rights. The loudest voice of the American people, however, was the Protestant Church. Working through the Home Missions Council of North America, the Committee on Resettlement of Japanese Americans co-ordinated the work of several denominations looking to the humane dissolution of the centers. They sent Christmas gifts to children in the centers, helped to establish hostels in principal cities, set up local "resettlement committees" to aid resettlers, contributed toward the scholarship funds of the Student Relocation Council, and provided for the ministry within the camps and in the resettled areas.

The outstanding contribution in the West toward the maintenance of a sane balance of democracy was—and still is—that of the Pacific Coast Committee on American Principles and Fair Play. Fighting racism from the platforms and pulpits and through the press and radio, the distinguished individuals who comprised this committee sacrificed much of their personal comfort in behalf of an idea.

VIII

In money, the cost to the government of the evacuation and resettlement was \$250,000,000, as reported by the War Relocation Authority. As a wartime expenditure, this is a minor item, but the evacuation has aspects other than financial. That any group, as a group, no matter what its racial background, should have been taken into "protective custody" (which means imprisonment) without indictment or jury trial or any of the safeguards of the Bill of Rights; that this imprisonment resulted from a solely military decision; and that this decision rested on the political beliefs (the "dangerous thoughts") the group was supposed, but not proved, to possess—we have here a situation which is of the utmost menace. The problem it poses is not an isolated one, but one related to the minority problem in the whole nation. It is local only as the indi-

viduals affected are locally situated; its effect is national. Equally its effect is felt in the international field. Our attitude toward minorities at home piles up difficulties in the way of our reaching understanding with a whole group of foreign nations.

For the present, and here in the United States, there are several unfinished businesses at hand. To compensate for losses sustained, an Evacuations Claims Commission was proposed to the Seventy-ninth Congress in a bill (S-2127) which was passed by the Senate, but rejected (HR-6780) in the House. To grant naturalization privileges to the parents of the fighting 442d and the G-2's in the Pacific, a bill (HR-7128) removing racial restrictions from the naturalization laws was also introduced—but not passed—at the 1946 Congressional session. Both bills are “must” items for the 1947 Congress. In California, some attempts are being made looking toward repealing the present Alien Land Laws.

Whether these efforts can succeed remains, at this writing, uncertain. Whether they succeed or fail, however, there are still some plus values that derive from the last years' experiences. The thousands who are now enjoying life as unfettered Americans, bringing up a generation of children in American communities in the Midwest and East, are finding jobs more nearly commensurate to their education and training. The nation at large has learned more than it formerly knew of this small Oriental segment, and instead of shunning them, has in most instances taken them into its community life. As one looks westward across the Pacific to the Far East and to a new chapter in world history, this unhappy episode may be the preface to prepare us for a better day.

F. S. C. NORTHROP'S
THE MEETING OF EAST AND WEST
Robert Grinnell

F. S. C. Northrop's *The Meeting of East and West** is a brilliant book. It is also a highly technical book on the philosophy of cultural forms, and, as its subtitle "An Inquiry Concerning World Understanding" shows, it is in the distinguished tradition inaugurated by the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century philosophers—Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, and Kant—who devoted much of their lives to the problems involved in the definition of the methods and scope of human knowledge.

As was the case with his predecessors, Northrop is concerned with the problem of the relation of the real to those hopes and values which form the texture of men's lives. And as was also the case with his predecessors, his book is a testament to the conviction that with an adequate understanding of ourselves and of other people, those sources of friction which lie in the provincialisms of man's spirit, and in a prejudice for the limited, particular, and egocentric, will disappear. For Northrop as for Spinoza, to emphasize the isolation of the individual or the individual nation is to emphasize the negations, imperfections, and differences of men, to conceive of them as

mutilated and torn from their real environment, and to preclude any chance of reaching a world of inclusive and coherent purposes which is at once the precondition and the consequence of understanding and happiness.

These conflicts and limitations in sympathy constitute a paradox, for often it is precisely the element which makes a culture or civilization great that threatens to destroy it. Thus the average layman in any society tends to regard his own moral doctrines as the only ones, supposing at the same time that in so far as the ideals of other people diverge from his own they are not true values. The conflicts may have their origin in narrow nationalism, in self-assertiveness, or in the conflict of ideologies—now world wide in character—which are considered as justifications for it.

But this very pressure of conflicts attests to the interrelatedness of the world. The world is in effect one, in its differences if not in its agreements. The East and West have now met over nonlocal ideologies, which has not been the case previously. Thus, the East was as much divided as the West in the late war; Japan, Germany, Spain, and Italy fought China, England, Russia, and the United States. China's own struggle between Marxism and a brand

* F. S. C. Northrop, *The Meeting of East and West, An Inquiry Concerning World Understanding* (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1946), pp. ix-xxii, 531.

of Lockean democracy shows how locally concentrated major and world-wide paradoxes may be, and how contradictory are the internal and international life of a nation.

There is also another order of paradox: the assumption that religion and science must necessarily conflict. Science, which we have regarded traditionally as a source of tremendous benefit, is now rejected by some moralists as the source of all our ills. We are bidden to return to a morality and religion independent of science, to a realm of "ideals" for which all ordinary methods of analysis and verification are considered irrelevant, and whose power is communicated for the special salvation of chosen vessels of the Lord. Yet it was precisely such a split between knowledge and morals, introduced with Protestantism by Luther, Kant, and Fichte, that produced a society which seems far less idealistic and considerate in its acts than that of the more pragmatically minded British and Americans.

It would seem then that the problems of our time cannot be treated simply in terms of a diagnosis of "good" and "bad." To do so would cause each culture to return to its traditional formulation of such ideas—ideas which, in their limited interpretation, were responsible for generating present conflicts. Instead, as Northrop proposes, an effort must be made to understand the philosophical and scientific arguments which rendered a system of belief plausible to its founders. Out of the compatibilities and incompatibilities of the structural beliefs of each culture will come the

elements from which a coherent synthesis may be made.

The reconciliation of various statements as to the nature of good and its relation to the real falls into four major divisions. The first is that of the relation of the East to the West—the East with its culture based primarily on concepts derived from aesthetic intuition, the West, whose culture has been based largely upon the abstract concepts of science. A similar problem is presented by the necessity of merging Latin and Anglo-Saxon values. A third problem is that of the reconciliation of democracy, based on the atomic individualism of John Locke, with the organic theory of the society of communism, a theory having its modern origin in the Kantian and Hegelian solution to the contradictions discovered by Berkeley and Hume in Locke's first principles. And finally, a fourth problem is presented in the reconciliation of the enduring values of Greek and Mediaeval philosophy to those of the modern world.

Underlying all of these problems is an ultimate one which must be solved before any of the other solutions can be attempted. For, what is necessary today is a philosophy, adequately grounded in science, which is capable of dealing with present-day factual knowledge. An adequate theory of the nature of man and the universe must be constructed, and the constituents of human experience in their fundamental aspects must be defined. Until this is done, it will be impossible to work out a valid criticism of the presuppositions of the traditional ideologies of the major cultural struc-

tures, or to specify deductive consequences that can coherently accommodate present beliefs.

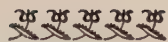
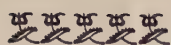
Northrop considers the presuppositions of various cultures or traditions—those of Mexico, the United States, Britain, Germany, Russia, Catholicism, and the Orient—together with such evidence as gave them the power of conviction. He then criticizes their adequacy in terms of contemporary knowledge, and attempts to show, in a synoptic view of actual events, to what extent specified deductive consequences were actually realized in the factual history of the nation. Finally, he indicates what new postulates are necessary to accommodate the valid insights of each cultural group.

Actually, *The Meeting of East and West* resolves itself into an attempt to abstract certain logical relations between components in human experience through a presentation of powerful ideas and distinguishing emphases in various cultures. Because these ideas are abstracted empirically from sequences of historical events, it is easy to misinterpret the purpose of the book. It is not directly concerned with history, nor with the history of ideas. And the criticism which a specialist might make of almost every passage, as far as detailed presentation of information is concerned, would in effect miss the point. For, as Northrop suggests, one of the shortcomings of much of modern scholarship would seem to be a failure to make syntheses, as well as an ignorance of the part that postulates or unproved assumptions play in hypotheses. Thus, much of the value of the book

will be overlooked if criticisms of fact are not based on assumptions, coherently presented, which have greater scope than Northrop's own and achieve that scope in a logically more economical manner.

Northrop bases his method for investigating the structure of cultural beliefs on that of a physical scientist. A physicist makes certain assumptions appropriate to the subject matter of his investigation, describes a given fact in accordance with those assumptions, then seeks to check the consequences following logically from the hypothesis by means of controlled experiment. If the results of the experiment are satisfactory, the hypothesis is indirectly confirmed. If the results contradict the theory, the assumptions must be re-examined or rejected. Consequently, a fact confirms but never *proves* a theory, since there are many possible theories which may account for it. The adequacy of a theory must be judged by the number of facts that can be coherently related by means of the least number of postulates.

This method is applied to the ideas which define a given culture. The assumptions, definitions, and findings of the various divisions of philosophy and science are co-ordinated, general postulates of a metaphysical character are stated, and the consequences which should follow in terms of religion, art, economics, politics, and social theory are stated with an attempt to discover to what extent the called-for consequences coincided with the facts of social history and organization. In so far as our knowledge of the factual



events in a society are adequate, the failures of theory when put into practice point to a hidden contradiction or inadequacy in the principles assumed, from which the deductions were made.

There are many questions one might raise as to the adequacy of this method in its relation to that subject matter where adequately controlled experimental verification is impossible. Such a question bears particularly on the validity of the transference of a method of procedure of physical science, which was determined by the distinctive character of its subject matter, to a subject matter radically different in character where controlled experimental verification is impossible. This difficulty, as Northrop notes, is particularly evident in the social sciences. For, in so far as they are descriptive, the social sciences can arrive at only statistical norms. Yet implied in the acceptance of those norms are certain value judgments stating what ought to be the case. There is, therefore, a confusion between the *is* of factual description and the *ought-to-be* of ethical judgment. The root of the trouble seems to be that a criterion for what is good is involved in the statement of what is the case. It is as though we should argue in this fashion: We observe that those people in a society who have an income of \$5,000 seem happy. The average income is \$2,000. Therefore we will raise all incomes to \$5,000 and everyone will be happy. Thus, the notion of what is good is as empirical and as statistical as our statement about what *is*, and is as weak, logically, as the information to be measured by it. We

have performed a purely mechanical operation which leaves the nature and definition of happiness untouched. Speaking descriptively, we have said "\$5,000 equals \$5,000"; speaking normatively, we have said "happiness is happiness." But these tautologies tell us very little. Chiefly they suggest that our definition of what is good cannot be empirically given. Yet, on the other hand, the descriptive method calls for some *factual* criterion of the good. And, in addition, the problem of experimental verification remains.

This means that part of our criterion must be nonempirical—that is, an intellectual assumption which we make. Thus, we assume that the word "man" means "rational animal." Any fact, therefore, which satisfies the characteristics called for by the definitions of the words "rational animal," can be called an example of "man." But no fact supplies its own interpretation. It merely presents itself as a particular datum or event in our experience, which we seek to interpret by classifying it under our general headings or unproved assumptions. Thus, our postulated terms are not given to us in experience. Rather, they are the categories by which one experience can be related to others of a specified character. Postulates do not say that a thing *exists*. They simply say that *if* certain intellectual assumptions are so, then certain types of experience could be classified under them. Consequently, one part of our criterion of the good must be of this abstract and formal character, as arithmetic is formal in the sense that it makes no difference

to the numbers whether apples or oranges are counted with them.

On the other hand, such a notion of good would be of doubtful value if there were not some aspect of it given to us as part of our immediate experience. In other words, "good" must be not only an abstract and formal *idea* but must also be a fact that occurs in our experience and has as concrete a characteristic as a lump of coal or a work of art. It must be not only abstract and theoretical in its formulation, but also a concrete, particular constituent of our lives. It must have two aspects, as there are two aspects to our understanding of a falling body—one, the theoretical, expressed by Newton's law of gravitational attraction, and the other, a particular event in our experience, as, for example, a falling apple, which for Newton raised the whole problem. The one is a concept by postulation, which states that given certain conditions, bodies will move in specified ways. The other is a concept by intuition—an immediate fact given in our visual experience. Our criterion of the good must, therefore, have a certain factual element that we sense directly and which is susceptible to description.

In order to avoid this fallacy which identifies the good for a society with a present or future "is," Northrop stipulates that it must have two characteristics: It must be grounded in an immediate and factual aspect of knowledge, which must hold for all men, and at the same time in an aspect rooted in the findings of natural science. Thus, the general reality of the good must be

immediately given, but its concrete specifications must be hypothetically determined by the best theoretical and empirical confirmation that science can offer. As long as that content is so confirmed, it must be accepted as absolute. But its absoluteness is conditional, contingent on the coherence and deductive certainty of science itself and the ever-present possibility that a contradicting fact will appear. The phenomenology of values must be presented, first descriptively, secondly as implied in an adequate statement as to the nature of the real and the constituting elements of human experience, and finally, modified in such a way that contradictions, either in postulates or specified consequences, will be eliminated.

It may well be objected that Northrop is guilty of a rationalistic fallacy in presenting a theory of social action as derivative from scientific and philosophical principles. Actually, he seems to regard metaphysical theories as crystallizations of ideas current but inarticulate in a society. As certain of these ideas become explicit in scientific and philosophical theory and through educational practice, they gain, by accretion, an emotional power as vehicles of meaning and discourse, so that other theories—economic, political, and legal—are constructed and taught in the light of those first principles, and represent on the one hand the rationale of practical life in relation to a theory of man's natural environment, and on the other, the terms by which an individual's experience is located in the value-percepts which constitute the meaning of his so-

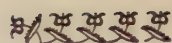
cial environment. Because of the delay between the formulation of a metaphysical theory and the power which it gains through social acceptance, ideas acquire a certain momentum, and continue to serve as vehicles of meaning and descriptions of the real, long after they have been rendered obsolete by new information or the exposure of internal contradictions.

On the other hand, the fact that ideas *do* gain a certain power in a society indicates that they do serve as the proper names for certain value-perceptions. However inadequately, they do represent some element of truth in a society's estimate of itself if not of nature, and they become descriptive less of an objective reality than of a factual situation in the collective psychology of a people. In that sense, such ideas tell us less about nature than of man. In so far as they become adequate metaphors on certain constants in human experience, their momentum is increased and their power endures long after the period of their initial formulation and acceptance. A society will ignore these elements of its tradition at its peril. It will court destruction if it interprets these ancient symbols of purpose exclusively and without reference to their possible co-ordination with those of other societies. In this sense, all ideas are symbols of purposes and values. Social frictions are the consequence of conflicts in ideas. And all wars are in a sense fought on the battlegrounds of tradition. Yet if the values which motivate wars are real and not illusions (and it is difficult to conceive of anyone dying for a recog-

nized fallacy), then the conflicts which emerge from them are social contradictions bespeaking inadequacy of knowledge. And if we hold, as would seem necessary, that the real cannot be self-contradictory, then we ought to find that the values we seek in the real do not lead to contradiction. It is this ultimate requirement of consistency and coherence that underlies all of Northrop's thinking, both in terms of the critical examination of postulates, the moral examination of ethical theory and actual practice, and his constant attack on a militant dogmatism that sees happiness, whether avowedly or not, exclusively, and as the prerogative of an elect. Adequate knowledge is not self-contradictory. Adequate values are available, though like the facets of a jewel only partially presented to all men. Conflicts over exclusive issues are the mutilations of true beliefs, the confusions of part with whole, the paradoxical caricatures of a real world which is at once greater than the sum of its parts and yet equally present in each of its smallest manifestations.

From his analysis of cultural forms Northrop is led to postulate two basic components of the real, and consequently, of experience. One of these he terms the aesthetic component, the other he calls the theoretic component. Neither of these is merely subjective; rather, they constitute together the inmost nature of things and of our knowledge of things.

The undifferentiated aesthetic continuum is a dynamic foundation—a stream of consciousness—upon which



sensory modifications are based; on the one hand, the smells, colors, sounds, and rich profusion of our sensory life, and on the other, the things which, because one aspect of them is grounded in this continuum, produce that variety in our conscious life. It is this factor, filled with particular objects and beauties, that is immediate and common to each of us, and which binds us to each other in felt sympathies and tensions. It was the profound and intimate awareness of this all-embracing vitality and power which led the ancients to turn on occasion to pantheism. It is the root of all true naturalism, and perhaps an echo of this feeling led St. Paul, though with important modifications, to speak of that God in whom we "live, move, and have our being."

If we were to try to picture the nature of this aesthetic continuum and the modifications that appear in it, we might fancy a drop of water in a stream that imagined itself as completely different from the rest of the stream and indeed was hardly aware of the stream at all. Rather, it saw only the differences between itself and everything about it. It saw only what it called its "essential drop-ness," seeing likewise the rest of the water as composed of these discontinuous particles. It saw only the differences between itself and other "things," and read into the swirls and eddies of the current all sorts of particular discontinuities, much as we divert ourselves by building castles out of the clouds of a summer's day. But such a drop of water is not radically different from the stream. Indeed, it is a drop

of water only by courtesy, and because of that very stream of which it is so blithely unaware. Immersed in the aesthetic continuum, we are like those drops of water. We, as persons, see ourselves as radically different from other things and other men. But the very substratum of our experience and the most intimate texture of our conscious being is comprised precisely of that stream and the rich power and variety which it infuses into the fleeting finite changes of our moods and vision. We see ourselves not as we really are, inextricably interwoven into nature and the binding sympathies of humanity, but as discrete and separate atoms of consciousness, mistaking the differences for the real, and our mutilations and particularities and fancied individuality for the inner cause of our essence.

The aesthetic nature of things constitutes the immediate variety of our experience. It is that aspect of consciousness which the Orient has cherished, and out of which it has built its moral systems, seeing the continuity as the real, and the differentiations that appear upon it as fleeting, transitory, and mortal. The theoretic component, on the other hand, has been that aspect of experience which has predominated in the West. It is the nonsensory a priori character which we ascribe to an abstract Reality. It is the factor in man's conscious life which produces pure mathematics, logic, concepts like "energy," "electron," "God," "substance," "casuality." In knowledge it appears as a systematic coherence of universals and the conditions of formal inference. In

things, the theoretic component represents that factor which permits abstract terms to be relevant to particular objects, and unites particular instances to general principles. Plato's universe of forms, and the participation of particular things in that universe expresses exactly that aspect of the real. Thus, for Northrop as, in an analogous sense, perhaps, for Spinoza, the real expresses itself through at least two attributes—the attribute of abstract thought, and the attribute of continuous aesthetic immediacy. Within each of these attributes appears the infinite variety of finite modes which constitutes the particular objects of our daily lives, and the mental categories by which we accommodate them in our purposes. The relation might be suggested by the relation of word to object. The aesthetic factor in, for example, a cigarette is the extension of which it is a modification, the color, touch, and taste which we experience and by which we *know* it most immediately. On the other hand, the idea expressed by the word "cigarette" is an entity radically different. It can be used an infinite number of times, does not require the presence of a cigarette to give it meaning, and represents the universal characteristic of all nonaesthetic communication. But neither factor can be totally dispensed with any more than the logically given wave length for blue could convey meaning to us without some experience of the color, or, on the other hand, the color experienced be adequately reasoned about without the logically given formula of physical science.

This dual nature of the real and of our experience satisfies, in Northrop's opinion, the conditions for an adequate criterion of analysis. It is factual and immediately present to all men as an aesthetic condition in physical existence. At the same time it is nonempirical in that in its formal statement it is a concept by postulation rooted in the theoretic component of things, verified indirectly in its deductive consequences. In one sense it represents the reality of our value perceptions—the emotions, loyalties, and faiths of our daily living. But also it is susceptible to logical formulation and coherence which is, in part at least, descriptive of the real. The real, conceived of under these dual attributes of thought and feeling, infuses emotional convictions and power into ideas, and at the same time permits the compulsive power of the real to be expressible in the terms of scientific and philosophical discourse. And it is sufficiently primitive as a concept to permit a large variety of specific cultural traditions and beliefs to follow from it as metaphors upon the constant nature of experience. No nation, no culture, can, in the context of such a theory, arrogate to itself an exclusive insight into truth, nor hold that the sky is bluer over Main Street than over Venice, nor that the laws of physics and biological selection operate only in the vicinity of Berchtesgaden. It permits a power and aesthetic force in ideas, and an exploration by ideas of underlying faiths. It permits each tradition to mirror the universe from its own point of view, but insists that that view shall be in consistent relation to all

others, and that all shall stand the test of formulation and verification in actual experience. Ours is one world, as the paradoxes of our world have indicated. A solution of these paradoxes must recognize the mutual implication of all the parts.

The conclusions that follow from Northrop's position are as follows: The criterion of the good is that conception which rests upon the notion of man and nature as determined by immediate apprehension with respect to the aesthetic component, and by the methods of natural science in respect to the theoretic component. Knowledge itself is a complex into which the theoretic and aesthetic factors of the real enter in a two-termed relation—to the felt aspects of which are added certain theoretical requirements necessary for its comprehension. Knowledge is inadequate in the sense that any datum has an infinite number of possible relations and of possible theoretical explanations no one of which is final. Consequently, the necessary certainty of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century rationalism is sacrificed for a theory of hypothetical certainty. This theory asserts that there is a radical distinction between the sensed aspect of a fact and the scientifically or logically known aspect of a fact. Within the scope of a given theory as representing an intelligible aspect of a fact, certainty follows. But such certainty is always contingent on the possibility of discovering some new constituent or aspect in a factual situation which will require radical revision of the hypothesis.

As far as man is concerned, he like

everything else partakes of the dual character of the real, both in his being and in the character of his conscious life. The notion of a specific and individual substance—a certain concrete and spiritual "self" which inhabits a body—is quite gratuitous. In his theoretic aspect man is composed, as the Russians hold, of a physical-chemical electromagnetic factor, expressing in logical and mathematical terms an aspect of reality that is never directly sensed.

On the other hand, the Russian theory of dialectical materialism is a fundamental error, since there is no justification for believing that the negation of one historical event physically conceived must produce any particular alternative. For that reason, the doctrinaire Marxian justification for revolution is invalid. The communist theory of history applies only to the *theoretical* aspect of man, and not to man in his real nature. One can negate Euclidian geometry by an infinite number of non-Euclidian geometries. Thus, neither culture nor history has the inevitability which the Marxists affirm of them.

But a man is also composed of a factor which is of an aesthetic character—a unique and individual modification of an all-embracing aesthetic continuum related in terms of colors, sounds, smells, and feelings to other modifications. This aspect of reality can only be described by changing the subject. In themselves no formula, no picture, no words can substitute for the concrete and immediate nature of sensory experience. It is this sympathetic element in man that is the basis of his moral and

ethical life, and links him irrevocably to nature and his fellows as the Oriental philosophies have indicated. But also, as Hume pointed out, the valid element of traditional democracy and traditional economic theory is retained to the extent that man, while being a local and temporal modification of the aesthetic continuum, is no less than that, and retains a certain individual integrity from which nothing can be detracted.

Consequently, those valid elements in philosophy that are confirmed by science are retained. Individualism is retained as a local variation on the surface of the aesthetic continuum. While mortal, the individual is still real within the span of his duration. But his reality is not ultimate. The Oriental element is retained in the idea of the aesthetic substrate upon which those variations depend, with an emphasis on immediate and integral relationship only indirectly suggested in the language of metaphysical theory. The materialistic theory of man propounded by the Marxists finds expression in the theoretical language of physical science. But its dogmatic confusion of a theory of history with a factual description of events is eliminated, while for the dialectical theory of history is substituted the hypothetical truth of empirical science. Again, the organic theory of society is accepted as an alternative to the logically invalidated social atomism of Locke. But society is to be regarded as the coherence of the component people, not as their annihilation.

Finally, human freedom is conceived by Northrop as lying in a fundamentally

undeterminate character of the real—in the infinite and unspecified possibilities which continuous scientific theory may reveal and confirm in practice; and more positively, in the immediate and undetermined relation which a man has to that aesthetic component which flows in and through himself and his introspected experience. His freedom consists in large part in his freedom to *be* himself, to express the inexhaustible possibilities of the real through the modifications or qualities which make him what he is, and in the organic coherence by which he is defined. A man is not an individual in terms of the uniform blankness of Locke's *tabula rasa*. He is an individual in the sense that he reflects the real from his own point of view and in terms of his own inner being and as the real expresses itself through him. He is at once a unique differentiation of substance and a term-point for an infinite number of relations which in effect give him his meaning. He is as inconceivable, logically, in isolation, as a logical proposition would be which did not imply all other propositions.

Good government is the social expression of this character of man. It must provide for the unique individuality of a man, as Mill held. But it must also provide positively for the relatedness which gives him meaning as a constituent of society. And it must reflect in its structure (as Plato insisted, in the *Republic*), the theoretic and aesthetic structure of reality, of which man and his behaviors, and all objects, are parts. Government, then, has a political, a

moral, and a metaphysical character—if its pretensions are not to be mere impudent dogmatisms—in preserving the integrity of the individual, affirming positive social values as theoretically presented and empirically confirmed by science, and in representing in its entirety the co-ordination of human purposes by means of a structural coherence and an aesthetic richness which are root principles of nature itself, and of which society is a model.

Such is the general character of the solution that Northrop offers to the problems of our day. It is rigorously metaphysical in nature, based on the methods of empirical science, growing out of a searching inquiry into the structure of reality and the nature of man, in so far as science reveals and experience confirms them. There are many questions upon which one might desire clarification. In what varying senses is the word "analysis" used, and to what extent is it conditioned by the character of the subject matter to be analyzed? If it is not conditioned by the subject matter, can it be called adequate at all? But if it does express a real aspect of nature, may it not lose the "hypothetical" character in its deliverances which is the "elastic clause" in Northrop's philosophy? Or in regard to "fact." Is there a formal definition of fact which is meaningful when applied to the objects of a variety of methods of analysis? Or is not the notion of fact as ambiguous as that of method is? This question of fact also raises a question as to what precisely those modifications are into which theoretic and aesthetic com-

ponents enter. Are they modifications of a real substance? And if so, isn't one involved in many of the difficulties one encounters in Spinoza? For if they are not modifications of something, then the real nature of their relatedness would seem to be subsidiary to a plurality which Northrop desires to avoid. But if they *are* derivative modifications of a simple, real substance, it is difficult to know how modifications are possible at all.

And finally, in regard to the distinction between "is" and "ought-to-be": Is such a distinction either possible or valid? For, if all things involve both the aesthetic and theoretic factors, and if these are the only attributes under which a thing can be known, it seems as though the question of the value of a thing or a fact were inextricably involved in its description. Thus, the distinction would at best be logical or corrective, a reminder to us to maintain philosophic disinterestedness. But in so far as our method recognized such a distinction it would seem to be to that extent inadequate to the subject matter of its investigation.

None of the above questions detracts in any way from the achievement represented by Northrop's book. They are precisely the questions his method requests, and upon the clarifications of which his conclusions rest. The intellectual adventurousness and flair for imaginative hypothesis command admiration, the problems it essays are basic, and as a demonstration in method it may in effect be the herald of a new intellectual synthesis, the desire for which one sees in so many places in our day.

CALIFORNIA CENTENNIALS: A STUDY IN EXTREMES*

Robert G. Cleland

IT IS ALL TOO OBVIOUS that the Pacific Coast is in the midst of an amazing social and economic revolution. Changes of great magnitude and unpredictable character are everywhere in progress. A region that a few years ago thought of itself only as an agricultural or mining frontier is rapidly being transformed into a polyglot, complicated, highly industrialized society. Modern transportation has annihilated distance and left only a remnant of the isolation that was once the all-determining factor in the life and history of the West. A seemingly endless stream of immigration fills our cities and agricultural districts with a restless, unstable population and intensifies the problems of racial groups and unassimilated racial blocs. The controversies between labor and capital are no longer local but national in scope. The tastes, ideals, and standards of yesterday may or may not survive the powerful impact of the strange, new forces of tomorrow.

According to semiofficial estimates, present-day California—which is now celebrating a series of significant historical centennials, and where, for the time being at least, the West Coast industrial and social revolution finds its most important center—has a population of nearly 9,000,000, an assessed property valuation in excess of \$8,000,000,000, an annual return from mining, fisheries, and manufactures of over \$10,500,000,000, an annual cash farm return of almost \$2,000,000,000, and individual incomes of approximately \$13,000,000,000.

One does not have to confuse greatness with size nor measure happiness by statistics to be impressed by these figures. Even in an age of economic superlatives they challenge our credulity; in historical perspective they seem utterly fantastic. Only in a land which measures time by decades instead of centuries and habitually outdistances prophecy by fulfillment can they be taken at their face value.

* This article is based in part upon material first included in the author's *The Cattle on a Thousand Hills*, and *The Place Called Sespe*. Between 1946 and 1950, California celebrates four centennials: 1946—The Occupation of California by American Forces; 1948—The Cession of the Territory by Mexico; 1949—The Gold Rush; 1950—The Admission of California to the Union.

A short time ago a friend of mine came to the end of the long, long road he had walked for a hundred and three years. When he began that road, the California of today, with its rapidly mounting population, great industrial enterprises, billion-dollar banks, huge motion picture studios, hopelessly congested highways, endless miles of intensively cultivated farms, and crowded metropolitan centers, was an isolated, partially explored, sparsely inhabited border province on the long rim of the Mexican frontier. A terrifying wilderness, crossed only by the adventurous trails of the fur traders, and watered—thanks to the generous ignorance of contemporary map makers—by three mythical rivers that flowed from the Rocky Mountains into the Pacific Ocean, separated this semicivilized cattle frontier from the American settlements of the Missouri Valley.

Except for a thin line of pueblos and ranchos along the coast and the semimilitary settlement which the unstable visionary, Johann Augustus Sutter, had established on the Sacramento River, California itself was an integral part of the same vast wilderness, "a wild, wide waste land" of incalculable distances and hostile solitudes. In another place I have tried to picture the province as the first American overland settlers must have found it:

The country's few Spanish-Mexican inhabitants were an unsophisticated people of simple customs and pastoral habits, who limited their economic activities to cattle raising and bartered hides and tallow for merchandise of foreign manufacture. This lack of industries and diversified agriculture fitted into a pattern of life directly at variance with that of the Anglo-Americans and arose from a philosophy that provided room for leisure, hospitality and unaffected happiness but offered no incentive for the exploitation of the country's rich and varied resources or for the accumulation of large individual fortunes.

None of the California settlements was then big enough to be called a city or even a full-fledged town. Los Angeles, larger than any other pueblo or presidio in the province, was a straggling village of questionable reputation and sadly mixed population—"the noted abode of the lowest drunkards and gamblers of the country." Monterey, though perhaps socially and morally more exclusive than Los Angeles, was even smaller in population and less influential politically than its southern rival. San Francisco was little more than an abandoned mission, a decayed presidio, and a cluster of adobe huts. Great distances and formidable natural barriers isolated the province from other countries, and factional rivalries made it the prey of chronic intrigue and frequent revolution.

Such, in broad outline, was the California of a little more than a hundred years ago—the California that my friend's fivescore years and three

incredibly linked with the California of the present day. An infinite gulf separates the life of that time from the complex society to which we of this hurried and confused generation belong. Then, there was leisure, tranquillity, contentment of spirit—a serene satisfaction in living that modern civilization pursues as a wanderer pursues a mirage in the desert but never quite overtakes. A century ago California was a land of plenty, simplicity, and austerity, a land in which hunger and luxury were alike unknown.

Land and cattle were the Californian's only source of wealth. Land might be had literally for the asking, breeding stock could be borrowed from the nearest neighbor, and in a few years Nature did the rest. It was wholly a pastoral society, at once simple and satisfying, with its own peculiar sense of values. In it, economic competition, the peace-destroying quest for wealth, and the frenzied activity engendered by the profit motive had little or no place.

Both environment and long tradition encouraged the Californian to do the things that gave him happiness, to devote himself through the long sunlit hours "to the grand and primary business of the enjoyment of life." He lived in truth in "the land of the large and charitable air." His wants were few, and from today's standpoint his standard of living was almost primitive. But as compensation, he saw the shining peaks of the Delectable Mountains and drank the waters of leisure and contentment.

The history of Spanish-Mexican California is divided roughly into the era of the missions, which began with the Portolá-Serra expedition of 1769 and ended with the so-called Secularization Act of 1833, and the era of the ranchos, which began with the Secularization Act and continued, at least in many parts of California, until long after the American conquest of 1846-48.

The era of the ranchos made at least two important contributions to the California of our own time: it established the romantic tradition of Spanish-California life and left its lasting impress upon the titles and boundaries of some millions of acres of the most valuable landholdings in the state. The land policy of the highly organized Spanish colonial system was based on an ancient principle of Spanish law which recognized the king as owner in fee simple of all the colonial possessions in the New World and vested in him private title to the fabulous resources of a continent. "We give, grant, and assign forever to you and to your heirs and

successors, Kings of Castile and Leon," ran the famous bull of Alexander VI in 1493, "all and singular the aforesaid countries and islands thus unknown and hitherto discovered by your envoys and to be discovered hereafter, together with all their dominions, cities, camps, places, and towns as well as all rights, jurisdictions, and appurtenances of the same whereon they may be found."*

In Alta California, as in all other frontier provinces, the sovereign used his royal patrimony to advance the glory of God and extend the boundaries of Spanish rule. He gave large grants of land to presidios, missions, and pueblos, the agencies with which Spain carried out her conquest of the wilderness, and in 1784 Governor Pedro Fages supplemented these institutional grants by allocating extensive grazing rights to three old soldiers who had served in his command in the overland expedition of 1769. Fages thus inaugurated the rancho system in California. Although twenty-five or thirty similar grants were made in the next half century, it was not until about the mid-thirties, as already mentioned, that the ranchos came to play the dominant role in the social and economic life of the province.

When the Secularization Act went into effect, the missions were at the height of their material prosperity and influence, but from an economic standpoint they were completely dependent upon the immense grants of land which the individual missions enjoyed under sufferance from the Spanish crown. Now, these grants, contrary to the grants made to pueblos and individuals, were only of a temporary or usufructuary character. They were never made in fee simple or given to the missions in perpetuity. Indeed, by its very nature and purpose, the mission itself was only a frontier institution. It had no place in a settled, well-ordered society, and ceased to fulfill its original purpose or function whenever the region lost its frontier characteristics and became reasonably civilized.

The Secularization Act, which in 1833 closed the era of the missions and opened that of the ranchos, converted the Franciscan establishments in California into parish churches and restored their large landholdings to the Mexican government. Though certain of its provisions ostensibly safeguarded the rights of the Indians, the measure thus in effect added millions of acres to the public domain, prepared the way for the concession of these enormous holdings to private owners, and brought the mis-

* From a translation of the papal bull, "Inter Caetera," printed in *The Philippine Islands, 1493-1803*, Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson (Cleveland, 1903), I, 100.

sion era in California to an abrupt and tragic close. After the passage of the Secularization Act the provincial government completely abandoned the cautious land policy of its predecessors and distributed the public lands to individual petitioners with lavish generosity.

"The public land was granted not by the acre, as in the American states," wrote John Hittell, "but by the square league. . . . The government granted away its land willingly, and without compensation; no pay was required; the only condition of the grant was, that the grantee should occupy the land, build a house on it, and put several hundred head of cattle on it. Whenever he promised to comply with these conditions, he could get a grant of any piece of public land, of eleven square leagues or less, for which he might petition. It was a grand Mexican homestead law; and the chief complaint made about it was by the government, that the number of applicants for grants was not greater."*

So liberal, indeed, was the new land policy that the California government issued at least seven hundred private grants during the thirteen-year interval between the Secularization Act and the American occupation of 1846. The story of any one of these old California ranchos, particularly if placed in the setting of a great but vanished empire, is well worth the telling. As an example let us review the early history of the "Place Called Sespe," a grant in the Santa Clara Valley of southern California, in what is now the rich heart of Ventura County.

In 1829, Carlos Antonio Carrillo, a leading citizen of Santa Barbara and one of the most important figures in early California history, began his leisurely efforts to obtain this tract. Following the procedure prescribed alike by Spanish and Mexican law, he drafted a formal petition for the ranch and accompanied it with a *diseño*, or simple sketch map, which showed the boundaries of the desired grant and its most conspicuous natural landmarks, such as marshes, rocky outcroppings, *abrevaderos* or watering places for cattle, and *arenals* or large patches of white sand. According to the petition, the tract lay between the holdings of the San Fernando Mission on the east and those of San Buenaventura Mission on the west, and "between the mountains on the north and the high hills on the south." It included approximately six square leagues, or nearly 27,000 acres.

Four years after Carrillo made the initial request, Governor José Figueroa approved the petition and sent it to the "Most Excellent Terri-

* John S. Hittell, *The Resources of California* (San Francisco, 1863), pp. 453-54.

torial Deputation" for confirmation. Carlos Antonio then received a formal concession to the ranch. But eight additional years went by before the government completed the transaction by giving him final, or "juridical," possession. The latter procedure consisted of three steps: an official survey of the land, the formal establishment of its boundaries, and an ancient ceremony confirming the actual transfer of title.

The boundaries of the grant were measured—under the supervision of an appropriate official—by two *vaqueros* who solemnly made oath "by God our Lord and a sign of the cross" to do their work "faithfully and legally to the best of their knowledge and understanding without deceit or fraud against any person." For a measuring rod the "surveyors" used a rawhide *reata*, fifty varas (or about forty-six yards) long, attached at either end to long stakes. While one of the riders held the point of his stake at the designated corner of the grant, the other galloped the full length of the *reata*, thrust his stake in the ground, and waited for his companion to ride the next length. This process was repeated until the entire boundary line was measured. The chances for error in such a survey were obviously enormous, and in later years these loosely measured boundaries led to endless lawsuits and innumerable squatter controversies.

After the survey, the boundary lines were marked by almost any object that happened to be available—a cactus patch, a coyote's den, a steer's skull set in a bush, a stream of water, a pile of rocks. The casual and temporary nature of such boundary monuments was also the source of later confusion and costly litigation.

To conclude the ceremony of awarding juridical possession in the case of the grant of the Sespe, Don Carlos formally stepped over the boundary line, walked across the land, "pulled up grass, scattered handfuls of earth, broke off branches of trees, and performed other acts and demonstrations of possession as signs of that which he said he took of said lands"—a formula, incidentally, almost identical with the ceremony by which an explorer or conquistador took sovereignty of a new territory in the name of the Spanish king.

Three years after Carrillo received juridical possession of the Sespe, the ranch supported three thousand head of cattle, three or four droves of horses and mules, and four hundred sheep. It also contained two vineyards, one or more grain fields, and other cultivated land.

Following the usual custom among large landowners, Carrillo spent most of his time in the nearest pueblo—in this case, Santa Barbara—and

visited the Sespe only on special occasions. Like other influential Californians, he played an active part in the seriocomedy of provincial politics, and once served for a brief time as governor. Don Carlos, however, had little stomach for the cares and responsibilities of this uneasy office, and was soon persuaded, both by arguments and military reverses, to surrender the position to his more militant nephew and opponent, Juan B. Alvarado.

The American occupation and subsequent annexation of California made little immediate change in the fortunes of Carlos Antonio Carrillo, or in conditions of life on the Rancho Sespe. But the end of the California Arcady was near at hand. A cattle boom, induced by the Gold Rush, substituted extravagance for simplicity. The federal Land Act of 1851 challenged the validity and boundaries of every Spanish-Mexican grant. Debt and fantastic interest rates spread economic ruin on every hand. So the coming of the Americans reduced the California ranchero, who once measured his land in leagues instead of acres and grazed his cattle upon a thousand smiling hills, to the impoverished condition "of a devastated grain field."

Death summoned Carlos Antonio Carrillo, however, before these evils came upon the land. Unaffected by the revolutionary changes that were soon to encompass his family and sweep away the customs and institutions of his people, the owner of the "Place Called Sespe" providentially died in the year 1852. All unconsciously the old Californian's last will and testament, written in the form and manner of his fathers, embodied in its naïve provisions and simple phraseology the life and spirit of the time. The will is prefaced by the following notation:

[Carlos Antonio Carrillo, a Roman Catholic by birth, always lived true to his faith and he died in it at the age of sixty-nine years. All his life long he believed that there was one single true God, and that although there are three persons in this God all three are the same God, because they have the same being and the same divine nature.]

The document itself, materially shortened by the omission of numerous items, reads as follows:

FIRST CLAUSE

I confess that I was married with all due rights by our Holy Mother Church to Dona María Josefa Castro and that I lived with her for forty-two years. Of this marriage there were born ten children, three sons and seven daughters, of which ten there survive only six. . . . These children we reared and brought up

in the Holy Roman Catholic Church. In the possession of my right mind and of all my faculties I have earnestly urged that they should never forsake their Holy Mother Church, and that they should live and die in its faith.

FOURTH CLAUSE

I instruct that while my body is lying in state there be celebrated mass with all due celebrity, and that there be celebrated for the repose of my soul one hundred masses more, to be distributed among the missions of Santa Barbara and San Buenaventura and Santa Ynez.

FIFTH CLAUSE

I give instructions that of the cattle which there is on my ranch, the number of which amounts to two thousand odd head more or less, there be given to the neophytes of San Buenaventura the number of fifty head of cattle of all ages; this number to go to those who were neophytes at the time that I acted as administrator in said mission for the period of eleven months.

SIXTH CLAUSE

I give instructions that deducting from the total number of my cattle the one-half portion which falls to the share of my wife, in the distribution of the rest of my property preference be given to my youngest son, José de Jesús, inasmuch as this is my last will and testament, and since he has worked hard from a very early age

SEVENTH CLAUSE

The land of my ranch to the extent of five leagues, 3,450 varas in length and one league and one-quarter in width, shall be divided among Pedro, Chepita (Josefa), Encarnación and José de Jesús. José and Manuela shall have no share in the ranch since they have already received their inheritance; José having received the lot of ground called Las Pozas, and Manuela a part of the island of Santa Rosa

EIGHTH CLAUSE

I instruct that the house which stands in this town containing ten rooms shall be divided among the six surviving children; preference shall be given to José de Jesús in the choice of one of the two parlors which suits him together with three rooms

ELEVENTH CLAUSE

I give instructions that there be collected from Francisco Avellanes a mule properly broken which he has been owing me for five years, and in case it is not possible to recover this mule there shall be collected from him \$100 to compensate me for the loss of the services of said mule since this was our agreement at the time he borrowed it from me.

Likewise I give instructions that there be collected from Pablo Borregas a very good horse which he took from me without my knowledge, and which he sold to some people from Sonora at the Santa Clara River five years ago; and in

case said horse shall not be in as good condition as it was when taken from me there shall be collected from him in cash \$100, for my horse was worth more than \$100. Also, there shall be collected from said Pablo Borregas \$4 for a certain amount of meat which I gave him on my ranch and two gallons of brandy. . . . This quantity . . . was to be paid for in beans at twenty-five cents a bushel and a horse. The following are witnesses that he took and sold the horse, namely: Don Crisosto Lorenzana and Don Manuel, his brother, for said horse was accustomed to be kept in the enclosure of the aforementioned gentlemen.

Likewise I give instructions that there be collected from Antonio Ygnacio Duarte the sum of \$40 which I advanced him in goods on my ranch. The total amount of his debt amounted to \$72, from which shall be deducted \$32 wages which he earned by working on my ranch four months at \$8 a month making \$32; deducting these \$32 from the total debt of \$72 he still owes me the \$40 to be collected. Prudencio Ayala is a witness that he received the goods from me and he, while manager of my ranch, dismissed him for his unsatisfactory services.

Likewise I give instructions that there be collected from Antonio Melendres the sum of \$20.30, which he owed me at the time that he ran away from the ranch, for his account proves the accuracy of the claim.

Likewise there shall be collected from Manuel Layba [?] \$40 which he owed me when he ran away from the slaughter house in La Lagunita for the Placer mining camp. There shall be charged no other account against him so as not to annoy him further. . . .

Likewise I give instructions that there be collected from Señor Don Juan Bojórques the sum of \$217 which I entrusted to him in goods in the mission of San Buenaventura, and which I swear on my word of honor he owes me. This obligation in the form of a promissory note falling due in three months is drawn up by Don Francisco de la Guerra, and at his request said document was signed by the aforementioned Bojórques, with this difference, that in signing the document he changed his name. He commonly is known as Juan and he signed his name as Santiago. This note is in the possession of the aforementioned Don Francisco de la Guerra, to whom I gave it for collection and now said Bojórques refuses to acknowledge the obligation. It is as certain, however, that he owes the debt to me as that we are alive, and if I entrusted to him the aforementioned sum it was through the influence of Don José Castro who assured me that he was a man of honor and that he controlled a saw mill which produced much money; this took place in the year 1838, and said document can be secured from Don Francisco de la Guerra.

Likewise there shall be collected from Joaquín Cota, the blonde, brother of Don Valentín, \$3 for the breaking in of a mule, which he has been owing me for five years

I give instructions that there be given to the Reverend Holy Brother, Alejandro

María Branch, the amount of 30 cattle, half male and half female, the amount of the tithe which I owed the Reverend Brother at the time that he was at San Buena-ventura; also there shall be given to him eight bushels of Indian corn and six of wheat. . . .

So, minutely and naïvely, Carlos Antonio Carrillo, personification of the California ranchero of a long century ago, devised and bequeathed. But to one reader, at least, the document is not alone the will of an individual—it is the declaration of a bygone, vanished age, the testament of a people whose sun has long since set.

Shortly after the death of Carrillo, the Sespe passed into the hands of an American named T. Wallace Moore (who eventually became one of the largest landholders in southern California), and continued to serve primarily as a cattle or sheep ranch for over thirty years. During the great drought of the mid-sixties, the ranch, in common with virtually all other grazing lands in southern California, was assessed at only ten cents an acre.

Later, chiefly because of a glaring discrepancy in the wording of the original concession involving two-thirds of the acreage in the grant, the Sespe became a battleground between T. Wallace Moore and scores of persistent homesteaders.

The controversy reached a bloody climax one night in the spring of 1878 when a band of masked men appeared at the ranch, set fire to the barn, and shot Moore in the leg when he tried to put out the fire. As the wounded man lay on the ground begging for his life, one of the band ran over to him and, crying "God damn you, die," put a rifle ball through his head.

A few years after Moore's murder the Rancho Sespe was distributed among his heirs and in due course most of the tracts were broken up into small holdings. One of the 2,200-acre estates, however, still remains intact and keeps the name of the parent grant—the Rancho Sespe. Today it is one of the largest and best-known citrus properties in California. Eventually it will become part of the resources of the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena, and make who knows what amazing contributions to the advancement of scientific knowledge and man's mastery of the universe. The "Place Called Sespe" thus becomes a link between the Arcadian life of old California and the incredible California of today—between an age of pastoral simplicity not unlike that of the ancient Greeks and a generation that has begun to think of the atomic bomb as already perhaps a little out of date.

THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR

A Journal of Interpretation

VOLUME I NUMBER 3

Summer 1947



CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE SPECTATOR'S AUTHORS	iii
"The Fault, Dear Brutus" <i>Theodore Morrison</i>	235
Don't Fence Us In! <i>Arthur H. Carhart</i>	251
Little Less Than a God <i>Walter Prichard Eaton</i>	265
Who Is Clio? Where Is She? <i>J. E. Wallace Sterling</i>	272
THE SPECTATOR'S APPRAISAL:	
China Through American Eyes, 1940-46 <i>Laurence Sears</i>	285
The Professor in Scandinavia <i>Waldemar Westergaard</i>	296
Grandmother England Takes in the Wild West <i>Helene Maxwell Hooker</i>	305
Consent and Coercion in Governing <i>T. V. Smith</i>	315
José Rizal <i>Daniel E. Kerman</i>	326
TRADITION AND THE SKEPTIC:	
Finnish Facts <i>Thomas A. Bailey</i>	336
Let's Be Fair to Radio <i>Hartzell Spence</i>	339
Who Are the <i>Pachucos</i> ? <i>Beatrice Griffith</i>	352

PUBLISHED FOR THE PACIFIC COAST COMMITTEE FOR THE HUMANITIES
OF THE AMERICAN COUNCIL OF LEARNED SOCIETIES BY

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
Stanford University, California

Looking Around

By
THE OBSERVER

Fat tanks and thin tanks and crawling pipe lines

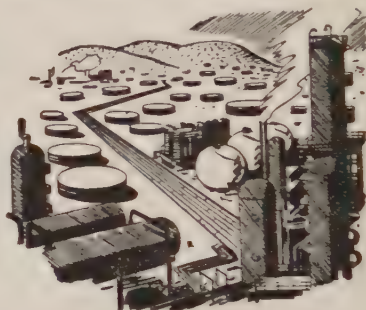
From a hill at Richmond you can see over the many square miles of Standard of California's Richmond Refinery. This hill is within the refinery grounds, and spread out below is a vast panorama of the oil business at work.



What catches your eye first is the number of tanks: fat tanks, thin tanks; tall ones and short ones; black tanks, silver tanks and tanks with black tops and silver bottoms. It comes as no surprise to hear that within the refinery area are 1600 of these tanks, holding a total of 8

million barrels of the various liquids which are a part of the oil industry.

Next you notice the tall chimneys and the slim cylindrical towers over treating plants and cracking units. And then you see the miles upon miles of pipe lines twisting over the ground like endless snakes and carrying millions of barrels of oil and oil products swiftly and safely.



Far across the valley, as you raise your eyes from the scene below you, more silver tanks are glistening through the haze. This is the San Pablo Tank Farm, where the oil that comes from the field is stored. And you can see the seven giant pipe lines that stretch five miles across the valley to join Richmond Refinery and San Pablo.

And you say to yourself that this oil business is a great industry, one upon which men have lavished much of their imagination and their desire for better living.



Listen to "The Standard Hour" Sunday evenings at 7:30 over N.B.C. Stations.

STANDARD OF CALIFORNIA

THE SPECTATOR'S AUTHORS

THEODORE MORRISON ("The Fault, Dear Brutus"), formerly a member of the editorial staff of *The Atlantic Monthly*, is director of English A at Harvard University. He is now engaged in preparation of *The Portable Chaucer* to which he refers in this article.

When Mr. Morrison writes of poetry and of young poets in the present perplexing age, he does so with a double authority. On the one hand, he is the author of two narrative poems of volume length, *The Serpent in the Cloud* and *The Devious Way*, and of shorter verse which has appeared in many magazines. On the other, he has long been the director of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference and, with Robert Frost, acts as consultant for verse.

ARTHUR H. CARHART ("Don't Fence Us In!"), a graduate of the College of Agriculture at Iowa State University, has made his home in the West since the end of World War I. By profession a landscape artist and now a free-lance writer, Mr. Carhart is also a recognized authority on the conservation of natural resources. Between 1938 and 1943, he was in charge of wild-life studies in Colorado—studies dealing in part with the co-ordination of range use by domestic stock and big game. Since 1943 he has held no government position, state or federal, his time being given to research and writ-

ing. He is the author of a dozen volumes and of many magazine articles.

Of the present article he says "In addition to my own checking, I have had a half-dozen experts check every angle of this, and they have, in their own words, 'gone over it with a fine-tooth comb' and found it exact."

WALTER PRICHARD EATON ("Little Less Than A God") is retiring this year from Yale University, where he has been teaching playwriting for fourteen years, succeeding the late G. P. Baker. Before becoming a college professor, Mr. Eaton (a Bostonian by birth and a Harvard graduate) was for some years a dramatic critic in New York, and later a resident of the Berkshires in western Massachusetts. He has celebrated this region in various essays and books, such as *In Berkshire Fields* and *On Yankee Hilltops*, has also written and lectured about gardens, and is author of a long series of Boy Scout stories covering various parts of the country. The last book in the series is *Boy Scouts in Death Valley*. Professor Eaton, who claims the ability to climb a mountain and to play thirty-six holes of golf, even if he is considered too antique to sit at a seminar table, wonders if the dumping out of men from useful service at an arbitrary age limit is a sensible proceeding, either in education or industry.

(Continued on page viii)



A Service for Busy People

An Agency Account with this Bank serves as an aid to busy people by relieving them of much of the detail work connected with the management of their investments.

This Bank, in effect, acts as a financial secretary by cutting coupons, depositing dividend checks, collecting called or matured bonds, keeping accurate records for income tax preparation, and performing many other duties at nominal cost. The investor, however, retains complete control of his affairs.

CROCKER FIRST NATIONAL BANK

One Montgomery Street
SAN FRANCISCO

Franklin at Thirteenth Street
OAKLAND

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

BLYTH & Co., Inc.

**UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BONDS
CORPORATION BONDS
MUNICIPAL BONDS
STOCKS**

SAN FRANCISCO	-	NEW YORK	-	LOS ANGELES
CHICAGO	-	BOSTON	-	EUREKA
FRESNO	-	OAKLAND	-	SANTA BARBARA
STOCKTON	-	SAN DIEGO	-	BEVERLY HILLS
LONG BEACH	-	PORTLAND	-	SEATTLE
SALT LAKE CITY	-	PHILADELPHIA	-	SPRINGFIELD
CLEVELAND	-	ROCK ISLAND	-	DETROIT
INDIANAPOLIS	-	LOUISVILLE	-	MINNEAPOLIS
PITTSBURGH	-	PROVIDENCE	-	DALLAS
				HOUSTON

Offices connected by direct private wires



Princeton

UNIVERSITY PRESS

WILSON:

ROAD TO THE WHITE HOUSE

By **ARTHUR S. LINK**. Based on documents never before available—a major contribution to the full story of America's scholar-president. "A capital piece of work. It challenges many widely-held notions and challenges them successfully."—*Henry Steele Commager*. 550 pages, \$5.00

HORACE GREELEY

AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

By **JETER A. ISELY**. An arresting study of the relation between press and politics, tracing Greeley's influence on the nation's thought through the *N. Y. TRIBUNE*. *Princeton Studies in History* No. 3. Illustrated, \$4.50

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR THOMAS MORE

Edited by **ELIZABETH F. ROGERS**. These letters, in Latin and English, of the author of *Utopia*—Privy Councillor of Henry VIII and friend of Erasmus and Holbein—offer a key to Renaissance thought in politics, literature, and religion. 607 pages, including More's prefaces and pamphlets. Annotated and illustrated, \$7.50

At your bookstore

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

Princeton, N. J.



(Continued from page iii)

Concerning the opening line of this brief biography (a line provided by the editor) he says it "reminds me of an item in my collection of autographs. It is the Lord's Prayer, written out by hand and signed 'P. T. Barnum.'"

LAURENCE SEARS ("China Through American Eyes: 1940-46") spent five years in China with the Princeton Center in Peiping. More recently he taught at the Biarritz American University in France. Since 1946 he has held the Edward Hohfeld Chair of American Philosophy and Political Theory at Mills College. He is the author of *Responsibility*, co-author with Walter Muelder of *Development of American Philosophy*, and contributor to many journals.

J. E. WALLACE STERLING ("Who Is Clio? Where Is She?") is Edward S. Harkness Professor of History and Government and a member of the Executive Committee at the California Institute of Technology. A Canadian by birth, he came to the United States in 1931 to take graduate work at Stanford University from which he received the Ph.D. degree in 1938, and where he was for five years a member of the research staff of the Hoover Library. Since 1937 he has been on the staff of the California Institute of Technology, except for the year 1939-40 which he spent as a Fellow of the Social Science Research Council.

As a member of the Hoover Library research staff he assisted in preparing

for publication documentary studies on *The Bolshevik Revolution*, *The Bolsheviks and the World War*, and notably, the memoirs of V. I. Gurko and of Count V. N. Kokovtsov. Currently he is at work on two manuscripts—the one, with Godfrey Davies of the Huntington Library, a *History of British Foreign Policy Since 1783*; the other, *Canada and the Refugee Problem* for the Canadian Institute of International Affairs.

WALDEMAR WESTERGAARD ("The Professor in Scandinavia") is professor of modern European history at the University of California at Los Angeles. He has recently (1946) returned from a year's service with the Department of State as head of the United States Le-

Work and Leisure for All

SABBATICAL YEARS WITH PAY

by Albert M. Persoff

A new dimensional and conceptual approach to FULL
EMPLOYMENT and INDUSTRIAL PEACE

"The best way to distribute the bounty of economic time now available."—DR. GORDON ALLPORT, Harvard University

"To-day's book."—STERLING NORTH

"Humanly and socially possible, and one way or another it must be done."—RUSSELL DAVENPORT

\$2.50

THE CHARTER COMPANY

520 West Seventh Street
Los Angeles 14, California

gation's (now Embassy) Information Service in Copenhagen. This was his ninth visit to northern Europe. In one or another of the other eight, he has carried on research in Baltic problems under the American Scandinavian Foundation; lectured on American problems at the University of Christiania under the auspices of the Carnegie Peace Foundation, lectured on phases of American history at Copenhagen and Stockholm; and visited nine of the Baltic archive centers in search of, or for verification of, historical material.

Among his more important works are *Denmark and Slesvig, 1848-1864*, which was published both in English and Danish in 1946; and *First Triple Alliance: The Letters of Christopher Lindenov, Danish Envoy to London, 1668-1672*, brought out in 1947 by the Yale University Press.

HELENE MAXWELL HOOKER ("Grandmother England Takes in the Wild West"), formerly assistant editor of *The Hollywood Quarterly*, collected the material for this article when she was reading contemporary newspapers in connection with research for Allan Nevins' biography of John D. Rockefeller. At present she is working on a biography of Francis J. Heney, the prosecuting attorney in the San Francisco graft trials.

The sources for "Grandmother England" are newspaper accounts in the *London Times* and the *New York World*; "Buffalo Bill" Cody's *Autobiography*; and *Black Elk Speaks*, as told to John G. Neihardt.

T. V. SMITH ("Consent and Coercion in Governing"), professor of philosophy at the University of Chicago and this year visiting professor at the University of California at Los Angeles, has filled more roles than one biographical note can well accommodate. Teacher, soldier, office holder, and author, he has taught in many places, has served in the Illinois State Senate and as Illinois Representative-at-large in Washington. In the last war, his duties took him to Africa, Italy, England. He carried also "top secret responsibility" for a program for democratization of the more intelligent German prisoners of war in the United States.

Among his published books are *Philosophers in Hades*, *Beyond Conscience*, *Discipline for Democracy*, *Lincoln: Living Legend*. His magazine articles, far too many for enumeration, have helped throughout the United States to bring philosophy out of its traditional closet and within the comprehension of the general reader.

DANIEL E. KERMAN ("José Rizal"), at present a student at Washington University, St. Louis, goes to Europe this summer as a member of an International Student Service delegation studying relief problems. Of the experience which provided the background for "José Rizal," Mr. Kerman says, "During the war I served as a B-29 radar observer and was based in the Marianas. Moving to the Philippines after V-J Day, I was appointed public relations officer of Clark Field. During my stay there, I traveled rather extensively

through the Archipelago. . . . For the rest, there is little of interest. To tell the truth, I haven't yet had time to accumulate an autobiography."

THOMAS A. BAILEY ("Finnish Facts"), professor of history at Stanford University, concerns himself especially with American diplomatic history. *A Diplomatic History of the American People*, first published in 1940, is in use as a text at the Naval Academy at Annapolis and in many universities and colleges. Among other publications are *Woodrow Wilson, and the Lost Peace*; *Woodrow Wilson, and the Great Betrayal*.

The present article is part of a larger work in preparation entitled *The Man in the Street: The Impact of American Public Opinion on Foreign Policy*.

HARTZELL SPENCE ("Let's Be Fair to Radio") is perhaps best known to general readers through *One Foot In Heaven*, the amusing and touching biography of his preacher father. Until 1941, Mr. Spence was on the staff of the United Press. During the war, he helped in the creation of *Yank, The Army Weekly*, acted as its editor through its first fifteen months, then transferred to the Air Corps, ending his service as a lieutenant colonel.

Mr. Spence is the author of *Radio City*, a novel, of *Get Thee Behind Me*, and of many magazine articles. His latest book, *Vain Shadow*, was brought

out in May of this year by Whittlesey House and is the July selection of the People's Book Club.

About the experience on which his present article is based, Mr. Spence says, "While at United Press I was in charge of the Special Service Bureau, which serves radio stations and commentators and builds radio programs. I worked with the industry for a period of nearly five years. Later I wrote a lot for radio. So I am not exactly a novice at looking at radio from the inside out, but I have been away from it long enough, I think, to be able to look also from the outside in."

BEATRICE GRIFFITH ("Who Are the *Pachucos*?"), following her graduation from Pomona College in 1933, served in the neighborhood of Los Angeles as a social worker with Mexican families who were on state relief. Later she supervised youth projects in the NYA. Her work here had to do especially with the several hundred Mexican-American boys and girls who were engaged in the making of modern ceramics and in other art projects. The material in this article is drawn from her forthcoming book to be published by Houghton Mifflin. Of gathering the material Miss Griffith says, "Wanting to give these youngsters' stories as they would give them themselves if they had the chance, I always go to them for the answers . . . They believe, as I do, 'Us *Pachucos* wouldn't be so bad if we just had a chance, huh?'"

"THE FAULT, DEAR BRUTUS"

POETIC EXAMPLE AND POETIC DOCTRINE TODAY

Theodore Morrison

SUPPOSE ANY ONE OF US happens to be acquainted with a beginning poet, a young man or woman just now, in these after-war years, at the starting point of mature activity. What might we advise him to think of poetic example and poetic doctrine at the present time?

At the age I imagine for him, he will not remember Thomas Hardy as a veteran presence among the living. It may even startle him to be reminded that Hardy's last book of poems, *Winter Words*, appeared in 1928, a little before the economic collapse that meant so much for the world in which the beginning poet finds himself. Edward Arlington Robinson can hardly be more than a figure remembered like a shadowy uncle from childhood. Robinson's *King Jasper*, published after his death, appeared in 1935, two years after the inauguration of Roosevelt. Housman is dead; Yeats is dead, perhaps with the better chance of being felt as though still alive. Frost's hardwood growth is still revealing its full toughness of grain. In the foreground of his elders, the beginning poet will be strongly aware of Eliot and of many younger men who, I take it, would gladly acknowledge their debt to him. The influence of Ezra Pound cannot be forgotten, despite the catastrophe of his life. Gerard Manley Hopkins has been rescued from the Victorian past to make his impression in a very different world.

The span that includes, to name but a few, the overlapping careers of Hardy, Robinson, Housman, Yeats, Frost, Eliot, with all its profusion of attendant work by many gifted writers, will never be contemptible in the history of poetry in English. When I consider such a body of accomplishment, I am amazed that so many in recent years have lamented the state of poetry and have spoken as though some malign law of the age or inner sickness of art or society had frustrated poetic achievement. I cannot believe that this will be the verdict of history. It should for-

tify the beginning poet and also put him on his mettle to look to his elders and to the lost presences that stretch forward toward his early horizon.

Perhaps poetic example has been too rich, too various for the health of the novice. Hardy, Yeats, Frost, and Eliot, to name four notable performers, have shared as few premises of life and art as perhaps any quartet whose joint business has been music. Throw in Hopkins, the French symbolists, the Jacobean dramatists and metaphysicals, and while cross-connections develop, the tissues become even more complex. Such a variety of example contains the hazard that the novice will emerge with a patchwork eclecticism of manner and not much else to offer, or at the other extreme, a narrow and imitative allegiance to one example alone. And as Blake vehemently put it, "Only blockheads imitate each other."

II

When we turn from poetic example to poetic doctrine, I think that current poetic theory has increased and not diminished the hazards. Poetic doctrine in recent times, if my impression is right, has been concerned with, and perhaps almost obsessed by, technique. This is well and good up to a point, but the obsession has gone so far, I often think, as to obscure to the beginning poet the fact that he has—must have—a content to express. The content of poetry is hard to define; perhaps that is why it has not been more directly discussed. I will hazard that in part the content of poetry consists of the poet's beliefs and judgments about the world; in part, and more importantly, it consists of the tone or quality of those beliefs and judgments—the tone, that is, and the quality of his particular way of responding to the world; or, as Frost says, how he takes the world and how he takes himself. Suppose, for example, a man regards a certain act or trait as evil. That is a belief or judgment that may be stated or intimated in a poem, and hence will form part of the content of the poem. But how does this man in particular regard evil, since there are many ways of responding to it? He may be moved to righteous indignation; he may be shocked or frightened; he may have a zest for the incongruities of life, and may find the evil in question at least partly comic. Any of these responses will be felt in the poem as its particular tone, the source of which is the way the poet takes the world and takes himself. This tone or quality will be an important part, very

likely the most important part, of the content, the substance of the poem. And how can technique begin or proficiency have any goal until the poet has caught by some instinct the judgments to which he is willing to commit himself and the tone he means to strike?

Current doctrine makes much of the question of poetic language. I read an essay on "The Language of E. E. Cummings" which, as far as I could see, dealt with the content of E. E. Cummings without saying so. How can we talk about the language of a poet unless we consider what he is using language to say, what he loves and hates, and what kind of lover or hater he is? But Wordsworth and Coleridge did not put to rest the discussion of the language of poetry. Theodore Spencer quotes Mallarmé as saying, "Poetry is made with words." The essay in which Spencer cites the remark is called "Antaeus, or Poetic Language and the Actual World." He goes on to say that modern theory and practice have agreed with Mallarmé, and that "if we are to think about poetry . . . we must begin by thinking about words."

Now obviously, in a sense, poetry is made with words. Just as obviously, in another sense, it is not made with words but with things. The word "things," of course, needs immediately to be refined. Poetry is made with objects, experiences, reflections, judgments, feelings. Words are the agents by which these are transmitted to the reader and given a second and perfected life, sea-changed into form. Of course the word is often the difference between poetry and not-poetry, between mild pleasure and the rape of true imagination. But from what source come the words? They are the same words we use in speech or in prose, in novels or on the stage. They do not come from some independent principle of poetic language, or some special language reserved for poetry, but in the first instance from the content—that is, from the poet himself and the way he responds to the world.

Poetic doctrine, I suspect, has caught an infection from the agitated concern of the times with the kind of language study known as semantics. One of the darlings of such study is metaphor. It is worth pointing out what should be obvious but what I find people puzzling over as if it were a mystery, that in a metaphor words are not compared with words but things or experiences with other things or experiences. One of the oldest metaphors in human experience is the analogy felt between the human body and some kind of building. A standard Old English kenning calls the body the "bone-house." We are, said St. Paul, the temples of

the Holy Ghost. The formidable words that announce the murder of Duncan in *Macbeth* use the same comparison:

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

In this comparison, the objects fix the key words within a limited range: house, temple, building. And it is not the *word* "body" that resembles the *word* "house," but this palpable house of dust that we inhabit is felt to be a structure enclosing a life. You can even dream the metaphor without words at all, if Freud is right in saying that the body often represents itself in dreams as a building of some sort. I can think of no better illustration of the normal working of language in poetry. It is the same language we know elsewhere. Its first determinant is the objects and experiences we want to talk about; its second, in poetry as in other kinds of expression, is the aesthetic needs to be met moment by moment by a given writer composing a given work in a chosen form. "Think things, not words" was an apothegm addressed, I believe, to lawyers; but it applies particularly well to poets, whose things are sights and sounds, events, impressions, and judgments in a world not made of words, but re-created or new-created by imagination, which must transmit itself through words. The poet whose gift for the word is low and blunted will of course never distinguish himself in the art; the poet who thinks only of the word will never wring from language its full effect, for he will not be using it as an agent of experience and insight.

Sometimes, of course, only the astonishing word will bring to life the true metaphor, which is the metaphor in experience.

. . . What rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches toward Bethlehem to be born?

Nothing will do here except "slouches." It is an instance, if there ever was one, in which the poetry is in the word. Even so, beasts and Bethlehem and slouching were in experience before they could be recognized in name. The point of the ominous incarnation that Yeats foresaw, if it is true, is a truth of experience, and not just a mysterious audit on a

purely linguistic balance sheet. When Shakespeare tells us that the white hand of Lucrece, resting on the green coverlet, "Showed like an April daisy on the grass," the comparison lies even more obviously between the objects. There is no choice of word—only "daisy" and "hand," and only the willingness and the grace to be perfectly simple and natural in naming them.

Current doctrine about poetic technique passes, of course, beyond language. Poetic theory has become a sizable briar patch. It has been ramifying for years, and there are many parts of the tangle where I have never tried to force my way. I shall have to make an effort to cut a leading swath through the thicket, hoping that its direction may turn out to be sufficiently central. The clue I shall use is the danger in current doctrine, as it seems to me, of encouraging a sterile eclecticism of manner.

A beginning poet today might well imagine that he ought to show evidences of faithful apprenticeship to more practices, principles, and examples than any but a remarkable talent could digest. He must, if I understand his obligations, begin by being metaphysical, though it is not clear who will supply him with a metaphysic. Thus he will start by aiming at the imaginative wit of Donne, the leap of the mind between surprisingly remote objects. Or he will endeavor to spin the thread of a poem from the developing implications of a single analogy. Or he will do what it seems that God and good sense have been unable to forbid—he will try to revive what he understands by the seventeenth-century "conceit." But his work is not over. It will be his obligation to show that the French symbolists have not passed him by without effect. Even now our poet has not paid all his debts. As a minimum of civic duty he must show that his ear has been attuned to the rhetoric of the later (by no means the earlier) Yeats. At the same time, by a truly alchemical feat, he must reveal that his language has been touched by the wand of Hopkins.

III

In pouring all these heady liquids into his little beaker, the modern poet will not escape the charge of obscurity. Modern poetry, said Eliot, has gained intensity at the cost of obscurity. The remark could prove misleading. I hope it need not be taken as implying that intensity is incompatible with clearness, or that obscurity is in itself necessarily intense.

Example is generally more rewarding than doctrine; we might go to Donne himself for reassurance on this point.

I will not look upon the quick'ning Sun
But straight her beauty to my sense shall run;
The air shall note her soft, the fire most pure;
Water suggest her clear, and the earth sure.
Time shall not lose our passages; the Spring
How fresh our love was in the beginning;
The Summer how it ripened in the ear;
And Autumn, what our golden harvests were.

Now intensity is partly a matter of the heat that goes into the act of composition, partly a matter of the resulting expression, which depends on the writer's gifts, and partly a matter of the reader's response, which is variable. Yet I imagine it will be granted that these lines of Donne are intense enough—and surely they are not obscure?

The beginning writer must often necessarily be infatuated with the sound of his own words, or other people's; he must experiment with the excitement of language as though language had a separate existence apart from what it says. For the mature writer, the problem of what for him is his own personal burden of content will determine his method and his style. Only so can language and content ultimately become, as they must be, one.

Here we touch on what to my thought has been another puzzle in poetic doctrine. Much of this doctrine, as doctrine, even when voiced by those who deplore the ivory tower, has treated the problem of content as though it did not exist, or as though it had to be passed by as embarrassing. The poem as poem has been the thing, and the problem has been what makes a poem a poem, with the implication that for poetry as poetry all content or substance is on an equal footing. Yet for all the talk of poetry as poetry, I have the sense that all along a content, or perhaps a loose choice among limits of content, has been tacitly recommended to the beginning poet.

At the start our poet has heard by now that he lives in a confused age, both for societies and individuals. Is it too much to say that he has been instructed to regard himself as a necessarily confused product of a confused time? Men and societies, the arguments run, lack any common standards of reference and judgment; hence their means of communica-

tion have broken down. There is a honing and a yearning backward toward periods considered to have possessed common beliefs, common standards, and therefore the great gift of unity. Our poet is permitted to be of any shade of the political left; but there has been enough leakage from Marxist literary theory to give him at least the sense that the times are out of joint and that poetry is affected by this condition. The conclusion often follows that poetry in the modern world is a revolutionary agent born to set the future right. But in the same breath we hear that the disjointedness of the times cripples and frustrates the artist, driving deeper the split between the poet and society.

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

So Shakespeare; but the maxim, it is now plain, should be reversed:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in ourselves
But in our times, that we are underlings.

As a consequence our poet is encouraged in the view that while other societies may have been deplorably wrong, they had their reasons, and our own society has been anything but right. Hence he is driven, overtly or by hesitating sympathy, toward the idea of social revolution, toward mistrust or despair of the institutions into which he has been born, toward fixture of all his hopes on an ideally constructed future.

At the same time our poet suffers a formidable pressure from another quarter—from the psychology and philosophy in which the great prime mover was Freud. He must take account of that. It pulls his attention toward the unconscious, the irrational or prerational; toward dreams and symbolism; toward the primary importance of the relations between child and father, mother and infant; toward the strange intuitive wisdom and terror of myths and fairy tales; toward preoccupation with guilt and anxiety in human conduct. It poses a problem to fit his Freud and his Marx together.

Here are two prominent strands which in one way or another our poet is expected to work into his content, toward a vaguely predetermined tone and set of sympathies, if not toward a single clear position. In the upshot they are at least expected to produce in him a certain reverential craving for integration, social and personal, through or resulting in some intellectual system in which things are, at least verbally, integrated. The

difficulty is to believe in such a system, or to find or construct one that can be believed in. Belief and the desire to believe are not the same. The sense that it would be salutary to believe in some all-embracing system of ideas in which society and the individual found their harmonious place and function neither creates such a system nor renders it tenable. At worst, this pining for belief, this reverence toward integration as an idea, leads to pretenses about the world. It is like being in love with love and unable to fall in love with a woman.

The beginning poet cannot fail to observe that some of his elders have entered the church, Anglican or Roman. He is not necessarily expected to follow his converted elders; that is left to his personal capacity for theological belief and religious observance. But he is expected to consider that they have an advantage over him if he stays behind, on the principle that they have found a means of integrating their personal lives, and that *if* society as a whole followed them, then society also would be integrated. I hope it is clear that I recognize genuine belief as genuine belief. I only mean to point out what seems to me the weakness of pining after a position one does not consider tenable because if it were tenable it would "integrate" things.

Here another bogey rises in the path. Up to a point in Western history, I should suppose, poetry and science went hand in hand, twin companions of the mind. But since, in Donne's words, the new philosophy called all in doubt, since the astronomical and physical scheme of the Middle Ages blew up, science and letters have become, except perhaps for a partial eighteenth-century interlude, increasingly uncomfortable together. We now confront a physical science which no layman can master to the extent, say, that Chaucer was at home in the astronomy and mathematics of his day. Where ignorance is, there, by human nature, dislike and fear will not be far off. The beginning poet will find plenty of encouragement to put physical science among the disintegrating forces of the time. He will not lack doctrinal inducement to try to keep science in its place—by systems of myth or symbol alleged to transcend ordinary reality; by *verbal* barriers, restricting science to a sphere in which it is forbidden to trespass on the prerogatives of imagination or humanism or spiritual life. Did not a king once order the waves to recede?

"My belief," said Henry Adams, "is that science is to wreck us, and that we are like monkeys monkeying with a loaded shell." He said it in 1902. Physical science has since brought the destruction of civilized life

within the alarmed view of mankind as an end that apparently might in all fact be accomplished. But at the same time it adds to the menace of war, it adds by the same means to the understanding and control of disease. Its role, like that of any positive force, is equivocal, and the attitude our poet will be encouraged to take toward it is also equivocal. When science makes war increasingly terrible and more difficult to avoid, it is a foe. When by control of nature it creates the possibility of plenty and gives the planners of an ideal future a pretext for believing in peace and leisure everywhere, it is a friend. On the whole, the physical sciences at the moment do not make it easier for the literary, humanistic, or theological system builders and integrators.

IV

If this sketch of current doctrine about the technique and content of poetry is at all fair or plausible, what shall be said of it? Well, I should like to throw another example into the hopper. In that cathedral of taste and precept where everyone from Beaudelaire to Kipling now stands canonized, it seems to me that one niche has been largely neglected except by the professional scholars. Is it by oversight or logic that we have, unless I am greatly mistaken, heard little of late about Chaucer? Theodore Spencer has dealt with him excellently in the essay I have already alluded to, but under the topic of poetic language. Chaucer is a miracle of language, but he is also one of the greatest English poets in what I call content. I shall talk about him first on that side.

I have been working on a commission to produce a new modernized version of representative poems of Chaucer. I shall take the liberty of quoting him in my debased modern idiom, begging the indulgence of his spirit for the decline at my agency of the English that was so sweet and rakish on his tongue.

Chaucer, it seems to me, had several sources of strength which it may still be valuable to contemplate. He was, as everyone knows, a storyteller and a creator of characters. But the implications of this fact for poetry are not, I believe, so widely recognized today. To be a storyteller a poet must acquire some adeptness in what would now be called the technique of fiction. His whole end, in other words, is not that special kind of expressiveness alone with which poetry is now often identified. The storytelling poet uses the medium of verse as an instrument of his story, just as the dramatic poet uses verse as an instrument, and by no

means the only one, of his play. Dramaturgy and fiction have to be learned, in a real sense, independently of poetic expression. To some, perhaps to most modern tastes, it seems a degradation of the idea of poetry as a special mode of expression to consider it even for a moment as merely instrumental to larger ends. There has been a tendency to specialize poetry, and hence to restrict it. Chaucer, of course, worked with a freer hand. He knew the art of fiction and he knew character. "The Miller's Tale" is a piece of plotting as tidy as the best-built short story. It is all in verse; it is hardly all poetry. But when it needs to be poetry, or when Chaucer's natural gift of poetry bubbles up, then it becomes poetry without ceasing to be story.

Fair this young woman was, her body trim
As any mink, so graceful and so slim.
She wore a striped belt that was all of silk;
A piece-work apron, white as morning milk,
About her loins and down her lap she wore.
White was her smock, her collar both before
And on the back embroidered all about
In coal-black silk, inside as well as out.

Wide was her silken fillet, worn up high,
And certainly she had a willing eye.
She plucked each brow into a little bow,
And each of them was black as any sloe.
She was a sight far prettier to see
Than the blossoms of the early-ripe pear tree,
And softer than the wool of an old wether.

As for her song, it twittered from her head
Sharp as a swallow perching on a shed.

Her mouth was sweet as honey-ale or mead
Or apples in the hay, stored up for need.
She was as skittish as an untrained colt,
Slim as a mast, and straighter than a bolt.

She was a pigsnie, she was a primrose
For any lord to tumble in his bed,
Or a good yeoman honestly to wed.

Now sir, and again sir, this is how it was

And after his little rhapsody on Alison, Chaucer is off on his rowdy tale of the old carpenter and his young wife's two suitors.

I am not suggesting that poetry in our day has ceased to deal with the experience of men and women, or that it lacks characters. Frost's *Hired Man* and Eliot's *Sweeney* would alike refute such a notion. Nonetheless it is possible to feel that a measure of decay has set in and that poetry has been impoverished by it. Not through perversity alone, of course, has poetry specialized and restricted itself. Other forms of writing have taken over some of its older provinces. The center of population in literature has historically been on the move, first into the theater, then into prose fiction. Yet it may be worth asking whether poetry has not contributed to its own narrowing. Once it was an accustomed office of poetry to create a world in the image of the world we know and to people it with men and women, various and distinct in their traits and in their stories. Increasingly, it seems to me, we have instead been given *allusions* to the world, allusions to character and situation, sketched for their value in symbolizing states of mind, symbolizing supposed problems of consciousness and proffered solutions of them. If our beginning poet should want to deal with men and women and story, if he should want to create character in the full sense, he will have to serve his apprenticeship accordingly. He will have to recognize that poetic expression is not a substitute for fiction or drama but one of their agents.

As a natural part of his interest in the human scene, Chaucer brought to bear another great source of strength as a poet. He had, on the whole, a shrewd, clear, moral sense uncorrupted by inner confusion. Reading Chaucer, we know a scoundrel when we see one. His moral sense was active in a world of people; it traced the moral lineaments of men and women, and pursued acts and traits to their consequences in human lives. It relished the wisdom of proverbs and delighted in applications of homely sense. It was not directed toward ideal constructions embracing and integrating things in principle. In philosophy Chaucer was a Catholic of his time; his work on that side had been done for him. When Troilus agitates himself about freedom and necessity in relation to God's foreknowledge of events, Chaucer flounders in the wake of Boethius and is not at his best. Give him men, women, and proverbs, and his moral sense seldom fails. There is cruelty in the rowdy stories and superstition in the "Prioress' Tale"; but in the sphere of practical morality Chaucer generally leaves little doubt where good and bad are or what they are.

The lines that cap off the character of the Pardoner will do for an example:

For though his conscience was a little plastic,
 He was in church a noble ecclesiastic.
 Well could he read the Scripture or saint's story,
 But best of all he sang the offertory,
 For he understood that when that song was sung
 Then he must preach, and sharpen up his tongue
 To rake in cash, as well he knew the art,
 And so he sang out gladly, with full heart.

The point is not so much that Chaucer could draw a scoundrel as it is the affection that went into the portrait. Chaucer had not only a shrewd eye for evil in its practical form; he had a strong stomach for it, abetted by his rich appetite for the comic. It was not his way to wince, quail, or shudder. He is like his own good priest:

He did not stand on dignity,
 Nor affect in conscience too much nicety.

As I read him, Chaucer had little or no mystical sense of evil as a dark force in the universe. Those metaphysical seizures of evil that in Shakespeare pass like clouds over the whole face of nature and society did not trouble Chaucer's clear, worldly gaze. He did not expect the world or society or individuals to be perfect; I doubt that he asked them to be. Certainly he did not hanker after ideality. He expected Christian salvation and heaven, but even these, perhaps it would be fair to say, as the consequence of a revealed and dependable divine plan rather than as a compensatory personal craving. The hymn to the Trinity with which the *Troilus* ends is Dante's hymn, which Chaucer adopts and renders in beautiful accent with his genuine but secondary piety.

Chaucer as a storyteller and Chaucer as a shrewd, clear moralist—these traits lead toward a sense of Chaucer's personal temperament as it is expressed in his writings. And Chaucer's temperament is my chief object in this partial inventory. I should define it as the best kind of worldliness, within—and no doubt supported by—the Christian framework of his age. Chaucer's curiosity was active and comprehensive. He ranged over the knowledge and speculation of his day, took it in, and

used it. Astronomy, physiology, mathematics, medicine, and what was available to him in the way of history, all this in addition to the belles-lettres of his time, fed his delight in the variety of the world and helped him to present character in a rich context of applied understanding. Such curiosity is, I take it, a worldly trait. Chaucer's curiosity certainly extended to the metaphysical puzzles of his time; but again, curiosity and humor are his dominant traits, not the ideal longing of personal discontent. Chaucer did not long to change institutions, to re-create society. He snubbed the revolutionary outbreaks that occurred during his lifetime with a casual joke or two; he was, in Marxist phrase, an ally of the ruling class. But this deplorable deficiency enabled him at least to concentrate his affection on this world and its people. His love was for what existed, not for what could only be ideally imagined. He took an unselfconscious delight in people—their follies, incongruities, virtues, vices, and faithfulness to type.

From his curiosity, his comic sense, his unselfconscious relish of this world comes the unselfconsciousness and freshness, the wholeness of simplicity that mark his style and language. Elaboration of rhetoric was by no means unknown to him. Chaucer has his high-flying passages tinted with the epic purple. But the style we think of as peculiarly and happily Chaucer's is first of all direct, rapid, clear, and simple. It is loose in syntax, highly idiomatic, close to speech. It can be studied in his direct, simple predicates that follow each other in free, lucid, cheerful profusion. It can be studied in his dialogue, written in all his narrative poems with a colloquial expertness that was happily noticed and illustrated by J. L. Lowes.

With Chaucer's simplicity, which is a trait of character before it is a trait of style, goes his way of taking himself in his poems, a way that is oddly in contrast to so much poetry of more recent times. He is at the opposite pole from the high dignity, the exalted egotism by which Milton salutes in public his sense of personal vocation. He is at the opposite pole from Shelley: "I fall upon the thorns of life, I bleed." Chaucer never says "I hurt" in any such personal tone. He says "My purse hurts; it needs fattening." He asks his friend Scogan at court: "Put in for me the word that fructifies!" And says in a fine moment of summation:

All that men write shall pass, both prose and rhyme.
Take every man his turn in his own time!

The conception of poetry and of himself is utterly different from Shelley's apostrophe to the West Wind:

Scatter my dead leaves over the universe.
Be thou me, impetuous one.

And as Chaucer never says "I hurt," except humorously, so he does not go on to its corollary, "We are sick; the times are out of joint and make us underlings." His curiosity, his humor, his compassion move outward, away from himself, and his self goes eagerly with them. He is not self-centered or primarily self-concerned, except, as it seems to me, in a worldly way. But from the wisdom of this world Chaucer drew not moral and poetic weakness but moral and poetic strength.

Perhaps at this point you are thinking: this is well enough for Chaucer, taking his turn in his time; but we live in another time, and could Chaucer's temperament as a poet find a place in the world today? One theory, of course, says no. If the psycho-physical constitution of the man Chaucer could by some miracle be reconstituted in the cells of a living individual today, the result, according to this theory, would be a frustrated poet. If he accepted the institutions offered him by the present, he would end in cynical compromise. If he revolted against them, he would travel one of two paths: he would accept, after bitter personal experience of dissatisfaction, a church whose role is far changed from Chaucer's own day, or he would set out on the path of hazard and controversy taken by the social revolutionary. His comedy would turn to the satire of disillusionment and disgust. What for Blake was the "brilliant morning scene" of the *Canterbury Tales* would be corrupted by shadow, confusion, and anxiety. The Host would preside over midnight conversations at a bar instead of a cheerful and active march en route.

It strikes me that the beginning poet may well ask himself whether and in what degree such a theory of literature is true or necessary. Against it I should be tempted to set a quite different doctrine, the old Emersonian doctrine, shorn of its Emersonian metaphysic—self-reliance. Writers, to be sure, do not have unlimited choice; but this means that self-reliance is more and not less necessary to them. Writers are subject to a large fatality. They cannot altogether choose what is to interest them or how they are going to feel about it. They are in a real sense, in proportion as they excel at their job, chosen by their themes and chosen by their temperament. In this fatality the times and conditions of the

world play a large part, no doubt; but the self plays a larger. Discover your proper content, your real beliefs and judgments, your own particular response to the world; and what you find that you are, that you must be, whatever current literary doctrine says about it. Be religious, if you are going to, because you have a belief and a gospel, not because it is fashionable to think that religion would integrate man and society. Be a social revolutionary because your stomach revolts against the abuses men suffer, not because a thesis on which an ideal future can be built is supposed to be folded neatly in everyone's intellectual baggage. In a truly representative literature we should have mystics and rebels, men of the world and men of the spirit; we need them all, and no eclectic pattern should be or can be invoked to uniformitize their distinct temperaments or reduce them all to a single position.

I think it would be as easy to show that Robert Frost could not have lived and written what he has written as that a temperament like Chaucer's could not have reached its height if we had had a Chaucer in our time. Frost has continued to regard science as one of the natural companions of the mind. Geology and astronomy have furnished him with images. He has reared no barricades of myth or symbol against physics and chemistry, nor has interstellar space made him feel less at home in the world than the world on its own terms would allow him. He has continued to regard man as the measure of all things without asserting that man's power to measure is a supernatural graft on the native stock. He has judged men and events by the inner monitor of integrity that sits alone within the understanding of the individual, and this in an age when the individual is instructed to consider himself crushed and helpless in a world that has outgrown him. To paraphrase his words, "What worked for him might work for you."

Religion and revolution, ideal systems and symbolic systems, have had their spokesmen. Hence I have tried to speak for the devil's party. I have ventured to remind you that the affections of poetry have sometimes dwelt in this world and not gone hankering for another.

But Lord Christ, when my youth comes back to me,
My heart, remembering my jollity,
Tickles down to the root, and well it may.
It does my heart good to this very day
That I have had my world, all in my time.

So says Chaucer's Wife of Bath. She is a special case, no doubt. Not many of us could boast that we had made such rich use of our span. It will take a strong stomach in the years to come, we may well expect, not to pine for a world remodeled to the heart's desire. But individuals must have strong stomachs if individuality is to survive. It is not necessarily a source of strength to love only the ideal and to have nothing but hostility or loathing for the actual. It might be better and more successful, both for life and for art, to face up to the wisdom of this world, and with its hard wisdom perhaps find again, with fresh senses, the comedy and beauty, the terror and compassion that poetry has found in it long since.

The industrious scholar bars his doors and windows, and shuts himself up in his room, that he may bequeath to future ages his views on the Primitive Church or the Egyptian Dynasties. His works, too often, go to swell the dustheap of learning. And what is passing in the street, on the other side of his shutter, is what future ages will probably desire to know.

—SIR WALTER RALEIGH, *Six Essays on Johnson*

DON'T FENCE US IN!

Arthur H. Carhart

HOT PROTEST SWEEPED THE WEST, then the nation, early this year when it was revealed that a coterie of Western livestock operators was quietly preparing bills to be introduced in Congress which would permit a designated class of Western ranchers to purchase hundreds of millions of acres of lands now owned by all the people. The wide disapproval expressed demonstrated that a multitude of present owners maintain they have a right to be heard in regard to any proposed sale of their properties.

With every citizen now holding an undivided interest of ownership with all others, all may well explore what is involved in the suggested transfer of property from public to private ownership, what are the terms of such suggested disposal, the position of those seeking it, and the results that might entail. This exploration is particularly important to residents of the eleven Western "public-land" states where these public lands are located.

The plans of the group of stockmen now seeking a law to permit purchase of public lands by private individuals have been germinating for some years. Their campaign was launched August 17, 1946, at Salt Lake City, when representatives of the National Livestock and the National Woolgrowers associations set up a Committee of Ten from their memberships to prepare bills to be introduced in the present Congress.¹

During the autumn this committee worked quietly within the livestock orbit. Rumors of what they were doing leaked out, but no official declaration was made public. It appeared that outsiders might have to wait until bills were introduced in Congress to know the extent and pattern of the proposals.

Then the vice-chairman of this Committee of Ten performed a gen-

¹ Associated Press news dispatch, Salt Lake City, August 17, 1946, appearing in the *Denver Post* of that date.

uine public service. On February 2, 1947, a signed statement by this spokesman appeared in a Denver newspaper.² It defined the goals of the committee. Transfer to private ownership of the "Taylor Grazing" lands of the West—those lands reserved through the Taylor Grazing Act—was the first step. After that there would be an effort to do the same with grazing lands within the present national forests, parks, and monuments.

Only those now holding permits or leases to graze livestock on public lands would have the right to buy. The price was to be determined by a formula based on the grazing values of the lands, and on these only. Computation disclosed that the formula might result in a price of as little as nine cents per acre and an estimated top price of \$2.80. The exclusive group would have fifteen years in which to decide on purchase of the lands within their several grazing allotments, thirty years after that to amortize the balance due, with an interest rate of 1.5 percent on unpaid balances.

The vice-chairman's statement was the spark which touched off explosive reactions.

"This makes the Teapot Dome scandal look like a game of penny ante," remarked one newsman as he scanned the design of plans being drafted.

"To my mind," wrote a Western Senator, "this is the most selfish proposal of all time and has my continuing and unqualified opposition."

An editorial in one of the large Western newspapers ended with, "Advocates of this plan should be ashamed of the selfish raid they propose."

Flabbergasted by the violence of public reaction, proponents launched protest on their own account. They declared they were motivated by principles based on American traditions of private ownership. They dragged in scarecrows of communism, regardless of the fact that the public has owned these lands for about one and a quarter centuries without succumbing to communistic propaganda. They proclaimed that members of the group shaping this prospective legislation were misunderstood, that attacks on their plans had resulted in plastering honored citizens with undeserved contumely. They declared emphatically that they had no

² *Denver Post*, Metropolitan Section, February 2, 1947. Article by J. Elmer Brock of Kaycee, Wyoming, stockgrower and vice-chairman of the Joint Livestock Committee on public lands.

intention of reaching for any "bona fide" forest, park, or monument lands.

But, in spite of all these assertions, the plans remain unchanged. To secure legislation leading to reclassification of certain forest, park, and monument lands, and then the transfer of the lands so reclassified to the Taylor Grazing lands still is a "principle" of the Committee of Ten. Once transferred, the acres would be subject to the proposed procedure allowing stockmen to make purchase.

At this point one may well turn to a consideration of what we own in this gigantic public estate which lies in our West. What are the values inherent in these properties, the uses which can be made of the resources derivable from these lands, and the effects of a sales scheme such as has been advanced? What does this little group want, anyway?

The term "public lands," as applied to the Western states, gives only a hazy concept to a large majority of people. Somewhere out yonder there is a vast stretch of country which we all own; but what these acres are, what may be on or in them and what uses they afford, how it happens that we do own them as a nation is nebulous in most minds.

The controversy that has flared involves only four classifications of these public properties, and more immediately the Taylor Grazing and the national forest lands. This discussion, therefore, can be limited mostly to consideration of these portions of our public estate. The national parks and monuments are less immediately involved. The proposal to transfer portions of this estate to the selected private owners is pointed first at the Taylor Grazing lands. The second phase would invade our national forests.

At the outset one important point should be made, since it applies to all these lands. Those stockmen promoting private ownership have used a catch phrase that is decidedly misleading. In advancing their proposals, they have repeatedly stated that they merely were seeking the "return" of these lands to the stockmen users.

Except for a very limited acreage that has been added through exchanges—as, for example, the trading of cutover lands owned by a lumber company for stumpage in the forests—none of these acres ever was owned by any individual. The repeated use of phrases suggesting that the stockmen once owned these lands, that they were divested of title and now are merely attempting to recapture what once was rightfully theirs, gives an entirely false impression. It is an impression that merely fogs the issue.

II

The Taylor Grazing lands were, until the Act of 1934, what was known as the "public domain." They were the unsought, unwanted residue remaining in federal ownership after homestead laws had been in operation for seventy-two years.⁸

The first homestead law limited the area that could be patented to 160 acres. Many thousands of fertile quarter-section farms were patented by settlers in the great plains area—in Iowa, eastern Nebraska, and Kansas, even in rich bottom lands of Western mountain regions, and all other areas where the levelness of the land, the goodness of the soil, the adequacy of rainfall, or simple irrigation developments permitted tillage and intensive agriculture under private ownership.

By 1909 the land-hungry had selected all the 160-acre units that could profitably be operated as family-supporting enterprises. In that year a law was passed increasing the area which might be homesteaded to 320 acres. By 1916 most units of this size that could support a family had been taken up, and a law was then passed permitting the homesteading of 640 acres.

Many a section of land beyond the pale of cultivation on a permanent basis was brought to patent and its sod-hide torn loose by plows. For a few years, during which the accumulation of organic matter that had been collecting from sparse herbage over many years remained, and rainfall was providently ample, these properties proved productive. But the folly of the 640-acre homestead program was proved when drouth seared the country and winds whipped black blizzards across the land, pelting the deserted, weather-grayed houses of those who had attempted to force the land into a pattern of production impossible for it to sustain.

After years, with millions of acres still in the public domain and open to homestead, there remained vast areas that were not worth the effort and cost of going through the procedures of homesteading to secure title.

The bulk of this residue lay in the Western states, in the semiarid and full-desert country. Sagebrush, saltbush, bitterbrush, and other xerophytic verdure fought out existence there, and between the shrubby plants valiant bits of grassy growth laced root fingers into the sun-baked soil.

Grass was grass and cow feed; shrubby browse was provender for sheep. The owners of livestock found no prohibiting barrier to their use of the public domain and they moved in. It was a system of first come,

⁸ United States land laws relating to homesteading.

first served, and he who had the pugnacity—and often powder—to hold a certain section of the public domain forcefully, maintained his “rights” of use on some given area. It all was trespass, no less.

Under such a pattern of use, each stockowner got there first if he could, stayed until he thought he could find better forage in another location, and then moved on. Often other flocks or herds then moved in, and still another user arrived as the second decided he had obtained all he could from that area.

No misuse of American land and what grew on it has surpassed this unrestricted, ungoverned beating administered to the public domain by the stockowners. The thin skin of soil, often on steep, pitched slopes, could not stand such pressures. The slow-growing, semidesert verdure could not replace organic matter fast enough to maintain soil fertility and stability. Over many years stockmen themselves called for some regulation which would save what was left of and on these lands. In 1934, Congress passed the Taylor Grazing Act which established grazing districts and the Grazing Service to administer them, and some start toward planned and protecting use began.⁴

The trained range-management men who entered the Grazing Service and became official custodians of these lands began to advance conservation measures to rehabilitate the range. Only by reducing the stock allowed to graze on specific areas could constructive conservation be accomplished. But the Taylor Act had vested considerable powers in the local boards in each district, made up of the users themselves, and when reductions were proposed in the interest of building back the live-stock-carrying capacity of the soil, resistance developed. The idea of range rehabilitation was fine in principle; it was often frustrated in practice.

A bill introduced in the Seventy-ninth Congress, becoming operative last year, rubbed out the Grazing Service as it existed. Cuts in appropriations whittled down personnel. Former functions of the vitiated Grazing Service were placed in a new Bureau of Land Management which also included the former General Land Office. This devitalizing of the Grazing Service played into the hands of those seeking to acquire the public lands. An impotent bureau can be a target of such critical attack as may lead to its total abolishment and the adoption of some other policy applying to all properties that have been in its custody.

⁴ *Ibid.*

Report No. 10, of the present Eightieth Congress, titled "Final Report of the Committee on Public Lands and Surveys," prepared by a subcommittee of which Senator Patrick A. McCarran of Nevada is chairman, is notably an attack on the United States Grazing Service. Reading the report, one gathers a definite impression of search having been made to assemble all possible damning charges against this government bureau, and of the complete ignoring of evidence of its constructive accomplishments.

Part of the dismembering of the Grazing Service, as a prelude to partitioning the lands that have been in its custody, has thus been accomplished. The program blocked out by the Committee of Ten was to follow. As has been shown, this program proposes delivery of these lands to the limited group of users now holding leases under the Taylor Act.

III

The national forests, the second large category of land involved, were established many decades before the passage of the Taylor Act. On March 3, 1891, Congress passed a law giving the President power to establish forest reserves from the public domain that were "wholly or in part covered with timber or undergrowth, whether of commercial value or not."⁵ On March 30 of that year, President Harrison established the Yellowstone Timberland Reserve, an area of 1,239,040 acres in Wyoming. Before his term expired, Harrison had set aside forest reservations totaling 13,000,000 acres.

An initial thought motivating the establishment of these publicly owned forests was to set aside timbered areas to which the nation might turn for lumber supplies when other sources being used up by the log-slash-and-burn methods had been exhausted. "Conservation" then was somewhat synonymous with "hoarding"—holding resources untouched until need dictated their use. There was no understanding of the word as it is accepted today, its connotation now being sound use: the harvesting of replaceable resources in such a manner that sustained yields are maintained.

The coexigency of protecting watersheds from denudation was another reason for creating the public forests.

There was no provision in law existing at this period for livestock grazing on the forests. The removal of herbage by domestic stock through

⁵ 26 Stat., 1095.

grazing, the browsing of seedling trees, the packing of the soil by horny hoofs were considered detrimental to the basic purposes for which the forests were set aside—for timber protection and the maintenance of watersheds. All livestock on the forests at this point was in trespass. But herds and flocks were there.

The Act of Congress, approved June 4, 1897, conferred on the Secretary of the Interior the power to "make such rules and regulations and establish such services as will insure the objects of such reservations, namely, to regulate their occupancy and use and to preserve the forests thereon from destruction." Under authority conferred by this Act, the Secretary issued regulations in regard to livestock being permitted on the forests. This legalizing of the grazing use came six years after the first forest was established, and was by regulation and not basic in the law.

On June 30, 1897, the Secretary of the Interior issued regulations as provided, and Section 13 reads: "The pasturing of livestock on the public lands in forest reservations will not be interfered with, so long as it appears that injury is not being done to forest growth, and the rights of others are not thereby jeopardized. The pasturing of sheep is, however, prohibited in all forest reservations, except those in the States of Oregon and Washington, for the reason that sheep grazing has been found injurious to the forest cover, and therefore of serious consequence in regions where the rainfall is limited. The exception in favor of the States of Oregon and Washington is made because the continuous moisture and abundant rainfall of the Cascade and Pacific Coast ranges make rapid renewal of herbage and undergrowth possible. . . ."⁶

Clearly there was no intent in law or in policy to give grazing a position of equality with the protection of timber and watersheds. It was definitely subservient to the primary purposes recognized in establishing forest reservations; livestock could be permitted on forests only to an extent which would not damage the paramount values for which the forest was set aside.

A number of lawsuits⁷ in which stockowners attempted to establish their "rights" on these reservations definitely fixed the fact that livestock use of these public lands was only a permissive use, and it has been in that status ever since. Regardless of this unchanged fundamental, some stock-

⁶ United States Comp. St. 1901, p. 1540.

⁷ Circuit Court of Appeals, Ninth District, March 2, 1903, 122 *Fed. Rep.* 30, *Dastervinges et al. vs. United States*.

men now hope to enact laws that will legalize their mythical "rights." No such "rights" of individuals in our forest lands have derived through use by livestock, whether in trespass of former days or permits of recent years.

In the test case which determined the authority of administrators of the forests to control grazing, even to the point of exclusion, the court upheld the allegations that the livestock willfully driven on in trespass, "were committing great and irreparable injury to the public lands therein, and to the undergrowth, timber and water supply."⁸ In such words, the protection of ground cover, trees, and water resources was recognized as primary reasons for the forests' existing, and grazing should be allowed only when these primary values were in nowise depleted or injured.

The present national-forest system took shape as the result of the dynamic demands of Theodore Roosevelt and an Act of Congress, February 1, 1905.⁹ Gifford Pinchot was Forester, and the Forest Service was transferred from the Department of the Interior to the Department of Agriculture. That was the era of the great struggle between Pinchot and Ballinger; the forces of constructive conservation versus those of transient exploitation.

Under Pinchot's direction, more orderly use of the forage within forest boundaries was undertaken. Nominal grazing fees were charged. Allotments of range to specific operators were made, fees were assessed, and the number of head of livestock of each class was limited in the interest of forest and watershed protection. In addition to cattle, sheep, goats, and horses were permitted in some areas—but always as a use secondary to the primary values in timber and water.

The stock interests behind the move toward acquisition claim they have no designs on "bona fide" forest lands. There is, however, no clear statement on their part that defines what they consider "bona fide" grazing lands or "bona fide" forest lands. The Forest Service having defined the boundaries that enclose 80,256,358 acres within present grazing allotments in the West, proponents may insist that this already has been defined as "bona fide" grazing land within our forests.

Picture what could happen if public ownership gave way to private. Picture the slicing out of all the stream bottoms where the streams now open to public fishing flow, the removal of all the alpine country that is

⁸ Circuit Court of Appeals, Ninth District, March 2, 1903, 122 *Fed. Rep.* 30, *Dastervinges et al. vs. United States*.

⁹ 33 Stat. 628.

treeless and grazed by sheep, of all the little parks surrounded by timber, from our present forest system. Do that and belt these acres with "No Trespass; Private Property" signs. That is what could occur if proposed reclassification merely declared that existing allotments define what is grazing land inside the forests, and opened these allotments to private purchase.

What is "bona fide" forest land, "bona fide" grazing land, as these stock interests see it? That is the jack-pot prize question. The stock folk behind the scheme for securing title have as yet made no forthright answer.

Today nearly all of our Western mountains are within the boundaries of the national forests. We have achieved a great system of conservative use of all resources there, including timber farms, protected watersheds, grazing uses that have been reasonably controlled, and a fabulous enjoyment by humans visiting the big hills country. These properties, and the other lands involved, are the greatest public estate we have. Because they lie within the eleven Western states, they are more the "property" of all residents in this region than of those actual owners who live in distant parts of the country. These lands are here, close by, useable. Under an all-purpose plan of land management, they can pour out their riches in full to the major benefit of all Western communities and peoples.

IV

The total area that the Grazing Service administered was reported in June of 1946 as 145,777,974 acres.

The national forests in eleven Western states contain 135,927,325 acres.

The national parks in the West have 7,368,774 acres included within them.

The national monuments total 3,867,958 acres.

The four types of public properties total 292,942,689 acres.¹⁰ An area of this size approximates twelve times the size of the state of Maine. It is over two and a half times the area of California.

These are the divisions of our public estate found in the eleven Western states which the Committee of Ten proposes shall be removed in part or *in toto* from public ownership by an Act of Congress, and sold to

¹⁰ *Uncle Sam, World's Largest Landlord* (American National Livestock Association, Denver, Colorado, June 1946).

a small group, also specified by the hoped-for law, at a price based only on the grazing capacity of the lands, with forty-five years within which to pay a price to be determined by a "formula" they have evolved.

V

In his opening statement of the signed article that was published February 2, 1947, the vice-chairman of the Committee of Ten declared: "If the *livestock industry*—the backbone of Western economic life—is to *survive*, the time has come to place public lands in the ownership of the cattlemen and sheepmen who use it in the conduct of their business." Later on in the same statement, he declares, "It is vital to the livestock industry to own the lands it operates on." The declaration recognizes no other values on these lands except grazing, no others concerned with these lands except the stockowners now permitted to graze them.

We must probe. For this contention that the "livestock industry" will fall apart if the recommendations of the Committee of Ten are not followed is one frequently insisted upon by proponents of the land-sale scheme.

The first essential question is, what part of livestock production of the nation, and emphatically of the eleven Western states, now is dependent on the forage produced on our public lands? A second and corollary question is, by what magic can the operators who now have allotments on these lands and are running all stock that can be grazed on them consistent with maintained productiveness, attain anything beyond present production levels by mere transfer of title?

To take the first question first: Does the livestock industry, national or in Western states, rest so heavily on the grazing use of our public lands that these lands must be delivered into the present users' hands for exclusive grazing use if the industry is to survive?

According to the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, there were 79,791,000 cattle of all types in the nation in 1946. Cows and heifers kept on farms for milk production were reported as numbering 26,695,000. Of the 55,124,000 animals not thus allotted to dairy herds, 11,073,000 were in the Western states. It may jolt a Westerner, particularly a livestock producer, to learn that only one out of five of the nondairy cattle are in the Western states.

Now, how many of the 11,073,000 cattle in the Western states were grazed on our public estate?

In the case of the forests, only 1,225,000 head—one in ten.¹¹ The grazing period averaged slightly over four months—a third of the year-long grazing requirements of any single critter. Simple computations will show that nondairy cattle feeding-days on the national forests represent approximately .75 percent of the cattle feeding-days in the nation, and only 4.33 percent of Western cattle feeding requirements.

The Taylor lands were grazed by slightly over 2,000,000 head of cattle. They were on this range about four months of twelve. One out of five head of Western cattle got on this range. They secured less than 1.5 percent of the national beef-cattle feeding-days from these lands, 7 percent of the feeding-days of beef cattle in the Western states.

Domestic sheep in the nation totaled 44,241,000; and 18,053,000 were in the Western states. Forest permits were issued for 4,280,000 head of sheep, and the season averaged two and a half months. Sheep on forest allotments secured there slightly over 2 percent of the sheep feeding-days in the nation, and about 5 percent of the sheep feeding-days in the West.

On Taylor lands, 7,750,000 sheep grazed for seven and a half months, to secure 3.75 percent of the national, and approximately 18 percent of the Western, sheep feeding-days of 1946.

It seems unnecessary to put pointed emphasis on these data. The statistics reveal how fallacious is the belief that the livestock industry in the nation, or particularly in the West, rests on use of forage on our public lands. The livestock industry, country wide or regionally, will not go out of existence, no matter what happens to the use of forage that can be produced on our Western public lands. It is also apparent that the livestock industry, as such, whether national or Western, could not actually be represented by this segment of the whole, even if all public-land users endorsed the Committee of Ten's demands.

Actually, the vast majority of the stockmen who use the public lands do not endorse them. We who know these gentlemen of the range, know them as good neighbors, sound citizens, clear-thinking individualists who often are among the best-informed conservationists within the region. Being so, the greater-by-far number of stockmen using public-lands range see the necessity of the policies now being followed by our public officials,

¹¹ Livestock figures from "Livestock on the Farm," Bureau of Agricultural Economics, released February 18, 1947, grazing periods and numbers of permitted livestock from United States Grazing Service and Forest Service reports.

both for the protection of the community and for their own individual benefit in perpetuating grazing values.

Almost as soon as their organizations could, twenty-one stockman associations of Colorado acted in opposition to the program developed by those who supported the movement for private ownership. The Colorado Grange opposed. The Wind River Taylor Grazing Board in Wyoming, representing two hundred public-lands permittees, was so much opposed that it not only adopted resolutions against the scheme but sent broadcast copies of the resolutions with a letter urging other stockmen to protest. The list might be extended to report many similar actions. The essential point is that the stockmen as a group are by no stretch of the imagination behind this move to sell the public lands to private owners.¹² The little group that has been behind this movement for the sale of so vast an acreage of our public lands, has, by inference, purported to speak for the livestock industry. They do not voice even the sentiments of the majority of the very people who, under legislation contemplated, would be the ones with the exclusive privilege of buying the lands.

The entire situation simmers down to what would appear to be a little clique of stockmen, in a position to infer that they represent national associations, proposing the sale of lands all citizens own, on a monopolistic basis, at a ridiculous price—although others, including many, many stockmen, dynamically oppose their maneuvering.

VI

There are many other facets that might be examined in this controversy, a controversy that would be ludicrous were it not certain that this group will pursue the course it has charted. Its members are determined, willing to wait, content to take a slice here, a shred there, and a chunk at another point. They will attempt sabotage of the Forest Service by cutting appropriations, and further throttling of the Grazing Service by similar maneuvers. This issue is not dead. It merely is breathless in the face of recent public protests of tornado proportions.

One point that has been made has already been referred to—that is, that public ownership of the land they seek to own is "communistic." If that is the case, we are "communistic" in owning a post office, a park, or the highways. Public weal overweighs any ambitions of an individual.

¹² All references are to documents and letters received by author, and to data from the Department of Agriculture.

and public ownership of the public lands is in the interest of public welfare, prosperity, and service.

"Freeing private enterprise" has been another slogan; unshackle the cattlemen from "government interference." Interference with what? Their denudation of critical watersheds? When a trained forester and grazer, as custodian of our property, reduces stock on an overgrazed watershed, he does so because it is his sworn duty to interfere and stop wastage.

Private enterprise indeed! There has been little or no consideration of the sawmill owner, the resort operator, the dude-ranch installations, the irrigation farmer dependent on protected watersheds, the vast hunting-and-fishing resources that underwrite nearly \$400,000,000 annual business in Western states and would not do this if the public lands producing these resources were plastered with "No Trespass" signs. These all involve private enterprises but are brushed aside by that type of stockman who can see only one resource on any land—the forage that might go into the bellies of his livestock. In his mind, his type of private enterprise blanks out all others.

A catch phrase often repeated is that by sale to private owners, "putting the lands on the tax rolls," local governmental units would receive more revenue. Proponents of the scheme do not declare that this will follow. They merely imply it. At present, state and local areas receive on an allocated basis 25 percent outright of all gross forest income, 10 percent additional to be applied to local roads and trails. Taylor Grazing fees are split fifty-fifty with the states within which they are collected.¹⁸ No kind of corral-dust sophistry could prove that land, which might average sixty cents per acre on sale, incapable of supporting any more stock, could deliver, from one use, any such funds as now are available from the maintained use of all resources.

And so this sort of dust, thrown in the air by misleading inferences, all blows away in a breeze of analysis and reasoning. The essential question is, should a small group of men be given the *right* by law to secure through exclusive option, at a fantastically low price, any such area as they covet within our present public estate, to be devoted to their one particular use to the exclusion of all others and to the detriment of the community as a whole?

They were moving to accomplish this when their spokesman spilled

¹⁸ Allocation of percentage of fees by federal law.

the beans all over the West, and then over the nation. Shall this be done without all interests in addition to theirs being heard? So long as the public, the owners of the lands for which the few grasping stockmen reach, see the design and color of their schemes, the owners may continue to insist that they have a voice in the dealing, and insist on that right.

Right? In this case—*right*.

Let it be noted that there is no more delicate matter to take in hand, nor more dangerous to conduct, nor more doubtful in its success, than to set up as a leader in the introduction of changes. For he who innovates will have for his enemies all those who are well off under the existing order of things, and only lukewarm supporters of those who might be better off under the new.

—MACHIAVELLI, *The Prince*

LITTLE LESS THAN A GOD

Walter Prichard Eaton

NOT LONG BEFORE HIS RETIREMENT from stage and screen and his return to England, the late George Arliss sat one day at the single long table in a certain lunch club in New York and listened in pained silence to a discussion of Dickens. Somebody had remarked that he'd been trying to reread Dickens and found it hard going. Somebody else admitted to the same experience. A third person declared he'd *never* been able to read Dickens. Other younger members heartily concurred. Suddenly Mr. Arliss pushed back his plate and rose.

"Gentlemen!" he said in that suave and cutting voice we so well remembered. There was silence. He let the glass fall from his eye, and it dangled on its black ribbon. "Gentlemen! I was brought up to regard Dickens as little less than a god, and if I felt as you do, I should not confess it."

And he departed from the room.

"Well!" said somebody, after a stunned pause. "I guess that puts us in our place."

"Nevertheless," came the plaintive voice of an architect whose build-ings have excited wide admiration, "I still can't read Dickens any more."

Like Mr. Arliss, I was brought up to regard Dickens as little less than a god. Dickens lay around me in my infancy. Not long before my birth my father had brought back from England a complete set of the Chatto and Windus collected edition with the Cruikshank and H. K. Browne plates in their fresh brilliance. These volumes served me as picture books long before I could read the texts, and the Cruikshank masterpiece of Fagin in his prison cell biting his nails figured horrifically in my dreams. Before I could read the books too, I saw more than one of them put upon the stage at the old Boston Museum. Under the title of *Little Em'ly*, the famous Museum stock company enacted *David Copperfield*, and while I was much bewildered by the necessity to ship Em'ly off to Australia and embarrassed my parents by demanding an explanation then and there, I was fascinated by the delightful home of the Peggotty

family and captivated by the character of Uriah Heep. In fact, on my return home I astounded my parents and a group of callers by standing in the middle of the parlor, rubbing my palms together, and proclaiming that I was "'umble"—a palpable untruth, but so good an imitation that I was forced to repeat the performance on subsequent occasions (perhaps "forced" is not quite the correct word).

Another dramatization much enjoyed was of *Dombey and Son*. Long before my day Cap'n Cuttle had been a favorite part for comedians, especially Burton. I do not recall who played him at the Museum, but I well remember how he was played, and especially his "business" with the toast. Screwing a fork into his wooden arm, he impaled a piece of bread on it and held it before the grate. But somebody called him and he whirled around so quickly that the bread flew off. He tried again and the same thing happened. By that time the juvenile members of the matinee audience were squealing with glee, for nobody so appreciates the humor of repetition as children. The actor, of course, responded with still another particularly energetic whirl around—and the bread flew right out over the orchestra pit into a small boy's lap. How I envied him! Years later, when he had become the president of an American university, he told me that he treasured that slice of bread until it crumbled to dust.

Oliver Twist I was not permitted to see, my parents too well remembering, perhaps, how Charlotte Cushman had played Nancy, and fearing to submit me to a similar experience. But at Christmas time (for in those days the theater always considered the children at Christmas) I saw *Boots and the Holly Tree Inn*, a delightful little one-act comedy, the text of which I have vainly sought in later years.

Probably I was ten or eleven when my elder sister, a precocious miss of twelve or thirteen, started reading Dickens aloud to me. By then we had moved to the country, and she read in front of the great fireplace in what had once been the kitchen. I sat on a hassock, half in shadow, watching the flames dance. She came to the death of little Paul Dombey and my ready tears began to flow. Ashamed of this unmanly exhibition, I crept silently out of the room and upstairs to bed, where I lay hearing her voice through the floor, still reading, unaware that I had gone. It may have been this experience which set me to reading the books for myself. At any rate, I read them, all of them, in the next few years. *Our Mutual Friend* was easily my favorite, but why I cannot remember, if indeed I ever knew.

Pickwick Papers was the only one I didn't like. It didn't amuse me, and I have to confess that it doesn't now. I had a younger sister who arrived belatedly on the scene when I was ten. On her thirteenth birthday she had, as a present, permission to read all the Dickens volumes. She wept, and when asked why replied that the present did her no good—she'd read them already.

So omnipresent in our house was Dickens. But he was omnipresent in the houses of our relatives and friends. If anything funny happened, it reminded us of something in Dickens. If mother made a mistake, father magnanimously declared, "Nevertheless, I will never desert Mrs. Micawber." If Uncle Sam wished to be mysterious, he announced solemnly, "There's milestones on the Dover Road." And when Cousin Emma came, she had to black out two front teeth and leer at us over the bottom of the Dutch door, while we shouted, "Come see Quilp! Come see Quilp!" No doubt in the world, Cousin Emma should have gone on the stage! There was a framed engraving which hung in our upper hall (and in many another house), which depicted Dickens sitting at his desk surrounded by a myriad little figures—the characters from his novels. There were dozens and dozens of them, but we knew them all. We knew them intimately. We could have passed a quiz on them one hundred percent.

In his recent autobiography Santayana complains that in his day at Harvard there was no common background, such as the Englishman's school training in Latin prosody, to give the members of the faculty a mutual understanding—or is it what the new Shakespearean scholars call a "frame of reference"? Another writer has remarked that what cemented the British Parliament was the fact that if one member started a quotation all the other members could finish it. Well, in my boyhood everybody could quote Dickens, and did. He was a cement for us as much as Latin versification (which, I suspect, was not what cemented the Englishmen Santayana writes about, but rather the school where they versified: if all the Harvard faculty had gone to Groton—God save the mark—there would have been no difficulty).

There was another universally shared background of quotation and reference in my boyhood, for a time at least quite as potent as Dickens. It was supplied, of course, by Gilbert and Sullivan. *Pinafore* and I arrived on this planet in the same year, the former attracting the bulk of attention. How much attention it attracted we of today can scarcely

imagine. We have our *Oklahoma* (and a tuneful and worthy work it is), but for every one person who saw that in the first year or two of its run, probably a thousand saw *Pinafore*. The copyright was faulty, and *Pinafore* companies sprang up across the land. Hundreds of church choirs gave performances. At one time there were eleven juvenile *Pinafore* companies on tour. (Julia Marlowe sang Josephine in one of them.) However, I was a bit young to take all this in. *The Pirates* and *Patience* and *Iolanthe* had added their melodies and quotations to the common stock before I was considered ready to attend a performance.

My initiation was the Boston *première* of *The Mikado*. An actor named Richard Mansfield, whom I was later to see in quite different roles, sang Ko-Ko. I still remember his dances, for his legs seemed to obey a Biblical injunction, the left one never letting the right one know what it was about to do. I remember, too, the tragic solemnity with which he sang of the suicidal dickeybird. But I remember almost as well the days and weeks which followed, when father would sit at the piano and the neighborhood children would flank him like swallows on a telephone wire, all shrilly proclaiming that they were three little maids from school, or celebrating the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la!

When the first daffodils did bloom that spring in the front yard, father stopped on his way to school and sang a snatch of the song, and mother came out and did her best (not very good) to sing a snatch, and somebody passing on the sidewalk paused to sing a snatch, and even Mrs. Crocker, across the way, coming out on her porch with a dust cloth over her head and a broom in her hand, spied the yellow blooms and added her tra-la to the general rejoicing. A primrose by a river's brim may have been but a simple primrose to Wordsworth's young contemporary, but a daffodil by a front walk was a lilting song and a delightful memory of fun and frolic to a whole neighborhood, almost any neighborhood in America in the late 'eighties. Gilbert and Sullivan were (so fused was their work one is tempted to say "was") a universal background in our consciousness.

Happily, to some extent they still are. At any rate, no year has gone by since, probably no week in any year, when one of the apparently immortal operettas has not been sung somewhere in the English-speaking world. Thousands of school children have performed in them, professional companies still sing them, and there is a steady demand for the records. Not so many years ago a group of people at the MacDowell

Colony at Peterborough, New Hampshire, gathered one evening in the cabin which boasted a piano and held an impromptu Gilbert and Sullivan song fest. Everybody took part save one poet, a shy, silent fellow who lurked in a dim corner. The pianist had little trouble with the tunes, but every now and then the rest of us were stuck for the words. Whenever that happened the shy poet spoke from his dark corner, giving us with unfailing accuracy the next line. His name was Edwin Arlington Robinson. I haven't the faintest idea whether or not Robinson ever studied Latin prosody, but he was quite evidently familiar with the prosody of W. S. Gilbert—which was not without its merits and seems to have served Robinson to good purpose.

Of course, there is about a Gilbert and Sullivan revival today a certain nostalgic quality. You feel it even before the overture begins. At least half the seats are occupied by men and women with gray hair, come to have their memories waked. And when the lights dim, the overture starts, and the first thrice-familiar tune comes dancing from the strings, an audible sigh of pleasure passes over the audience like a soft wave of sound. Some of these same ancients go now and then to modern musical comedies, and occasionally are rewarded by exciting ballets, beautiful costumes, and other pleasures of the lyric stage. But generally they wait in vain, while the saxophones moan, for that magic of melody which once they found year after year in such abundance before the two masters of operetta quarreled over the price of a new carpet for the Savoy Theatre. Always, too, with the melody were the words, no less lilting and memorable.

By the time I was a junior in college there was a new god in the literary firmament who, for a time, was as universally accepted as Dickens had ever been. His stories and poems appeared in all sorts of magazines (those magazines, that is, which could pay his price). His books sold by the thousands. Sometimes a new poem would be cabled across the Atlantic to be reprinted on the front pages of our newspapers. Vaudeville performers recited his ballads between the trained seals and the tap dancers. Composers set his poems to music, and they were sung in parlors and concert halls. Many a baritone made a reputation singing Walter Damrosch's setting of "Danny Dever," and if there was a man, woman, or child who escaped "The Road to Mandalay," he must have been deaf, dumb, and probably blind. Public speakers quoted Kipling on all occasions, and for at least a decade it was surely a fact that a large majority

of their audience could have finished the quotation for them—even as you and I. So omnipresent was Kipling in our consciousness.

I'm sure I don't know what all this proves, if anything at all. Perhaps, indeed, I'm wrong in thinking that no writer since Kipling has been so universally read and furnished such a common ground or touchstone of understanding among English-speaking peoples. Undoubtedly Shaw has had a much more lasting influence on our minds, but that influence has filtered down to the majority, not reached them directly. Certainly there have been no poets to reach even a tiny fraction of Kipling's audience. Indeed, the poets of today have, numerically, almost no audience at all. In the musical-comedy world only a few productions, like *Oklahoma* and *Show Boat*, have tapped the springs of melody wedded to meaning. If there is any twentieth-century equivalent for Dickens in universal appeal, his works have escaped me. Best sellers have been plentiful (aided by the book clubs), but how many of them have created a world of their own in which we all became citizens—the judge on the bench, the machinist at his lathe, the very children in the homes? Lewis gave us *Main Street* and *Babbitt*, but what child read those books? Can angry satire ever take the place of narrative excitement and a world of human creatures as rich and warm and varied as life itself? I sometimes wonder if the current vogue for detective stories may not be explained by the lack of narrative excitement in our more serious novels which are weighted down with social purpose as Dickens never weighted his, though the social purpose was often there. But so much else was there! Kipling had something to say about that. You will—if you are old enough—recall his poem about the old three-decker that was “taking tired people to the Islands of the Blest.”

“Humph!” says a voice from the left. “Escape literature!”)

I can still read Dickens—or I could if I had the time. Not so long ago I took the time to read *Little Dorrit* and was newly captivated by Fanny who so deliciously (but prudently) anticipated in her mental processes the technique of James Joyce. But I have to confess that I bog down in Kipling, or yield to irritation. Just before the war a student of mine wished to make a one-act play from *The Man Who Was*. Finding that he was the only member of the class who had ever read the story, and myself recalling it as a minor masterpiece, I got it off the shelf and read it aloud to the students. Their reaction was unexpected, and so was my own, for I had not read the tale in nearly forty years. They

were so enraged by the assumption of British superiority that none of them could give a thought to the technique.

"Why, Hitler's just a mush of tolerance compared to this guy Kipling!" was the pungent if inelegant comment of one youth. And I sadly had to agree.

So far have the lesser breeds without the law insisted on taking over the white man's burden, so high has the Bear that Walks Like a Man reared his shaggy head, so often is the sun now setting on the British flag! But Kipling flew his colors to the end. It is reliably reported that when the honorary pallbearers for Thomas Hardy's funeral were gathered in the Abbey, Galsworthy noticed that Shaw and Kipling were standing close together, but evidently unacquainted. He hastened over to introduce them, but on mention of Shaw's name Kipling turned his back.

"Dipping between the rollers, the English flag goes by."

Why it was that we Yankees fifty years ago all accepted Kipling's imperialism without resentment—even indeed with a large measure of cousinly pride—the historians will have to determine. I can merely testify that we did.

It was not far from the Abbey that my wife and I were walking some dozen years ago through a street of ancient houses given over to offices of various sorts. On one door we spied a brass plate which had been so long and so ardently polished that the names were almost polished away. But closer inspection revealed them, evidently a firm of solicitors—Winksworth, Trollope, Crump, and Sprott. With one voice we shouted "Dickens!" and that little street of dingy houses in Westminster took on a new life for us. I wanted to go in and ask for Mr. Sprott, but my wife restrained me.

"He's probably been dead these seventy-five years," she said. "As dead as Marley."

"Or," said I sadly, "as Dickens?"

And we tramped on to the tombs in the Abbey.

WHO IS CLIO? WHERE IS SHE?

J. E. Wallace Sterling

CLIO, THE HISTORIAN'S MUSE, is at heart an honorable creature. She herself is committed to the pursuit of truth and to this commitment she would hold all her true lovers. Yet Clio is not, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion. She is known to have had a few affairs with journalists, who have frequently courted her with more ardor than honesty; occasionally she has succumbed to the blandishments of poets; sometimes she has gone on campaign with champions of nationalism with results that have made her blush. She has even placed her trust in theologians, only to discover that their passion has not always been for truth.

But truth, after all, is a relative thing. There was a time when man believed it could be more than that, when it was clothed in the promise of something absolute. That was in the eighteenth century when the vogue of natural law was rampant. Man, discovering order in the physical world, was captivated by the idea that natural law applied equally to the world of human affairs; all he had to do to attain ultimate perfection was to discover these natural laws and live according to them. Against this concept there has since been a reaction, pedestrian perhaps, but reaction nonetheless.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay veiled in night,
God said "Let Newton be," and all was light.
It could not last. The devil shouting "Ho!
Let Einstein be!" restored the status quo.

And eventually truth emerged once more, not least of all to the historian, as a relative thing.

It is inevitably so. History as actuality, as everything that has ever been done or seen, said or heard, is all-embracing. It comprehends all life and activity. It is this all-inclusiveness that gives the historical investigator title to explore where he will and call the product of his searches history. It is this same all-inclusiveness that has impelled the so-called New Historian of our own day to cast his net for all the incidents

of human experience. But cast his net as he may he cannot capture all these incidents, because history as actuality has not completely recorded itself. The historical record is fragmentary. Myriad pieces, some great and some small, have been discovered by investigators; myriads more await discovery. From those discovered, creditably accurate patterns of the past have been and are being woven, but completeness is impossible and the whole truth ever fugitive. Appreciation of these limitations is a necessary starting point for him who would court Clio.

History as actuality is one thing, the historical record of political documents, private wills, coins, monuments, and all the rest is another. Written history is something else again, as Clio surely knows, and it is about written history that the storms of controversy have raged. Is it accurate? Is it broadly or narrowly based? Is it art or science? Is it interesting? Is it interpretative and ought it to be so? Is it useful?

Now Clio, to whose reputation I have already alluded, should not be condemned out of court. She has a right to be heard and understood. She would report at the outset, I believe, that she has been greatly handicapped by the lack of a substantive guide to conduct, a fixed code of etiquette. What should written history be? There is no generally accepted answer, either by way of definition or by way of universally approved example.

As applied to history, definitions seem not to abide. They are apt to be more succinct than illuminating. They are apt either to reflect personal or period interest, as when Bolingbroke said that history is philosophy teaching by experience or when Freeman asserted that history is past politics; or to reflect humors, as in the case of Carlyle, for whom history was crystallized rumor; or in the case of the still more cynical, for whom it is a fable agreed upon, a pack of tricks played on the dead. As a directive to the writer of history, or as a measure of his performance, definition has not been adequate, not even very helpful.

As for the example of written history, it has been, like the river of Heraclitus, in process of continuous change. Change is inherent in human experience. Clio may need to remind some persons of this fact, but surely not those of us who make history our profession, for we should have learned it in graduate school if not before. There we made new acquaintance with the commonplace that each age writes or rewrites history in the light of its own experience. Our graduate-school lesson, lasting for at least one term, went something like this:

The ancient historians wrote mostly of politics and military events; they paid comparatively little attention to economic, institutional, and intellectual history. During the medieval period, historical writing reflected the concept of universality which derived not only from the Roman Empire but also from the dominance of the Roman church. The Renaissance produced a more critical attitude toward the sources used and greater pride in chronological accuracy. This was solid advance. Then the national state emerged, supplanting feudalism, and historians tended to make the new political entity the nuclear unit of their writing, though its range was extended beyond Europe to accommodate the broader physical horizons of the age of discovery; and they retained the consuming interest of earlier historians in politics and military matters. Then came the Enlightenment of the eighteenth century with its delight and confidence in natural law. Reason was enthroned and reigned over a more critical and "scientific" approach to the writing and interpretation of history. The great historians of the time, like Gibbon, reflected not only a concern for literary form, as befitted a man of the Enlightenment, but also a preoccupation with great movements and their results. Theirs was an attempt to see and understand human experience writ large on a broad, if not universal, scale. The common citizen was submerged, neglected. But only for a time, for there was reaction against the mood of the Enlightenment. The nineteenth century produced ever-increasing interest in the common citizen: the continuing struggles to enfranchise the "common man" and to provide for his economic security directed attention not only to his plight, but also to the political institutions in which he would share and to the economic system of which he was a part. The origins and development of these things were studied with great diligence and effort by a large and noble company of scholars. Their preoccupation was not, as a rule, with the ultimate perfection of man or with manifestations of the natural law by which this could be achieved. In consequence, the credo of the Enlightenment suffered some eclipse. Not that "science" was repudiated, for its great achievements of the nineteenth century precluded that. Its laws for the physical world might not have their counterparts in society, but its method was beyond reproach and was intended to be utilized.

So it was that, during the nineteenth century, the scientific method was consciously and painstakingly applied to the study of human affairs. With this application to the study of history, the name of Leopold von

Ranke is pre-eminently associated. He gave a new meaning to the collection and critical study of historical sources. He elevated the research of detail to a new pinnacle. He developed a methodology, a technique, a critical apparatus for the discovery and testing of historical facts. He essayed to write of historical events as they had actually occurred. He was the chief founder of a cult which held that the historian could be entirely objective if only he would let the facts speak for themselves; this would obviate interpretation and avoid that snare of the devil—synthesis.

So ran the lesson, at least the greater part of it. But we learned also, in graduate school and thereafter, that historians have been wrestling with Ranke ever since his influence was felt—not only with his great works, but also with his approach to history. And it is fair to say that the old master's *wie es eigentlich gewesen ist* has no longer so effective a hold as it once had.

II

The American Historical Association was founded in 1884 under the motto *super omnia veritas*. It thus joined Clio in the pursuit of truth. Many of the men who founded the Association had drunk deep of the Ranke methodology and conviction. The "fact" was all-important. Their code of professional honor was objectivity; the subjective was to be eliminated by letting the facts speak for themselves. They were disposed to be critical of the literary gifts of such craftsmen as Parkman, Prescott, and Motley, fearing that love of effect in these writers would produce distortions of fact. Their devotion was to accuracy; style was incidental. "The trouble with many historians of large reputation who have a host of readers," said A. B. Hart in his presidential address to the Association in 1909, "is that corroder of exactness—imagination. It is the duty of a sober and studious body like the American Historical Association to dwell upon the strictly scientific character of history"

The historical substance placed under "strictly scientific" treatment by this generation of historians was mainly composed of political events, constitutions, and institutions. Nor was this unnatural, for it was such phenomena that preoccupied them. Theirs was an age in which institutions had to be established or adapted to accommodate movements of national unification and expansion, and the broadening of the electoral base. It is possible, however, that this type of historical subject matter lent itself

as well as any to "strictly scientific" treatment, and that the generation of historians who founded the A.H.A. were conscious of this value. For they were concerned to demonstrate that history was or could become a science, or at the very least, that its study could be scientifically pursued.

These views long dominated the "profession." In the early days of the Association they were so generally held as to be almost beyond reach of adverse criticism. Scant attention was paid to the matter of interpretation as such. It is true that the voices of Andrew D. White and Henry Adams were raised on its behalf at the turn of the century and that Frederick Jackson Turner had already made his celebrated venture concerning the significance of the frontier in American history. It is true also that John Bach McMaster and, after him, Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer offered such a catholicity of subject matter in their historical writings as to constitute a marked deviation from the Freeman fetish of past politics. But neither of these men was wantonly given, if given at all, to interpretation.

By such variations, however, the old guard was undismayed. Professor E. P. Cheyney, reflecting majority opinion in 1901, took sharp issue with Professor Seligman for presuming an economic interpretation of history, and confidently assured him that "historians" had no assumptions. Twenty-two years later, Cheyney delivered the Association's presidential address on "Law in History," a sequitur to his criticism of Seligman which has evoked the observation that Cheyney "was not so much opposed to 'assumptions' as such as he was to assumptions which he personally found unpalatable." In 1903, F. M. Fling held that since, in spite of the familiar dictum, history never repeats itself, formulation of laws or suggestion of recurring patterns was dangerous business; history could be scientific only in the accuracy with which it recorded individual events. And in 1908, G. B. Adams did battle against suggestions of interpretation and synthesis as follows:

At the very beginning of all conquest of the unknown lies the fact, established and classified to the fullest extent possible at the moment. To lay such foundations, to furnish such materials for later builders, may be a modest ambition, but it is my firm belief that in our field of history, for a long time to come, the man who devotes himself to such labors, who is content with this preliminary work, will make a more useful and a more permanent contribution to the final science, or philosophy of history, than will he who yields to the allurements of speculation and endeavors to discover in the present state of our knowledge the forces that

control society, or to formulate the laws of their action. None of the new battle-cries should sound for us above the call of our first leader [von Ranke] proclaiming the chief study of the historian to establish *wie es eigentlich gewesen*.

Thus, while interpretation was not to be barred forever from historiography, it was to be postponed to a comfortably remote future.

That future was to be ushered in earlier, perhaps, than Professor Adams could have foreseen; the views for which he stood were soon to be put under severe test. Out of Columbia University, principally, there came in the second decade of this century an attack on the history-is-past-politics emphasis, and from several points, including Columbia, came an attack on the supposition that the "fact" could tell all. The "Columbians" were led by James Harvey Robinson who condemned the general historiography of the time for its emphasis on political events to the exclusion of "other matters of greater moment," and for its narration of "extraordinary episodes not because they illustrate the general tendencies of a particular time, but because they are conspicuous in the annals of the past." He insisted, also, that historians should instruct themselves from the investigations of anthropologists, psychologists, and allied social scientists if they would acquire real knowledge of human experience and development. He advertised this doctrine as "The New History" and preached conversion to it.

The doctrine made headway. History-as-past-politics had now to parade in competition with new emphases. Economic, social, and intellectual history attracted investigators in ever increasing numbers; monograph after monograph testified to this new turn of affairs. In principle, at least, this was all to the good, but in performance it too frequently resulted in the replacement of a list of kings and battles with a catalogue of "underclothes, dime novels and whiffle trees," the one rivalling the other in dullness. The old methodology was carried over into the new endeavor, and the indefatigable fact was still allowed to speak for itself. "New presbyter is but old priest writ large."

To this also, there was, in turn, reaction. Works of some great modern historians were reread. It was recognized that Voltaire and Macaulay, for instance, while not qualifying as objective historians by Ranke standards, had not overlooked aspects of social history; they had treated them with perhaps as much dignity as some of the Columbians, or even more. The possibility that the Columbians were in danger of going as far in

one extreme as Freeman had gone in another prompted the late Carl Becker to observe that it would still be difficult to write a *History of American Life* "with only a perfunctory mention of politics," since politics had after all "something to do, as much at least as sport, with making American life what it is."

Now all of this placed a considerable burden on the historian of our day without as yet saddling him firmly with the load of interpretation. Diligent he must be in the collection of fact and accurate in its presentation. General acceptance of this obligation has an ancient ancestry, but in its newer dispensation it derived from the influence of Ranke and his school. And the range of the area in which the historian may dig for facts became, apparently, coextensive in space with the earth and in time with human experience; it comprises, indeed, history-as-actuality. Manifestly, no single historian has the power to bring all this under his command. Each tends to select a small field for investigation, but he is presumably placed under obligation to realize that his own selected field cannot be properly explored unless he is alert to the work being done along its borders, since this would affect the results of his own effort. Even this narrower responsibility takes some discharging.

There was still the matter of interpretation. This has come in for considerable debate during the past fifteen years. In the "Threatening 'Thirties," as Henry Seidel Canby called them, historians like other humans were deeply concerned about the throes of Western civilization. Many of them were aware of Sir Gilbert Murray's dictum that a society without history cannot understand what it is doing; they were also aware, painfully sometimes, that in spite of the abundance of written history, society still did not seem to know what it was doing. Could it be that something was wrong with the written history? There were those historians who thought so, and some of them subjected the "profession" to close scrutiny. Professor Becker put it under a microscope in his presidential address to the Association in 1931. He condemned lack of interpretation as well as dullness of style. He attacked the "orthodox" idea that the only philosophy of history permissible was that which would emerge naturally from the collection of facts all but independent of the will of the historian. This, he remarked, this "hoping to find something without looking for it is certainly the most romantic species of realism yet invented." Two years later Charles A. Beard ridiculed the old notion that written history, to be honest, must be all objective: the idea that

history could be written devoid of all subjective elements was to him nothing but a pious fraud; historical writing was nothing but interpretation.

Philosophers joined the attack. By itself, some of them argued, the simplest, clearest historical fact has little meaning. To acquire significance it must be tied to other facts. These gain meaning when by order, selection, and interpretation they are set in a frame of reference which functions as a kind of theory, without which the historian cannot effectively mobilize his data for presentation.

At the turn of the century, A. D. White and Henry Adams, when they had tilted a lance for interpretation, had been pretty effectively repulsed. Now the old guard's counterattack failed to carry the field. It was delivered by Theodore Clarke Smith in 1935. His weapon was a paper on "The Writing of American History in America, from 1884 to 1934," the output of the half-century since the founding of the Association. The "impressive output of sound, creditable, and in many cases masterly works on American history" during this period was dominated, he held, "by one clear-cut ideal—that presented to the world first in Germany and later accepted everywhere, the ideal of the effort for objective truth This was and is the intellectual assumption underlying the whole mass of professional historical writing."

But this ideal was not under challenge. It came, according to Professor Smith, from nonprofessionals, some of whom had the inspiration of scholarship but many of whom paid "scant attention to any of the canons of ordinary historical accuracy"; they were too much disposed to moralize or to debunk. And here, it must be conceded, Mr. Smith had a point. But with the next breath it must also be conceded that the writings of the moralizers and debunkers enjoyed a wider audience than did the writings of many professionals who wrote the kind of history Mr. Smith idealized. Challenge came also from those who held that history "can and must be explained in economic terms." In Mr. Smith's judgment such challenge directed attention to aspects of the past which no historian could afford to neglect, but at the same time it deprived the economic interpreters, creed-bound as they were, of "all possibility of variety in interpretation or of impartiality in judgment." A third challenge came, like *lèse-majesté*, from within the profession itself. It was pre-eminently associated by Mr. Smith with the work of James Harvey Robinson and Charles A. Beard, Columbians both. These men wanted history to be

functional, to serve some purpose, even to bring "information painfully amassed . . . to bear on the quandaries of our life today." This desire Mr. Smith deplored. He saw in it the danger of a controlled history such as existed in totalitarian states. His concluding hope was that, should another fifty years of American historiography bring about "the final extinction of a noble dream" and the end of written history "save as an instrument of entertainment, or of social control," those historians who dated "from what may then seem an age of quaint beliefs and forgotten loyalties," might go down with their "flags flying."

Mr. Beard is not one to lie down, roll over, and play dead at such a presentation. Nor did he. He renewed his attack on the assumption that pure objectivity as enshrined and worshipped by the old guard was attainable. Even more sharply he attacked the disposition of Mr. Smith to divide members of the Association into those who were dominated by "the ideal of the effort for objective truth," and those who were concerned to use historical knowledge to throw light on "the quandaries of our life today." He clearly resented and vigorously denied Mr. Smith's implication that those of the latter group were unconcerned about the accuracy of historical knowledge and the honesty of its use. But perhaps more important than these rejoinders was Mr. Beard's insistence that there is room in the Association both for those whose primary interest it is to ascertain and mobilize historical facts and present them in monographic form, and for those whose minds are attracted to the philosophic interpretation of history in order to pry into its deeper, broader meanings. Neither point of view, he properly asserted, could rightly claim to be the official view of the Association. He reminded his colleagues of the appeal made by the Association's first president, Andrew D. White: ". . . a confederation like this—of historical scholars . . . ought to elicit most valuable work in both fields [special and philosophical], and to contribute powerfully to the healthful development on the one hand of man as man, and on the other to the opening up of a better political and social future for the nation at large." He reminded them also of the fact, as a reading of articles in the *American Historical Review* will divulge, that the interest of American historians in philosophical interpretation has been slight during the Association's entire lifetime, and particularly so until the past fifteen years. He suggested that this is a shortcoming and appealed for its correction.

Mr. Beard, and those for whom he speaks, have not been effectively

answered. Today, although the claim of pure objectivity in the Ranke sense is not uncommonly made, its underlying assumption has been exposed as invalid. The battle to free history from the limitations of the history-is-past-politics doctrine has been won. And perhaps, with a certain compulsion that comes from the continuing but as yet unsuccessfully diagnosed world malaise, there will be even more attention paid to broad philosophic interpretation and synthesis. If so, Arnold J. Toynbee's contemporary and monumental work, *A Study of History*, affords a high mark for American historical scholarship to shoot at.

Yet it would be too much to say that Mr. Beard's *obiter dicta* have been wholly accepted and applied. In the first place, the historical profession, like others, includes members whose minds are not stocked for or bent toward philosophical interpretation; it may even include some for whom research in antiquarian detail, regardless of its relative importance to learning, affords convenient, moderately comfortable, and rationalized escape from the unsettlement of the world. In the second place, there is among members of the "profession" an understandable aversion to public prediction. Living as they do in an age when "experts" and "authorities" flourish without benefit of omniscience, they are peculiarly aware of the limitations of individual knowledge, and consequently inclined to eschew the dangers of error risked by the bold. It may be that they shrink also from philosophical interpretation lest it lead toward formulation of "laws" in history, laws for whose application they might be held responsible. An assignment to "discover" future history could hold real terrors for them.

Illustrative of this reluctance of the historian to "apply" history to the solution of contemporary problems is another presidential address to the American Historical Association. In 1937, C. H. McIlwain, keenly aware of the world's plight, posed the question: Have historians, as historians, "anything practical to offer to our own country and to the world in times of crisis like the present," and if so, how can the particular contribution be most effectively made? His answer was not unequivocal. The historian's real task, he judged, was "with history, not with its application." Yet he conceded that the historian had a responsibility, "even if not strictly *as* an historian," to find in the facts and developments with which he works lessons of value that may be practically useful. Yet, for himself, he could urge the learning of such lessons only as a bystander and not as a professional historian. Thus the hair was split.

III

Clio, then, does not yet have any final and comprehensive code of behavior. She has been repeatedly reminded that she must continue to be tolerant of the tendency of successive generations to write history in the light of their own ideas and experience. She should not be surprised, therefore, to be called upon in these latter days to broaden her interests by developing new ones while not slighting the old. She has been summoned to reappraise assumptions on which past conduct has been based, to smile on effort to achieve accuracy, to frown on presumption. She has been asked to embrace both the philosophically minded who would seek in her vast experience some lessons helpful to mere mortals, and those who seek in it simply a detailed record of performance.

It may be that, after all she has been through, she entertains sympathy for the view advanced by one of her lovers, that historical research is just common sense. This view assumes honesty and integrity on the part of the investigator; it assumes a persistent desire to get at all the ascertainable facts and a corollary desire to give these facts meaning through presentation and interpretation; it does not assume that history is a science.

And speaking of science: it has been a bugbear to Clio. Not that she begrudges science its great achievements, nor that she places a low value on its method which has been so useful to historians; but that she recognizes the influence it exerted on some historians a few generations ago, inculcating in them the belief that history was or could become a science. This has been embarrassing and costly to Clio; embarrassing because it was presumptuous, and costly because it lost her friends. For during history's aggressively "scientific" days the public lost interest in it. The interest of the general public in science has been not so much in its theories, its intellectual curiosity, its code of accuracy, as in its tangible end products—electric refrigeration, radio, penicillin, atomic bombs. This the "scientific" school of historians was too prone to overlook.

What tangible end product could "scientific" history produce that would excite and sustain public interest? Emphasis on "facts" tended to break up a happy marriage between history and literature. Deep devotion to past politics restricted history's potential appeal. Apprentice historians in the country's graduate schools sometimes read Macaulay and Parkman with relish and admiration—undoubtedly they were encouraged to do so—but the academic rigors of the day were such that *ibid.* and *loc. cit.* flourished while metaphor and allusion withered on the vine.

There has been in the past decade or two, as we have seen, a plea from within the profession for higher literary standards. In part this was reaction to what had gone before; in part it was an effort to recapture a reading public enthralled, and not without reason, by historical fiction, psychological biography, and the "I-was-there" accounts of roving correspondents. These have provided stiff competition, for the authors of such works write with broader license or greater abandon than the professional historian is likely to permit himself; and not infrequently they write, as craftsmen, with more bite and grace. The reception of their works testifies abundantly to public interest in written accounts of historical matters.

It would be too much to say that this competition is being met by the professional historian, but motions in that direction are discernible. Respected members of the American Historical Association have grappled with current problems. Charles A. Beard has long enjoyed a large reading public. Dexter Perkins recently distilled much scholarship in a little book, *America and Two Wars*. Carl Becker before he died analyzed problems of a troubled era in the light of the great learning he bore so gently in *How New Will the Better World Be?*

Currency of theme characterized these books and added much to their general interest and appeal. In addition, they were well written. But contemporaneity of subject matter is not indispensable to wide acceptance. The style and flavor of G. M. Trevelyan's Garibaldi books have made them justly popular. Samuel Morison's story of Columbus, *Admiral of the Ocean Sea*, and *The Age of Jackson* by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., won many friends by their literary quality, although this was not their only attractive feature. It is even noteworthy that publishing houses appear to be increasingly enthusiastic about professional historians as authors of books "for the trade." "The professors know their stuff," the bookmen say, "and today we need their knowledge. And some of them can write." And why not? In the minds and monographs of professional historians are stores of information already rich and growing richer. What group of men and women have greater right and responsibility to use what they know for the benefit of mankind?

Not all of them will wish or choose to "apply" history, and this is well and proper, because learning for learning's sake needs no apology. Many of them will continue the praiseworthy effort of adding to knowledge, say, by a study of Euboean coins or by a study of Lincoln docu-

ments just now opened to investigators. And their findings may be presented so attractively as to engage wide interest. However that may be, the professional journals will publish their papers and review their monographs; and university administrations will consider their scholarly output in deciding to grant or delay their promotions; and they and their students will continue to read and discuss many historical works written by non-professional historians; and the noble, fraternal enterprise of historical investigation will go forward steadily contributing to man's knowledge and to his critical and interpretive capacities.

But others in the profession may choose to bring history "to bear on the quandaries of our life today." They may or may not write with conspicuous skill, but if they have anything of value to say they are likely to win a substantial audience by virtue of their concern with the contemporary scene and because they bring to their subject knowledge and worthy standards of fairness. And this would be, as the history grade books used to put it, "a good thing." If in the field of contemporary affairs, in the area of "applied history," the historian (or the political scientist for that matter, because political science is but one aspect of history in captioned disguise) defaults to publicists, polemicists, and forced-growth experts with less knowledge and critical skill than he possesses, he cannot fairly complain that these are exerting a malevolent influence on the public mind. It seems idle, if not naïve, to inflict schizophrenia on the profession by indicating that an historian is one character when he applies history and another when he does not. If he lacks integrity of mind, knowledge, diligence, and critical ability, and still essays to write history, he will be hoist with his own petard in any event. His colleagues of one sort or another will see to that in one way or another. But if he possesses these attributes, he is likely to understand more fully, explain more clearly, and interpret more correctly the signs of the times than are those who do not possess them. He and the society of which he is a part can ill afford to have these attributes put to less than full use.

Surely the profession is big enough, in every sense of the word, to accommodate happily those who are interested in "applying" history, those who are not, and those who have the versatility of interest and capacity to double in brass. Let standards stay high, let criticism be rigorous, but perish the thought that a professional historian is a peculiar kind of processed commodity molded to suit one taste. Let nothing be done to denature him, for this above all would make Clio reject him.

CHINA THROUGH AMERICAN EYES: 1940-46

Laurence Sears

Any attempt to evaluate the recent literature on China faces serious difficulties. In the first place there is the problem of quantity. We have seen just within the past six years Chinese novels, histories, sociological studies, a voluminous biographical dictionary, and an excellent cookbook. Even if one restricts himself to the political sphere, the extent and variety are surprising.

I have chosen somewhat arbitrarily eleven books* and a number of articles, all written by Americans and all limited to the political and economic realm. Those chosen seem to me significant either because of wide popularity, vividness of description, or scholarly worth. Some of them deal with the general problem of postwar Asia, others with the situation in China and with the communist movement. I have quoted directly from only a few, but where there are important differences I have referred to them explicitly. Pri-

marily I have concentrated on those aspects of the situation which have been significant in the formulation of our American policy toward China. That has meant, therefore, that I have not dealt extensively with reports from the communist areas, even though they have been detailed and interesting.

As one scrutinizes the literature, a startling fact emerges. Only *one* of the authors cited is even moderately sympathetic to the Nanking government. In other words, American observers and students seem to be largely in agreement in their hostility to the existing government of China. And yet they write in many cases heatedly, as though they were involved in some bitter controversy—a controversy which seems not to exist. The answer, I suppose, is that they are not attacking each other; they are doing battle with the American government. There is, perhaps, no foreign nation about which American authorities have been in such close agreement; there is certainly no aspect of American foreign policy about which our experts have been in such complete disagreement with their government.

Before turning to the issue of our foreign policy in China, it is worth while to note the specific charges which Americans have leveled against the

*Fred Eldridge, *Wrath in Burma*, 1946; Harrison Forman, *Report from Red China*, 1945; Owen Lattimore, *Solution in Asia*, 1945; Paul Linebarger, *The China of Chiang K'ai-shek*, 1943; Nathaniel Peffer, *Basis for Peace in the Far East*, 1942, and *Prerequisites to Peace in the Far East*, 1940; Lawrence Rosinger, *China's Crisis*, 1945, and *China's Wartime Politics*, 1944; David Rowe, *China Among the Powers*, 1945; Gunther Stein, *The Challenge of Red China*, 1945; Theodore White and Annalee Jacoby, *Thunder Out of China*, 1946.

existing government of China as well as their attitude toward the Communists.

The only sympathetic analysis of the Kuomintang and the Nanking government is given by Professor Paul Linebarger of Duke University. He insists that the reforms which have already been accomplished are "stupendous," and that to the Kuomintang center any demand for sharp change is suspect. According to him, they desire to amplify what they have, and to let changes wait on the ability of trained personnel—not entrusting progress to the vagaries of mass movements with incalculable force and unpredictable direction. He dismisses the charge of "many well-known Leftist writers on China" that "the Kuomintang is hopelessly corrupt, a creature of landlords and capitalists, or 'feudal elements'." He believes it to be made up of shopkeepers, returned overseas Chinese, Christians, landlords, and Western-returned students. Persons who interpret the Kuomintang as the party of Chinese landlords and merchants may not be Marxian, but they are betrayed into assuming "a Left approach to China because of impatience with evils which they see but cannot understand."

In these assumptions, however, Professor Linebarger, as said, stands well-nigh alone. The position of White and Jacoby is in complete contrast. For them "the manners of the Kuomintang in public were perfect; its only faults were that its leadership was corrupt, its secret police merciless, its promises lies, and its daily diet the blood and tears

of the people of China." Nathaniel Peffer, professor of international relations at Columbia, in an article in *Harper's Magazine*, is almost equally critical: "The most devoted partisan of Chungking would not maintain that the government where Chungking has sway is good, honest, efficient, or primarily concerned with the welfare of the populace. It is nearly the opposite of all those." John Fairbank, an associate professor of history at Harvard, and for a time head of the informational and cultural program of the Department of State in China, writes in a similar vein in a recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly*: "The Kuomintang has little desire for change because it represents classes in power—landlords in the countryside, and money manipulators in the cities . . . Kuomintang China is living increasingly under Gestapo control, with its complement of concentration camps, organized bullies, and intimidation." Theodore White in an article in *Life* makes a similar charge: "Today the Nationalist party is dominated by a corrupt political clique that combines some of the worst features of Tammany Hall and the Spanish Inquisition." During the war the *New York Times* correspondent in Chungking was Brooks Atkinson. Speaking of the significance of General Stilwell's recall, he declared that for China "it represents the political triumph of a moribund anti-democratic regime," and for the United States acquiescence "in a system that is undemocratic in spirit as well as fact." And Owen Lattimore, director of the Page School of Inter-

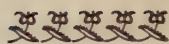
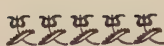
national Relations of Johns Hopkins University, declared in a broadcast on the Chicago Round Table that the Kuomintang was "conducting armed warfare against any and every democratic tendency in China."

Whereas Linebarger dismisses the idea that the Kuomintang derives its power from feudal landlords, Professor David Rowe of the Yale Institute of International Studies, speaks of the Nationalist party as being dominated by the landlord class. And Lattimore believes that "the Kuomintang has in fact largely ceased to function as a coalition party, and has become more and more a landlord party."

When one turns to a consideration of communist China, the first issue that arises is concerned with the meaning of the word "communist." Are Chinese Communists really communists? Raymond Swing referred to them once as radical, agrarian democrats. Harrison Forman similarly declares that the Chinese Communists are not communists, at least according to the Russian definition of the term, since they neither advocate nor practice communism: ". . . the Chinese communists are no more communistic than we Americans are." Linebarger disagrees completely at this point. He insists that they are not only communists in the strict, Marxian sense of the term, but that they are under the control of Moscow. "There has been no indication whatever, despite the wishful thinking of Western liberals, that the mentality of the Chinese Red leaders is one whit different from that of Western Com-

munists. They talk practical democracy, moderation, collaboration with the Kuomintang; they do so because this is the Comintern's China policy, just as they have fought the National Government in the past when the Soviet authorities disliked Chiang more than they did Japan." Professor Pfeffer, on the other hand, while holding that "the leaders of the Chinese Communist Party are communists," sees them as indigenous to the native scene, an inevitable expression of the growing protest against corruption and autocracy. Lawrence Rosinger, of the Foreign Policy Association, takes a similar position: ". . . the communists are deeply rooted in Chinese political life and . . . their political stability and power arise from inside China. They must be considered a native political force stemming from Chinese conditions—a force which will have to be dealt with by the Central Government regardless of the position taken by the Soviet Union on questions relating to China."

Whereas there seems to be widespread agreement that the support for the Kuomintang is derived largely from the landlord class, there is an equal belief that the basis for power in the Communist party lies in the peasants. White and Jacoby maintain that there can be no economic health in China unless reform roots itself in the village and deals with the problems of landholding, rent, and credit. It is this situation which has offered the Communists their opportunity. "There is only one certainty in communist politics in



China: the leaders' interests are bound up with those of the masses of poverty-stricken, suffering peasants, from whom they have always drawn their greatest support." Fairbank in the article quoted above takes a similar position. The Communist party "has become the acknowledged champion of agrarian reform in a land of farmers, and has thereby set up its claim to be the party of progress." He differs sharply with Linebarger as to the relation of the Chinese communists with Moscow: "Their affinity with Soviet Russia is doctrinal and theoretical; it does not need to be practical or procedural. Concrete evidence of their maintaining close contact with the Soviet Union is surprisingly scarce."

It is customary to discuss the Chinese political situation in terms of the two sharply contrasted parties, but this is a falsification of the picture, for a middle group did break through the political suppression. The Democratic League stood between the Kuomintang on the right and the Communists on the left, disavowing a dictatorship of any sort. It is difficult to know how many members it had because it was so continually persecuted by the Kuomintang. Led primarily by scholars, professors, some bankers and industrialists, and a few military leaders, it never claimed to have widespread support from the peasants, but it did claim to have their interests at heart. Rosinger feels that, although its membership has been small, it has served to strengthen the position of the Kuomintang's weak liberal wing. And there were many who be-

lieved that if there were a genuine stalemate between the Communists and the Kuomintang, the Democratic League might emerge as a mediating party, defending the rights of the people from attacks from either side. Unfortunately, that no longer seems to be a possibility. Within this last year several of the leaders have been killed. Speaking of the death of Professor Wen I-to, a leading scholar and editor of the *Democratic Weekly*, Fairbank remarks: "There can be no doubt that this political assassination, like other recent assassinations, beatings, and terrorism against Chinese liberals, was the work of the right wing of the Kuomintang."

It is interesting to see how far General Marshall agrees on these various issues. In his pronouncement on China, he speaks of the almost overwhelming suspicion with which the Communists and the Kuomintang regard each other. He thinks it is clear that the Communists are Marxists. He condemns them for their willingness to use drastic means to gain their ends, and for their vicious and dishonest propaganda. On the opposite side he speaks of a dominant group of reactionaries in the National Government who are interested in the preservation of their own feudal control of China, and he believes that the only hope lies in the assumption of leadership by the liberals.

Most of the literature on China has centered around such issues as the corruption of the Kuomintang, the respective attitudes of each group toward democracy, and the relation of the Communists toward the Marxian ideology

and Russia. While many of the writers have seen the economic roots of the conflict, far too little attention has been paid to the conditions and implications of the industrialization of China. More specifically, although there has been widespread recognition of the feudal basis of contemporary Chinese society, only a few of the writers have kept their eyes on the implications of superimposing modern industrialism on a feudal land-tenure system.

I have limited myself thus far to publications explicitly concerned with China, but there is one book on Japan which might well be considered by all those interested in China. I am referring to *Japan's Emergence as a Modern State* by E. Herbert Norman.* Starting with the political settlement of the Meiji era, and especially "the abolition of feudalism" in 1871, he points out that as a matter of fact there was no such abolition, that the interests of the feudal ruling class and the big merchants became so closely intertwined that whatever hurt one injured the other. Actually, in many cases "the feudal lord ceased to be a territorial magnate drawing his income from the peasant and became instead . . . a financial magnate." There came to be a fusion of the feudal classes with the powerful merchant families. But the feudal land-tenure system survived with little alteration in the process. As a result, the peasants were left dependent and poverty-stricken, a source of cheap labor yet largely unable to purchase the goods pouring from the factories. In prewar days 70 percent

of the farmers were tenants. They had to raise food at a cost low enough to feed the low-paid factory labor, and that labor in turn had to manufacture cheap goods for the profit of fifteen families who controlled 70 percent of Japan's capital investment and who employed their profits to buy more raw materials to make more goods. The sickness of agrarian Japan spread infection throughout the entire social system. Peasant families kept themselves alive by allowing their children to be drawn off as cheap labor in factories. It was the German "geopolitician," General Haushofer who wrote in 1935: "The industrialization of Japan has been built on the backs of the peasants, who are the victims of the rich and powerful . . ." As a result of this alliance there came to be a monopolistic and state control of strategic industries concentrated in the hands of a very few. And there arose inevitably the famous *Zaibatsu* clans, the new financial oligarchy.

But it is with the political implications that we are chiefly concerned. Because there was never a genuine revolution such as Europe saw time and again with the passing of feudalism, there could never be a genuine liberal movement in Japan. Because "the historical legacy from Tokugawa society did not permit of a social transformation taking place *from below* through democratic or mass revolutionary process, but only *from above*, autocratically . . . the government had no choice but to retard the tempo of anti-feudal consciousness." Democracy was an impossibility; oligarchy a necessity. Finally, because of

* Institute of Pacific Relations, 1940.

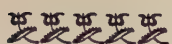
the pressure of rising population (a concomitant of industrialization), and because of the insufficient purchasing power of the home market, there was no alternative but to look for foreign markets, and to seize them if it seemed necessary. Pearl Harbor was the necessary result of politico-economic decisions made when Japan emerged as a modern state.

The parallel of this record with the present situation in China is appallingly clear. There is almost complete agreement that China is in large measure a feudal nation, but a nation bound to be industrialized. Two authors have seen this with especial clarity. Rowe, in the book previously cited, calls attention to the warnings that have been given in the last decade or two of the deep discontent of the peasants. He quotes Professor Dragoni, a League of Nations' agricultural expert, as declaring that unless steps were taken to prevent the growth of discontent among the peasantry, they might "take action which would gravely endanger social and political stability." And Rowe points out that for the Communists the land-tenure question became an essential part of their whole revolutionary system. But if in the light of the agrarian situation the communist program was logical, so, too, in the light of the class basis of the Kuomintang, its policy of reaction and repression was to be expected. Rowe is thoroughly aware of the analogy with Japan: "Struggles for political power are bound to accompany efforts to solve economic problems. To resolve these struggles simply by continuing to con-

centrate economic power and the political dominance that accompanies it in the hands of a few landlords, bankers, and industrialists, might result in a temporary semblance of material strength and unity of purpose. This would be modernization on the Japanese pattern." And he insists that "the only way in which to guarantee China a long-term role in the preservation of international peace and order is to induce really basic socio-economic reform designed to advance the welfare of her population."

Peffer, in his *Prerequisites to Peace in the Far East*, is equally explicit that the touchstone is the agrarian problem: Until it is solved, China's situation must remain hopeless. No military victories, political reforms, or industrial development will be of avail until the lot of the peasants is alleviated In China as in Japan a society cannot exist at odds within itself. China cannot live half in the Occidental twentieth century and half in the Oriental Middle Ages. It will solve nothing with respect to internal stability or equilibrium in Far Eastern international relations if great factory centers in Shanghai, Canton, Tientsin, Hankow, and Chungking are superimposed on a substratum of peasants ground by rackrenting, usury, and manipulation of crop prices, and urban factory hands working fourteen hours a day at wages which barely keep them alive. A country which has become a gigantic sweatshop will not remain long at poise within. . . . The difficulties and dislocations of contemporary Japan will be reflected in China, but in much higher degree. For China begins its transformation already over-populated, as Japan did not.

The issue, he insists, is not communist



vs. Kuomintang; it is a defective social organization, and the results can only lead to internal instability and international war. If there should be conflict, the line of cleavage will be between the Communists, with the support of a large proportion of the masses on the one hand, and an unofficial alliance of industrialists, bankers, large landholders, and their bureaucratic and military supporters on the other—in which case China would probably be rent by revolution, and chaos would result.

In concentrating on the agrarian problem, too little attention has been paid to the industrial policies of the Nanking government. Recent articles in *The Far Eastern Survey* have revealed a situation largely unknown in this country. In the issue for September 25, 1946, Harley Stevens, writing on "Business and Politics in China," draws attention to the development of what he calls "bureaucratic capitalism," which has already produced serious repercussions in private business circles in China, both Chinese and foreign. According to Mr. Stevens, the government has entered the field of private enterprise, new government corporations frequently being organized at the rate of one or more a week. As soon as they are organized, private interests are either prohibited by law from participation or frozen out by the politicians in control. Speaking of one of the more recently organized trusts, the China Petroleum Company, he notes that it has a dual aspect: "It will compete with foreign oil companies in the distribution and marketing of petroleum products in

China, but it will also regulate their business by determining the petroleum products and the quantities thereof which they may import, the customers to whom and the prices at which they may sell Peace in China will find bureaucratic capital firmly entrenched in all strategic industries in areas other than communist."

Chen Han-seng in an article entitled "Monopoly and Civil War in China" published in the October 9 issue of *The Far Eastern Survey*, goes into much greater detail, both as to the extent of the state monopolization and as to the political implications. His final paragraph states the problem clearly:

Today there are two distinct tendencies of economic development in China. Whereas a pre-socialistic co-operative economy has made its beginning in the communist-democrat areas, the strongest and most obvious tendency in the Kuomintang areas is government monopoly of a pre-capitalistic compradore nature, dominated by military dictatorship. Thus, government monopoly, one party rule, and foreign military and financial aid have virtually become the three principles of the present Nanking government. These principles are just as inseparable as are the Three People's Principles advocated by Sun Yat-sen: nationalism, democracy, and the people's livelihood. The present civil war in China is fundamentally a struggle between two groups each defending its own set of principles.

This brief cross section of the situation in China leaves, so far, one aspect of the problem untouched: in the light of the situation there what do the writers quoted think our American policy

should be? Perhaps a prior question concerns what our policy has been, for we seem to have carried on several contradictory ones. On the one hand, there is President Truman's statement declaring China a sovereign nation in whose internal affairs we are pledged not to interfere. The statement, however, was qualified by his assertion that because of our traditional friendship for the Chinese people and because a united and democratic China is of importance to world peace, we should persevere in our policy of helping the Chinese people to bring about peace and economic recovery in their country.

Has it been true that we have not interfered in China's internal affairs? Most American writers on China assert otherwise. Christopher Rand, *New York Herald Tribune* correspondent, commented on December 19, 1946, that the statement "does not mention the so-called Military Advisory Group, the American mission that is helping reorganize and train the Chinese government army." Mr. Lattimore declared that "the fact of the matter is that there is a big actual American intervention in China." Hallett Abend, former *New York Times* correspondent in China, speaking of what the American Army had done, wrote: "If this was not armed intervention in China's civil war, then Hitler and Mussolini have been falsely accused of having intervened in the civil war in Spain."

In President Truman's statement two reasons were given for the American attitude: on the one hand a concern for the welfare of China; on the other

hand, the problem of world peace. There are conflicting views as to each of these goals.

Those few writers who have favored continued American intervention are insistent on their friendship for the Chinese people. They believe that the communist forces are too strong for Nanking to handle alone, and that without American assistance the entire country will be plunged into civil war. They are convinced too that it would be a catastrophe for the people of China if the government were to fall into the hands of the Communists. Finally, they feel that we are committed to aid the established government of our former ally.

Writers who oppose American intervention are equally concerned for the welfare of the Chinese people. They believe that our aid has continued in power a government which has been proved to be corrupt and altogether uninterested in what is best for its people. For them it is a regime marked by control vested in a secret police, the absence of almost all liberties, and the presence of most of the characteristics of a typical totalitarian state. They believe too that American aid to the central government has had the effect of hindering or blocking essential (and ultimately inevitable) social change. More than a year before General Marshall's withdrawal, Nathaniel Peffer pointed out that unless there were "assurance of reforms and evidence of their execution, financial help to China will have the result only of underwriting reaction in China and thus accelerating the advent of internal

upheaval." And Lawrence Rosinger made a similar comment: "The effect of our determined support of Nanking has been to strengthen the elements within it that are opposed to internal peace and democratic reforms."

Finally, the writers who have opposed our policy of support to the Nanking government believe that by it we weakened the middle-of-the-road groups, such as the Democratic League, which have genuine respect for democracy and liberty. They feel that, in effect, we helped to remove the only mediating element there was, creating an "either-or" situation where the only choice is a totalitarianism of the right or left.

Americans writing about China are similarly divided as to the means by which world peace can best be furthered. The greater number of them, being hostile to Nanking, believe that peace does not result from supporting anti-democratic regimes—as, they insist, the Nanking government has been and is. Further, they believe that the American policy of unilateral action in China has had the effect of weakening the United Nations, and of making China an arena for international rivalries. Had we turned the whole question over to the United Nations we should have strengthened the only international organization which gives any promise of world peace, and avoided in part at least the danger of an all-out conflict with the Soviet Union. Finally, they point to the international implications of building up another (far more colossal) Japan, where both the drive for foreign markets and the pressure of a growing

population are so powerful that they can only mean imperialism and war.

But in much of the writing of 1946 there is evident the conviction that talk of China's welfare and world peace is shadow boxing, that these are not the real issues. In the University of Chicago Round Table discussion quoted before, Theodore White bluntly stated that "the real thing which we are trying to do in China is to build up a front against communism in Russia," and Owen Lattimore added, "Americans very largely feel uneasy about the idea of our getting out of China because they are afraid that the Russians will come in." This is not to imply that writers hostile to the Kuomintang are necessarily pro-Russian. In fact, between the writers favorable to the communist effort and the ones opposing it there are wide areas of possible agreement that might well be made explicit. Both sides might well admit that Americans do not want a Russian-dominated China, that we are suspicious of what Russian goals may be in the Far East, and that our China policy must be formulated in part in the light of Soviet-American relations.

This is not the place to discuss the tensions between Russia and the United States, even though it is idle to deny that they have affected and still do affect our policy in China. It is not even necessary to raise the question of Russia's policy in the Far East during the past two years. But it is pertinent to inquire whether our fear of the U.S.S.R. (justified or not) is accomplishing its purpose. More specifically, did our pro-

longed strengthening of the Kuomintang tend to give the United States an effective ally against Russia and enhance the chances of world peace?

To take the last question, how much of an ally would China be in the event of a complete Kuomintang victory over the Chinese Communists? One remembers at once the heroic struggle which China made against Japan long before America entered the war. And that applies both to the Kuomintang and the Communists, for there was a genuine united front between the two forces for several years. Even before Pearl Harbor, however, there was serious friction with resulting loss of effectiveness in the conflict against Japan. And shortly thereafter there was little more than armed truce, with hundreds of thousands of Chinese soldiers watching each other rather than fighting their common enemy. From then on, the amount of fighting which the Chinese did was admittedly far less. Whether the Kuomintang or the Communists ceased more completely the fight against Japan is still a debated issue. There have been those who insisted that it was only Chungking which persisted. On the other hand, Gunther Stein in *The Challenge of Red China* has collected a number of quotations from American military observers on the opposite side. General Chenault is quoted as declaring that he rated the Communists highly as fighters, and Colonel David Barrett of the United States Army Observer Section in China stated that "the degree of wholehearted co-operation and of practical assistance rendered to the United States Army by

the Eighth Route Army (communist) could scarcely be improved." Furthermore, we are still getting light on the so-called Stilwell affair. White and Jacoby deal with it extensively, but by far the most detailed account is given in *Wrath in Burma* by Eldridge. The author, who had unique opportunities for observation, recounts from the beginning the story of General Stilwell's determination to make the Chinese army an effective fighting force against the Japanese, and of the stubborn resistance which, he says, was encountered from General Chiang, a resistance culminating in General Stilwell's forced withdrawal. Eldridge, as well as White and Jacoby, emphasizes that General Chiang was less interested in fighting the Japanese than in preparing for the civil war with the Communists which was to take place at the close of the struggle in progress. All of which lends point to the inquiry whether, even as a buffer against the U.S.S.R., the Kuomintang could be depended on to do more than seek its own immediate interests, bargaining with whichever side offered most.

The international implications of a communist victory have seemed ominous to many. *The Army and Navy Bulletin* states bluntly, "The Marines are in China because of the predatory policy of Soviet Russia," with the obvious conclusion that the Chinese Communists would be at least potential allies of Russia. This is, of course, a highly controversial question, but there is an aspect which many authorities have stressed—that whether or not the Chinese Communists

have been allied with Moscow, the policy which we followed during most of the war years tended to force them to move in that direction. White insists that "we are forcing the Chinese communists into the hands of Russia. There was a whole period during this war when the Chinese communists did their best to make friends with us. We flouted them and flouted them and gave them no opportunity to be friends with America. Now, I believe, they may (and sensibly from their point of view) try to make whatever concessions they can to Russia to get Russian aid against the Kuomintang, which we are supporting."

Professor Lattimore, in the course of a Chicago Round Table discussion, started with "the admission that our policy is a bad failure . . . that we are not dealing with the China situation on the merits of the China situation—we are dealing with the Russian bogey." Although "there is not Russian intervention," there is "actual American intervention . . . If the Russians begin to come in as we start going out, we can stop going out, and we can come right in again." But "if we are demanding that nobody intervene in China, we have to show good faith by ceasing our intervening . . . China has an enormous frontier with Russia . . . therefore Russia is always going to be an influence in China's politics, directly or indirectly." Finally, "we have to come to an understanding with Russia." It was on this last note that all three participants in the discussion, Professor Lattimore, Theodore White, and Professor Harley F. MacNair, closed. "We agree

that the only feasible way out to the present impasse in China is the calling of a regional conference within the framework of the United Nations and in conjunction with the representatives of the Chinese people . . . in order to attempt a settlement of the China problem which will remove the danger of another world war and bring about a truly united, strong, independent, and *democratic* China."

Such have been the pronouncements of perhaps the most widely read recent writers on China up to the end of the year 1946. How accurately they have judged the situation remains for the years ahead to show, but the question posed by most of them is clear: Is there any possibility of co-operation with Russia—either within the United Nations or outside? That is the ultimate issue. Many Americans seem to be convinced not only that co-operation is impossible, but that a crisis in the relations of the United States and the U.S.S.R. is so near that we are justified in seeking allies, of whatever political stripe. The problem of American relations with China is the problem of our relation with Russia. And the question raised is whether the chances of peace are so remote and the possibility of war so immediate that we cannot depend upon the United Nations or afford the luxury of building democratic, peace-loving allies. The discussion will be carried in the future, as in the past, by those who, on the one hand, still believe in the possibility of averting World War III, and those who are, psychologically speaking, *now* at war with Russia.

THE PROFESSOR IN SCANDINAVIA*

Waldemar Westergaard

THE MEMBERS of the university community in the northern countries of Europe have inherited from their academic forebears a tradition of academic democracy that would appear very "foreign" indeed to some benighted parts of these United States. They have no Hatch Act to immobilize them during a national campaign or to frighten them away from the political arena should they desire to enter it. The public has learned to expect professors and others in its colleges and universities to take part in political discussions in the press and on the forum. Without jeopardizing their academic future, they may stand for election to their national assemblies, they may take an active part in the political party of their choice, they may serve as members of a ministry. A few examples drawn from personal observation may serve to illustrate the extent and the quality of democracy and political tolerance in the Scandinavian community.

In Norway, as in many countries after World War I, the swing to the left was strong for a few years, among students and to a lesser degree among professors. I was a member of a party of Americans who were touring the Scandinavian countries under the auspices of the American-Scandinavian Foundation in the summer of 1922. Among those who had been asked to meet us and extend a welcome on behalf of the Norwegian students—their organization would correspond roughly to an alumni association—was a young Communist who happened to be president of the student organization at the time. He was not on the welcoming committee, but he sent his regrets, as he was being detained in an Oslo jail because he had refused a government summons to do military service.

Later in the autumn, when the semester had begun, I attended a meeting of the organization. The Communists were in charge. A conservative student who was my cicerone told me that non-Communist students had

* This essay is part of a longer paper read at the spring, 1947, meeting of the Western College Association at the University of Redlands.

voted to let the Communists take charge, to give them a chance to show what they could do. "If they do not come up to standard, we will throw them out at the next election," he told me. In view of what has happened elsewhere, this might seem a dangerous procedure, but that was the way conservative Norwegian students looked upon their leftist opponents at that time.

In the Norwegian nation communism managed to increase its voting strength to the point where the party contrived for a brief interval to get a majority in the parliament. That was in the early part of 1928. For the responsible post of foreign minister, the party turned to one of its active leaders, Professor Edvard Bull, an historian of distinction in medieval Norwegian history. One of Bull's first acts was to make a bold public statement on Norwegian foreign policy that set the stock market in a dither and so weakened the party's hold on parliament that the ministry lasted only twelve days. Like the Communist students, the Communist party in Norway had its brief fling, and was promptly replaced. In its short period of existence, the foreign minister had not had time to move into his official residence. Judging from my conversation with Professor Bull while in Oslo a few months later, it was a sore point with him. Those twelve days evidently shook Bull more than they did Norway—or the world. Said a conservative Swedish historian in a letter to me written after he had visited Bull in Oslo, "He is such a delightful fellow—too bad he is a Communist!" In all this it never occurred to anyone in Norway, of whatever party, to criticize the participation in politics of a professor, quite regardless of his party line.

In the course of a year's stay in Sweden for purposes of historical study, I visited the Swedish parliament. Curiously enough, the speaker, a long-bearded and long-winded gentleman, at the time the Communist party's sole representative in parliament, was holding forth. No one seemed to listen, but he was there, and he was permitted to have his say. Now as then Sweden is strongly socialist, but a long way from giving its Communist party even a twelve-day chance at the government.

We have a few former professors in our own Congress, but ordinarily they have severed their connections with their institutions before beginning their campaigns. In all of the Scandinavian lands, professors have frequently been elected to national legislative office and appointed to important cabinet positions while retaining their academic chairs. Rector Sven Tunberg of Stockholm University told me of a case where a mem-

ber of his staff was conducting an examination when a telephone call came in for him. "This is the King speaking," said a voice at the other end, "and I would appreciate it if you could come over to the palace now, as you have been designated for a cabinet post." "But, Your Majesty," protested the professor, "I am right in the middle of an examination." "Oh, well," was the response, "can't you give your students a passing grade and let them go?" Even a professor in a classroom is scarcely safe from being drafted into the government service in those democratic countries. To be eligible they must be active members of one or another political party. When a party's turn comes to form a ministry they must be prepared to do their part if invited.

While discussing political parties in northern Europe, I may be pardoned if I make a further reference, a footnote comment, on Denmark's experience during the German occupation. The Germans consented to a national election in the hope that the little Danish National Socialist party might show signs of increasing strength. But they made one proviso, namely that no Communist party candidates were to appear on the ticket. The election was held, with results deeply disappointing to the Germans. There was a huge turnout of voters, but the relative party strength over the country remained substantially as before. German outlawing of the party of the extreme left proved another of a long list of German blunders. All political groups agreed that this constituted a gross violation of Denmark's democratic constitution. It had an interesting sequel. When the Resistance Movement began to get under way, rightists joined with leftists in devising an underground program that was calculated to embarrass the German war effort in every possible form. In this great common effort to maintain Danish national spirit and self-respect, there was no outlawing of any party. By refusing tolerance to one specific group of which they did not approve, the Germans forced all parties underground, where they connived at forming a sort of illegal national government which proved able to thwart the German effort on many fronts.

In the selection of professors, the American system, if such it can be called, resembles the German more closely than it does the Scandinavian. Here in the United States, it has occasionally happened—though seldom in recent years—that a college or university president met a fluent and socially agreeable scholar, looked over the scholar's printed work when he returned to his office, and presently offered him a position.

Or a department chairman or a member delegated for the duty might look up possibilities in the course of a trip and report them on his return. Obviously the value of such comment, or of the president's decisions for that matter, depends upon the judgment of one individual. As an extreme example of failure in such judgment, I know of one case where a foreign scholar, a plausible and fluent gentleman, arrived from a European country with a huge library. He had come on his own power unsolicited by president or department. He proved to be a businessman as well as a plausible and facile scholar. He sold his library and in due time himself to the institution, but after a more than polite interval, punctuated by conduct that became increasingly embarrassing to an overpatient administration, his services were finally discontinued. Such an instance is, as I have said, an extreme one, but care and the accord of several judgments in the selection of men, even—and perhaps one should say especially—in the lower ranks, may preserve an institution from the need of backtracking or from falling foul of the A.A.U.P. Haste in making a contract is likely to mean grief in breaking it.

The system used in the Scandinavian countries avoids pitfalls due to haste or to the exercise of only one judgment. The circumstances in Scandinavia, though, are so different from those obtaining here that it would be of more than dubious value to try to imitate it in detail. Academic jobs in Scandinavia, as in much of Europe, are scarce, and men of high training are plentiful. Hence you find able and productive scholars, men with doctor's degrees, holding several minor jobs in order to live, and waiting for a professor to die or resign so that they may compete for his position. In preparation for this highest of academic positions, these men have been laboring diligently for years in study, research, and writing. They know that unless they have an impressive record of printed publications to their credit they will have no chance worth mentioning. To entertain the ambition to become a professor, the candidate must be prepared to make many sacrifices, to the point of deprivation as judged by our standards. The age of retirement is much the same as with us—the professor may retire at sixty-five, he must step out at seventy. When the press announces a vacancy on a university faculty, speculation is started at once as to the candidates likely to apply. Some of the speculation gets into the newspapers, and from then on the fierce light of publicity beats upon that segment of the academic world until the final choice has been announced. Very rarely does a faculty extend an invitation—what the

Germans call a *Ruf*—to a professor. Once the news of the vacancy is out, the candidates are given a month or two to file their applications. In the meantime a committee of three to five experts has been appointed and arrangements have been made for them to be excused from their main professorial duties for a matter of three months. The applicants have been assembling all evidence of their scholarly standing, every item duly and formally attested, from the elementary school to the university. They have made a list of the positions they have held and the travels they have undertaken to further their studies, and finally they have enumerated their published works, ranging all the way from learned books to encyclopedia contributions and feature articles in newspapers. When the *vitae* and the printed materials have been assembled, along with some unpublished manuscripts scheduled for publication, they are made available to the committee of experts.

The committee itself—and I am now speaking primarily of the Swedish system—is composed of representatives from several universities in Sweden, though occasionally the authorities call on a Danish or a Norwegian expert to take part. Each member of the committee works by himself and arrives independently at his conclusions. But he does not draw up a little summary statement of two or three pages for the confidential guidance of the academic body that appointed him—not in Sweden. He makes a detailed examination of the scholarly production of each candidate, appraises the performance of each in turn, and then proceeds to rank them and to give the precise reasons for placing them in a certain numerical order. He must needs tread carefully, for his committee colleagues are doing the same thing, and the reports of all three will be published *in extenso* as soon as they are in. It may be awkward if two members are in substantial agreement while the third places their low man at the top of his list. Such reports—and I have seen some of them—are obviously of little use to this final appointing authority.

Besides the ancient university at Uppsala, founded in 1477, Sweden has three other universities—the University of Lund, established in the territory taken from Denmark during the Danish-Swedish wars of the seventeenth century; the university at Göteborg, founded in 1891, in part with funds given by Andrew Carnegie; and Stockholm University, founded in 1903. The system of nomination by a committee of experts was initiated in 1873, a few years before Göteborg University was founded. In that first effort a professorship in mathematics at Lund was

vacant, and four qualified candidates presented themselves. Dissension arose promptly. The youngest candidate, Dr. Björling, had objected to the criticisms directed against his work by the professor of astronomy and presented testimony in his own favor from one Norwegian and one Danish mathematician. The Chancellor, Count Hamilton, who was the King's representative in the field of higher education, decided that the intramural disagreements were degenerating into an academic dogfight and recommended that a committee of specialists in mathematical science be appointed.

In June of 1873 this first Swedish committee of its kind, composed of two members, handed in its report. These two men, one Swede and one Norwegian, managed to reduce the candidates' field to two, of whom Björling was one. The Norwegian member placed Björling first, the Swedish member insisted that the two deserved equal rank. As the professorship was formally a royal appointment, the King turned the experts' report over to the Chancellor and asked his opinion. The latter quite naturally decided in Björling's favor, and in November 1873, the King appointed him. It took about two years to fill the vacant post. As a result of the protracted dispute and the long delay, the two universities set up committees to improve procedure. It proved more difficult to reach an agreement on procedure than it had been to decide on the Lund professorship, but finally, early in 1876, a method was agreed to that, with very few changes, still determines how Swedish university professors shall be chosen.

In arriving at their estimate of a candidate's qualifications for the post, the experts concern themselves mainly with his published research work. They may mention his qualities as a teacher, or his ability to write for a popular audience, but these are of minor importance in forming a final judgment. Frequently the candidates are given a topic to investigate within a set limit of time, the results of which investigation they then present in manuscript form to the committee. This system has the disadvantage of placing the candidate under a terrific tension, and is perhaps as much a test of nervous endurance as of mental prowess. While I was in Denmark recently, two candidates presented themselves for the professorship in modern European history. Before the committee could announce its decision, each of the candidates, one a man, the other a woman, had to prepare and present publicly two lectures, one on a theme set by the committee, the other on a topic of his own choice. All the leading

Copenhagen newspapers had reporters and staff artists on the scene. In this case, the woman, Dr. Astrid Friis, had the advantage in productive scholarship if not in training, and she won out. She was the first woman to hold a professorship in a Danish university.

One argument against this gruelling competition is that competent candidates are likely to refuse to enter the lists. When Dr. Aage Friis was a candidate for a modern history professorship in 1913, he informed the committee that his state of health prohibited his entering on a written competition. If they wanted him without that, they could have him; if not, he would count himself out. They waived the regulation and took him.

An interesting feature of the Swedish system is the device that permits the runner-up in the competition to prepare and publish what is called "a complaint to the King." In fact, a month or so is allowed by law to permit the Number Two man to peruse the report of the committee of experts and set down his reasons for his being entitled to the number one rating. I have collected a few of these "*Besvaer till Konungen*," as they are called, and they are exceedingly entertaining documents. One of these "complaints" was composed by Sam Clason, state archivist and Minister of Education. Two of the committee members had placed him first, and two others had put him in second place. Clason directed his criticism particularly against the arguments of the magisterial professor of history at Uppsala, Harald Hjärne, who had found a variety of unfavorable things to say about Clason's work on the background of the famous "Reduction" in the time of Charles XI. (In order to rescue its finances from terrific burdens induced by wars and aggravated by extravagance, the state had put through what we would call a capital tax.) Clason showed pretty conclusively that in his book he had done precisely what he had set out to do, and that Hjärne's criticisms had little basis in fact. The subsequent verdict of historical critics has been entirely in Clason's favor, and no one has attempted up to date to rewrite his history of the "Reduction." In the following year, against stiff competition, with one Danish and two Swedish historians on the committee, Clason came through with flying colors and was made professor of history at Lund. His defense of the previous year had obviously not interfered with his chances of success.

A brief statement as to how work of Scandinavian scholars finds its way to publication may be of interest here. In the United States, academic

people find their chief outlet in one or another of our excellent university presses. The scholar with no academic connections is often confined to scientific periodicals, unless he is so gifted a popularizer that his work is wanted by a commercial publisher. Our great foundations are often willing to allot grants-in-aid to a scholar while he is pursuing his investigation, but once the author's manuscript is ready for the press, the foundations usually show only a casual interest in its publication. In Denmark, on the other hand, the scholar who has a worthy project may apply to any one of several well-endowed foundations for assistance in carrying out his research. When his work is ready for the press he may apply for a subvention that will make publication possible.

Denmark's favored position is due more than anything else to the intelligence and foresight of two wealthy brewers. J. C. Jacobsen, owner of the "Old Carlsberg" brewery, willed his establishment to the Danish National Academy of Arts and Sciences which took it over on his death in 1887. During his lifetime he had already given large sums for the promotion of natural sciences, the humanities, and the fine arts. He also left upwards of two million kroner (more than a half-million dollars) as a fund for continuing the work begun during his life. In 1902 his son, Carl Jacobsen, who had developed a huge and profitable rival brewery, the "New Carlsberg," decided to follow his father's example. He presented this brewery likewise to the Danish Academy, with the single limitation that the funds accruing from his business should be designated as the New Carlsberg Fund. The father had set a goal of six million kroner (\$1,500,000) for the permanent capital of the Old Carlsberg Foundation, a sum already reached by 1896. As far back as 1915, the Carlsberg fund had reached the impressive total of \$4,500,000, one-third of which was represented in the physical assets of the brewery.

How were these "beer benefactions" used? There is scarcely a scholar of consequence in Denmark who has not received aid from one of these sources at one or more stages of his scientific work. Promising amateurs are often given a gambling chance. Archaeologists have gone on expeditions to the Mediterranean, to Greenland, and within Denmark itself to make new discoveries; botanists have explored the Caribbean for new species of algae; zoologists have run the spawning eel to its mid-Atlantic lair; historians and men of letters have been enabled to visit foreign archives and libraries for new materials; and artists have gained new ideas and fresh inspiration from foreign scenes. These are solid advan-

tages for a small country that is far from rich. The humble Danish laborer who sips his glass of Carlsberg beer may—if he has imagination—reflect on his tiny personal contribution to the culture of his native land. If we could add to the roll of honor that includes our Rockefellers, Carnegies, and Huntingtons, the names of a few “barons” in our brewing nobility, our American civilization might receive a stimulus of enduring worth!

What has here been described is not capable of being adopted *in toto* by American colleges and universities. That the Scandinavians have managed by the use of so rigorous and public a system to hold their standards high is borne out by the results. Perhaps they do not secure the best man every time, but they rarely miss getting one of the two best men who present themselves. They depend less than we do upon the men on the ground who have gradually progressed from instructor or lecturer to more advanced rank. Their universities have far less of undergraduate instruction, and their teaching hours are such as to permit them to devote much of their time to research.

It may be asked what kind of teaching does the Swedish system, or the similar but less complicated systems employed in Denmark and Norway, produce in practice? I have heard lectures by university professors in all three countries. They have varied from learned nonsense devoted to antiquarian trivialities to brilliant performances based on careful and profound research. On the whole it must be said that a far larger percentage of Scandinavian professors base their lectures on their own independent studies than is the case in America. We have too many undergraduate students in our classes, on whom so concentrated intellectual nourishment would be wasted, to permit us the luxury of lecturing very often on our special fields of knowledge. In our larger institutions where graduate students pour in by the hundreds or thousands, we are providing lecture courses primarily for graduates, and we may well find that we should be providing more. At any rate any institution that lays claim to stressing scholarship and promoting research might do some profitable self-examination now and then to see, first, whether it is using the best available means for selecting its staff, and second, whether it is using its men of light and leading in the way best calculated to further the search for and the dissemination of knowledge.

GRANDMOTHER ENGLAND TAKES IN THE WILD WEST

Helene Maxwell Hooker

IT HAPPENED IN 1887. Five years before, Colonel Buffalo Bill Cody was busily devising schemes to extract glory and profit (particularly the latter) from his exciting and often apocryphally eventful past. Showing himself a worthy forerunner of the producer-directors of supercolossal Westerns, he decided to organize a show. It would deal with the Wild West, and would be crammed with Western color. The personnel would include crowds of Indians and cowboys, Mexican *vaqueros*, skilled and daring riders, and expert lasso throwers. Nor would authentic Western props be lacking. There would be stagecoaches, emigrant wagons, bucking horses, and even a herd of buffaloes. This lavish display the Colonel thought would surely provide "a realistic entertainment of wild life on the plains," and therefore it would sell. The Colonel was quite right. After a few initial hitches the show hit its stride. The public liked it and the gate receipts increased steadily. In the season of 1886-87 success was assured when the company went to Madison Square Garden. Despite a seating capacity of fifteen thousand, the hall was filled nearly every day—a remarkable record for the time.

The climax came when Cody and his partner were approached by a group of American and English businessmen who were actively interested in the forthcoming American Exhibition in London. When they offered a six months' contract for a London appearance, Buffalo Bill did not hesitate. On March 31 the entire company—lovely ladies, Indians, cowboys, brass band, rifleshoots, buffaloes, steers, elk, bears, wagons, and stagecoach—sailed for England on the steamship *State of Nebraska*.

The crossing was marked by gales, rain, and heavy seas. Unfortunately, there is no information as to how the steers, elk, bears, buffaloes, and horses were cared for, or how they endured the journey. All that we do know is that a great many of the company had never sailed farther than Staten Island (if, indeed, there), and that the ocean was really rough. In the light of prevailing weather conditions, the imagination

lingers only lightly on the general picture of seasonal storms, wild animals below decks, seasick Indians, and lovely—and seasick—ladies.

Two weeks later the caravan reached England. Its arrival was not unnoticed; in fact, full facilities for publicity were apparent even before the party landed. The chairman and board of directors of the Exhibition, accompanied by a reporter from the *London Times*, took a train down to Gravesend to welcome the ship. As the party climbed aboard the vessel, they were hospitably greeted by a war whoop from the Indians who were lined up on deck, shivering beneath their blankets and still slightly green and battered from the rough ocean voyage.

For the *Times* reporter the Indians surpassed all the other Western attractions. He was thrilled by their statuesque dignity. What stolid calm! What magnificent bodies! They impressed him as "men of the highest type of physical humanity." With only a passing glance at the other Western marvels in the Show, he concluded, "The size of the collection may be judged from the fact that the horses alone number 160—making in all, with Indians included, a troupe the like of which has never before crossed the seas . . ."

The encampment was quickly set up on the grounds of the American Exhibition on the Earl's Court Road out in West Kensington. The atmosphere was ostentatiously American. Behind a gate hung with portraits of Washington and Lincoln and surmounted by a large American flag, stretched a sizable village of camps, wigwams, and stables. Public interest was immediate and from the first centered around the Indians. Almost every day the newspapers carried stories about these Western tribesmen. The indefatigable *Times* reporter came out for the announced purpose of inspecting the entire company, but he spent most of his time in the Indian quarters. For him these brown faces streaked with yellow ochre epitomized hideousness and savagery. Fascinated, he watched the creatures tear around the ring on horseback. Wherever he looked he saw Mexicans, half-breeds, and Indians. They were superb! What brawn and what physique! These were the real Western thing! As he watched, sinister memories (from books) rushed into his mind. He remembered blood-curdling scenes from the novels of James Fenimore Cooper, and he thought of scalpings, raids, and war dances around roaring fires.

Foremost among the tribesmen was Red Shirt, one of the principal chiefs of the Sioux. Possibly remembering the eighteenth-century Otaheite, London regarded him with a mixture of curiosity because he was

an Indian and deference because he was a prince. It was observed with pleasure that he was actually no darker than were many Englishmen. Even the most superficial student of physiognomy could see that his face indicated remarkable qualities of benevolence, placidity, and dignity. In short, his expression amply demonstrated the uplifting results of a simple life spent in close association with Nature.

There was general amusement around town at the story of how Red Shirt and several other Indian chiefs had been given boxes at the Lyceum for a performance of *Faust*. Contrary to tradition, their nobly savage breasts were not soothed by the music. The last act, with its thunder, lightning, and varied sound effects accompanying the sad fate of Marguerite and the subsequent downfall of Evil had terrified them nearly out of their wits as well as out of the box! The next night's entertainment was much more suited to their taste. They went to the donkey-and-monkey exhibition at Drury Lane and were enchanted with what they saw.

Even before the encampment was open for business, ex-Premier and Mrs. Gladstone made a preliminary call. On April 25 they were given a private demonstration in the uncompleted track. Riding and shooting comprised the preview, and the cowboy band tootled away at "Yankee-Doodle." Mr. Gladstone showed a tactful enthusiasm for things Western and asked if he might meet the principals of the troupe before the performance began. Through an interpreter he conversed with Chief Red Shirt. When asked his opinion about the English climate, Red Shirt cautiously replied that he had not experienced enough of it to have any opinion. Mr. Gladstone then asked whether he thought that the relations between the two English-speaking nations were sufficiently cordial. Still diplomatically noncommittal, the Chief answered that he "did not know much about that."

A few days later the Prince and Princess of Wales attended with a large party that included the Crown Prince of Denmark. Such an audience necessitated a private performance. Although the ground was soggy from heavy spring rains and the encampment was in an unfinished condition, the company gave a complete show—its first on English soil. Buffalo Bill performed feats of extraordinary skill with his lasso and rifle, to enthusiastic applause. Buck Taylor, the King of the Cowboys, picked up a handkerchief from the ground while thundering down the

ring at full gallop. The troupe danced a Virginia reel on horseback. But again the real sensation was the Indians. In full war paint and wearing only beads and feathers, they charged headlong down the ring, screaming at the top of their lungs. They produced an immediate and electrifying effect. Visibly startled, the Prince leapt to his feet, and during most of the ensuing hour and a half remained standing, watching the performance with absorbed attention. Afterward the visitors inspected the camp. The Prince of Wales patted Buffalo Bill's white horse, Charlie; then, like the previous visitors, he asked that Chief Red Shirt be presented to him.

When the Prince inquired if Red Shirt found it cold in England, the Chief, through his interpreter, tactfully explained that he came from the Dakotas. A few minutes later the Princess of Wales stepped forward and asked the interpreter to convey to Red Shirt her pleasure at seeing him in England. Again Red Shirt proved equal to the occasion, for he directed the interpreter to "tell the Great Chief's wife that it makes my heart glad to hear her words of welcome." The Prince of Wales then capped the amenities by emptying his cigarette case into the hands of the Chief, who in turn distributed the largess among his comrades. *Noblesse oblige!*

On May 9 the first public performance was given. The place was jammed and the enthusiasm was tremendous. The two female sharpshooters, Miss Annie Oakley and the sixteen-year-old Miss Lillian Smith, amazed the audience with the extraordinary accuracy and ease with which they handled their rifles. All London seemed to agree with the verdict of *Sporting Life*: "It is new, it is brilliant, it is startling, it will 'go'!"

Then, dramatically, the unexpected pinnacle was reached. The Queen commanded a performance! What was more, she intended to come to Earl's Court for the occasion. This was unheard of! Not only was this the first recorded time in history that an English monarch had commanded a Wild West show, but it was the first time in her twenty years of widowhood that Victoria had gone forth to a place of entertainment. Until now all command performances had been taken to Windsor to be viewed behind the strict privacy of the castle walls. English pride expanded in the circumstance that only two reigning monarchs, Queen Victoria and the Czar of Russia, never tolerated the public when they sought entertain-

ment. Word quickly spread through London that the Queen was going to see the Show, and in the encampment the excitement was intense.

Among the Indians there was a young Oglala named Black Elk. Nearly fifty years later, when he told the story of his life to John G. Neihardt, he remembered the momentous visit:

"One day we were told that Majesty was coming. I did not know what that was at first, but I learned afterward. It was Grandmother England"

At Earl's Court the government took every possible precaution to protect its constitutional head from harm, particularly from dynamiters. Twenty-four hours before the performance began, six plain-clothes men appeared at the encampment and went on guard. On the afternoon of the performance itself twenty additional detectives and one hundred policemen arrived and took up their stations throughout the grounds. They stood by every entrance, both inside and out. They guarded every stable door. They stood around on the performing track of the amphitheater. A casual onlooker could have detected them, distributed without disguise among the artificial rocks and trees that were supposed to convey to the native Londoner the true flavor of the Wildly Western scene. So strict were the requirements of safety that only the actors and employees who were to appear in the Performance were permitted to enter the amphitheater. The rest were ordered to stay behind the scenery or to skulk out of sight in the back of the camp. In spite of the rigid enforcement of this rule, an on-the-spot account of the Queen's visit was obtained by trickery. The correspondent of the *New York World* borrowed a white buckskin suit and a black sombrero from one of the troupe officials. Thus disguised, he nonchalantly wandered past the guards at the gates. Strolling by the police, he roamed into the very center of the amphitheater, where he stayed throughout the performance.

It was just before five o'clock on the afternoon of the Performance. Outside the stables lounged the cowboys, sprawled in indolent attitudes. They had spent a highly enjoyable afternoon baiting the police with uncomplimentary remarks about England, London, and the royal family. For their part the bobbies were infuriated. Interpreting the jeers as a manifestation of democratic disrespect for royalty, they frowned and

* All quotations from Black Elk are taken from *Black Elk Speaks*, by John G. Neihardt, copyright 1932, by John G. Neihardt, and used here by permission of William Morrow and Company, Inc.

glared with rage, but said not a word. The frowns and glares were exactly what the cowboys wanted, and the baiting continued.

At this moment a breathless royal messenger, dressed in white skin-tight trousers and a black frock coat, rushed toward the stables. Her Majesty was arriving; she was only minutes away! With the Queen outside the gates, the Americans instantly rushed into activity. No more quips and innuendoes! They dashed inside the stables and began to saddle their horses. Instead of the lounging carelessness that had preceded the messenger's arrival, an air of expectation and tenseness charged the place. Even the horses reacted. They lunged and reared up and down the stables, and several backed into the courtyard. A riot might have been under way as horses plunged and neighed, cowboys shouted, and the police—evidently terrified—kept a safe distance and begged the riders to get their snorting, bucking beasts under control. But the cowboys apparently enjoyed the pandemonium and showed no signs of obliging, and the lunging continued until Colonel Cody rode up and peremptorily stopped the din. During the uproar the lady riders had assembled in another corner where, according to the *World's* "cowboy," they stood "nervously switching their little boots." And in still a third corner stood the silent Indians, their faces and bodies covered with paint, feathers in their hair, motionless at their horses' heads.

For about five minutes the company stood expectant. There was a great deal of what the reporter called "chaff." One of the cowboys complained, "The old lady seems to be a long time coming. I wonder what keeps Vic?" Buck Taylor, the King of the Cowboys, suggested that *he* go out and meet Her Majesty. "The King takes the Queen, don't it?" he demanded. At these demonstrations of *lèse-majesté*, the bobbies glared with rage but said nothing.

Immediately before the arrival of the royal party, Buffalo Bill walked up and down the waiting lines in a last-minute scrutiny. He was dazzling in a beautifully cut buckskin suit embroidered with beadwork, and in high, patent-leather boots that came above his knees. As he finished his inspection another messenger dashed into the yard, announcing the immediate arrival of the Queen. Just as he spoke the sound of wheels was heard outside. The Colonel leapt on his white horse. The Americans stiffened with excitement. The sound of wheels grew louder and louder, and the royal party swept into the big tent.

Black Elk, painted and befeathered, stood in his place and watched the Queen's arrival:

"She came to the Show in a big shining wagon, and there were soldiers on both sides of her, and many other shining wagons came too," he said. "That day other people could not come to the Show—just Grandmother England and some people who came with her."

As the first carriage, driven by a coachman in red livery, dashed into the ring, the band burst into "God Save the Queen." Even as they began to play it was clear that this was not the Queen but a lady-in-waiting, so the music stopped abruptly—in mid-air, so to speak—greatly to the cowboys' amusement. In the next second two outriders burst into the ring. They were followed by a plain, heavy landau drawn by four bays ridden by two postilions. On the box sat a coachman and a footman; at the rear rode two Scotch gillies. And inside the landau sat a dumpy figure dressed in plain black with a large bonnet on her head. This time there could be no mistake! The band burst into music and did not stop. The cowboys bowed low, and no one interrupted them. The police jerked stiffly to attention, and the gates to the ring were closed. It was the Queen! It was Grandmother England!

The landau drew up before the royal box which was draped in purple velvet and hung with the coat of arms embroidered in gold—a striking contrast to the canvas and tanbark. Here the Queen alighted. Followed by her daughter, the Princess Beatrice, she took the seat of honor. As soon as she was seated the doors were again opened and about forty-five people, all invited guests, came into the tent. The party included the Duchess of Atholl, the Marquis of Lorne, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the Lord Chamberlain. During this time the ring itself was nearly empty. When the guests were seated the Queen gave a signal to an equerry; he signaled to a bobby who touched the arm of Mr. Frank Richmond (the Show's "Orator" whose duty it was to provide a running comment of explanation for the different acts); Orator Richmond waved a small red flag; Buffalo Bill was heard shouting, "Go!"; the scenery opened, and the cowboys and Indians thundered pell-mell into the arena, tumultuously drawing up their horses in parade formation before the royal box.

The Queen was fascinated by this extraordinary demonstration. As the shouting, yelling line seesawed up and down, she raised her glasses

and stared as if hypnotized, until finally Buffalo Bill rode up to the front and bowed very low before her.

Everything was geared for speed. The Show was specially streamlined to last only forty-five minutes. Although the troupe—its white members, at least—was nearly prostrated with nervousness, it performed with unusual dash and precision. Sharpshooting Lillian Smith, the sixteen-year-old girl whose fame rested on her deadly ability to hit moving glass balls, missed only two out of fifty. When she had completed this demonstration of marksmanship, the Queen indicated that Miss Smith should step toward the royal box. Bowing, she did so. Very gravely the Queen returned the bow. No one spoke a word.

Next, Annie Oakley stepped into the ring and gave an equally dazzling exhibition. When she had finished the Queen signaled that she, too, should step forward. Composedly the Queen of the Rifle bowed to the Queen of England. There is a story that Victoria said, "You are a *very* smart little girl." But if she did, the watchful *World* reporter neither saw nor heard it. According to him, Annie bowed with complete nonchalance and then coolly walked away as though presentation to royalty were part of her everyday job.

The highlight of every performance consisted of two famous acts known as "The Attack on the Deadwood Coach" and "The Attack on the Settlers' Cabin." Here a group of blood-lusting Indians was finally routed by a group of white settlers led by Buffalo Bill. One of the features of the attack on the coach was an Indian war dance in which Black Elk took part. Later he said, "We danced and sang, and I was one of the dancers chosen to do this for the Grandmother, because I was young and limber and could dance many ways. We stood right in front of Grandmother England. She was little but fat and we liked her."

The Performance was most picturesque and spirited. Several of the chiefs were costumed only in breechclouts and, according to the disguised cowboy, "a coat of paint and a few bracelets." From the attention she gave and from the number of questions she asked Orator Richmond, who stood beside the box calling out his running commentary, it was clear that the Queen found this by far the most absorbing part of the entertainment. And how the cowboys and Indians responded to her attention! In the attack on the coach they outdid themselves in sheer recklessness. As the cowboys thundered down in a mass before the royal box, Buck Taylor surpassed himself with his exhibition of daring riding. He twisted

and turned his horse around in twenty or thirty gyrations a minute. He shot his revolver from under his horse, and he contorted himself in such an amazing series of gymnastic stunts that the royal party applauded with delight. And Major Burke, the Show's business manager, who had seen all this so often that he might reasonably be expected to show apathy toward Western displays, actually yelled with pleasure!

This concluded the Performance. A number of the spectators went off to look at the exhibitions. But not Queen Victoria. She gave orders that Red Shirt and his fellow chiefs should be presented. As Chief Red Shirt was brought forward, she stepped down upon the floor of the tent. Everyone uncovered. Red Shirt stood upon the tanbark six inches below the Queen; by his side stood Yellow Striped Face, the half-breed interpreter. Yellow Striped Face, overcome by his proximity to royalty, was barely able to speak. Not so Red Shirt! While he smiled and nodded to the Queen, she ordered Yellow Striped Face to tell him that she welcomed him to England, that she was glad to see him, and that she enjoyed his riding. There is a question as to whether Yellow Striped Face reported these remarks with complete fidelity, for, according to Black Elk, she said, "I am sixty-seven years old. All over the world I have seen all kinds of people; but today I have seen the best-looking people I know. If you belonged to me I would not let them take you around in a show like this."

"She said other things, too," Black Elk continued, "and then she said we must come to see her because she had come to see us. Her hand was very little and soft."

In response, Red Shirt smiled broadly and replied in his native language. Yellow Striped Face translated in a voice too weak for the Queen to hear. Whereupon Orator Richmond stepped in. "I have come many thousands of miles to see you," he interpreted, "now that I have seen you my heart is glad." The Queen nodded, and Red Shirt retired.

After several more of the chiefs and Yellow Striped Face had been presented, two squaws—the mothers of the two papooses in the company—were led before the Queen. First Wa-Ka-Cha-Sha, the little girl known as "The Pet of the Sioux," was brought forward. The Queen patted her cheek. Not to be outdone in the amenities, the child held out her hand. Very gravely the Queen shook it. As the Queen started back,

Wa-Ka-Cha-Sha's mother stepped forward with her hand out. Again the Queen shook hands. Immediately the mother of the second papoose stepped forward and holding out *her* hand queried, "How?" Still grave, the Queen shook hands and bowed again.

The signal for departure was now given, and the carriage was brought up. "We gave a big cheer for her," reported Black Elk, "and then the shining wagons came up and she got into one of them and they all went away." But before she left Victoria ordered that the top of the landau be lowered. As the carriage started, she turned and bowed specially to Orator Richmond. Then the signal was given, and the "shining wagons" and their escort of gentlemen and outriders swept out and past the crowd that had gathered to cheer the Queen.

Little more remains to be told. The Wild West Show was, of course, an assured success. That evening the performers played to a packed house. It was reported that a party of leading French government officials planned to cross the Channel for the sole purpose of seeing them. As Black Elk summed it up, "We stayed in this place six moons; and many, many people came to see the show."

CONSENT AND COERCION IN GOVERNING

T. V. Smith

AN AMERICAN MILITARY GOVERNOR in Italy—he was a regional commissioner stationed in the “Heel” in 1944—wrote me at Headquarters in Salerno that he was unable to get anything done in education because, as he claimed, I would not at the center put screws on the National Minister of Education whom I “controlled.” Why did I not “talk big” to my Minister, he demanded—talk big to my Italian as he did to his “subjects” down there in the Heel? The wiser for an earlier Sicilian experience, I replied in two lines: “When I have the power, I needn’t talk big; and when I haven’t, I dassent.”

I choose to strike my keynote with this personal experience by way of acknowledging at once how little this is a scientific presentation. It is, I hope, philosophical. I believe it to be at least commonsensical. Perhaps in a decade we shall have digested, and in two decades made statistical, some of our perplexing experiences in military government. Meantime, let us compare notes modestly, as befits those who know that they are not God. This must be done all the more modestly if we acknowledge, as I must, that we know little of the total picture, and that we understand hardly half of what we know.

Nor is this “lag of rationality” confined to practice where, of course, no man is immune to retardation. Even in the field of theory we operate in light much less bright than that of full, rational day. The very topic of discussion involves a theoretical perplexity if not a full-blown paradox. The military, which furnishes the context of our discussion, means control by coercion; the political implies control through consent. To speak, then, of a military element in politics is to make bedfellows of consent and coercion. Still, this paradox must be given logical attention if not accorded rational status in a world where our democracy is having daily to use the military to institute the civil, and where at earlier moments the very civil governments we seek now to restore through the military gave birth themselves to regimes of all but pure coercion. The middle

ground which must be overpassed by governments as they go up from coercion, go down from consent, is for us fertile if not sacred ground.

II

No government has ever existed where everybody was consulted about everything, much less where what anybody said about many things was acceded to. Such a state would be anarchy, and anarchy is not government at all; it is in essence a theory wherein government is absent because by hypothesis unnecessary. Working, then, from pure consent, which operates only as a government of hope or hypothesis, we reach historic reality only where consent is so watered down as to let the silence of most people count as their consent on most things. This is but to suggest in round-about fashion what can be stated directly—that habit is basic to intelligence and tradition is indispensable to agreement.

If it be true, as I think, that the more intelligent men are, the more they will disagree, then it is also true that active consent is not possible as a main basis for accord among intelligent men. Such gilt-edged participation is the trimming, not the stuffing, at our banquet of freedom. If again it be true, as I further think, that the more earnest intelligent men are, the more store they will set on their inevitable disagreements, then it is also and additionally true that the only agreement to which honest and earnest men will fully consent is agreement upon matters relatively trivial. In order to arrive at government which is based on consent, we have now descended far from the idyllic individualism with which we started; we have whittled consent down to silence, and then have limited even that to matters less than the most important. It was this double conviction which led Jefferson to his onslaught against ideological uniformity and permitted him to declare that not only is uniformity undesirable but that the effort to achieve it is pernicious: it but makes one-half the world hypocrites and the other half fools. Such unification of opinion but achieves, as Mr. Justice Jackson has it, "the unanimity of the graveyard." In Emerson's words, "Men descend to meet." The major agreement that is both possible and desirable among intelligent men is agreement to disagree. Intelligent men do not consent to ideological substance but merely to the form of letting other men consent to whatever substance informs their several convictions.

Lest it be thought, however, that this conclusion indicates a paradox more perverse than the one with which I began, let me remind you that

I am but stating what I take to be our cardinal constitutional doctrine. The early wisdom which gave us a Bill of Rights exempted us from the necessity of inter-consent in religion and in any and all beliefs of a fundamental nature. A government by consent is possible only by eliminating government from the major domains of consent.

Morally, therefore, I hold to be good what historically the American Constitution has made to be orthodox: that consent, which we declared to be the *sine qua non* of our democratic institutions, can yield a government only when confined to second-rate concerns. Even as to them, it must be weakened down to mean only absence of insistent and persistent dis-consent. *Consent is assent to dissent.* Such is the devolution necessitated when we approach the business of governing from the Anarchic Left—from the ideal, that is, of full consent of every citizen to everything all the time. A government of consent, to echo Reinhold Niebuhr, can offer but proximate solutions to pusillanimous problems. With the real problems thus left alone in their majesty, compromise must take the place of conversion, and patience to endure be substituted for a will-to-power that would perpetrate its own brand of perfection.

III

Nor is the resultant essentially different when we come at the problem of governing men from the extreme Right of authoritarianism. There exists no pure coercion, any more than there exists full consent. The militarist's dream of power enough to force his own unimpeded way is as hypothetical as the ideal of anarchy. Neither has ever existed. Neither now exists. Neither can exist. As touching the extreme of coercion, no tyrant can know, much less determine, what men think, not even what they think about him. Men can be killed for what the tyrant fears they think. Men can voluntarily die rather than say they think what they do not think or tell the tyrant what they really think. But no authoritarianism can actually do what every tyrant deeply wills to do—determine the thinking of men. Education may do it, but that is another matter. It is a vastly different matter, because education must become at least indoctrination in order to determine minds, and indoctrination to stick must already be infected to the core with the virus of consent. The world has but now passed through a demonstration of the narrow limits of what aspires to be full coercion, and the Nazi effort at it skidded even upon the humble difficulty of not being able to dispose of enough dead

bodies in order to get rid of all dissenting minds. We now know to be wise as well as prudent the maxim of Machiavelli: "It cannot be called talent to slay fellow-citizens, to deceive friends, to be without faith, without mercy, without religion; such methods may gain empire, but not glory."¹

Even tyrants like Hitler who have seemed to accept pure Might as their means, have never intended anything less than consent as their goal. What was Hitler's fanaticism mostly about save *community*, and Lenin's mostly about save *comradeship*, and the latest saint's mostly about save *solidarity*? These are terms, all terms, surcharged with the holy unction of consent. What makes the heterodox so unholy to such value-drunk devotees is that they will, like Trotsky, go off and sulk in their own tenets.

Machiavelli saw clearly, as theory, what his disciples have demonstrated as minimum practice: that power must, outside its own genius, cope with extreme dis-consent. "Princes," as Machiavelli wryly states the matter, "ought in the first place to avoid being hated by every one."² And we have learned from the failure of the Machiavellians something more positive than that. We now know that to be politically effective every claim of Might gets legitimacy over men only by veiling itself with the semblance, and at length clothing itself with the reality, of rightness. Machiavelli himself begins by assuming that "a prince ought to have no other aim or thought, nor select anything else for his study, than war and its rules and discipline."³ But he progresses to asserting what all experience now confirms, "Victories after all are never so complete that the victor must not show some regard, especially to justice."⁴

Nor was Machiavelli alone in paying deference to the ideological double of his evil genius. In every age idealistic thinkers have come to the same pass as this hard-boiled realist: to the logical ambivalence of seeing their categories meet and merge with categorical antitheses.

Look to Plato. Though he intended a government of pure intelligence motivated by such formal goodness as would command the assent of all rational minds, he was driven to utilize the "royal lie," and at length to bespeak what he euphemistically called a "little gentle violence"

¹ Machiavelli, *The Prince*, chap. 8.

² *Ibid.*, chap. 19.

³ *Ibid.*, chap. 14.

⁴ *Ibid.*, chap. 21.

for the subjects' own uncomprehending good. But then Plato was the soft-spoken apologist for a totalitarianism more total than that which the epithet has come to describe.

Look then to Rousseau, the heralded friend of democracy. He should provide a friendlier test for the holy separation of consent and coercion. Yet it is Rousseau, none other, who in the event is prepared to prescribe the rough treatment called "forcing 'em to be free." His fine-fangled justification does not prevent neighborliness almost to the point of fraternization between the consent which is watershed to democracy and the coercion which is watershed to tyranny. These idealists, whether rationalistic or sentimental, are but trying conceptually to make sense of the occasional utilization by all free governments of force—and of the constant courting of consent by all governments that pass as tyrannical.

If our theorists thus fail us, let us turn our backs upon the equivocal rewards of speculation in favor of the thicker rewards of action. It is fair to say, however, before we turn, that the philosophers are divided to the bottom as the politicians are to the top. The determinists are soft-boiled enough to allow the quantum theory where personal consent turns into cosmic contingency; and the indeterminists are hard-boiled enough to rule out unmotivated acts from conduct that is essentially human. Coercion becomes causation on its way up to consent, and consent becomes assent on the downward path. If it is fair to say that, as we part with the philosophers, then it is necessary to hazard this: that as we leave the theoretical with the suspicion that the difference between consent and coercion is little, we leave shouting with the witty Frenchman, "Thank God for that little."

Let us not think, though, that by the shift from theory to practice we shall escape the atmosphere of paradox. At the most we transmute perplexity, which the philosophers sometimes cultivate as their luxury plant, into the problematic, capable of being picked at piecemeal. The actor, like the saint, may long for, but need no more than he demand, to see the distant scene. One step at a time may prove all that is within the practical man's power—or desire.

No one has commissioned me—since neither God nor Nature have empowered me—to furnish the final criteria by which the separation may be made of these elements where the distinction grows dim. But I make it my own business, here and elsewhere, to prevent wherever I can, logical obscuration from becoming moral obfuscation. Some men make the diffi-

culty of distinction in equivocal cases serve to harden their hearts against unequivocal demands for justice. And some make the difficulty serve as excuse for taking the easy way with dissenters. When the line between consent and coercion grows thin, the wise man will thank God for the discernment provided by sympathy. He who wills to know the distinction in difficult cases will already be coming to recognize the difference in all cases, and will be on his way to "good taste" in dealing with the no man's land that may remain.

Let us leave the speculative matter, then, with a single suggestion: the doctrine of consent must never be made to mean so much that coercion becomes the only alternative to ideological orthodoxy, nor made to mean so little that dissent is not entitled to a hearing above the semideafness of habit and the vast inattentiveness of sacrosanct tradition. I want presently to conclude with an appeal to wartime practice, in order to make clear the way in which we have lost the golden mean between the two in Germany, and the way in which we have found that mean in Japan. These two stories will contribute to the formation in a field equivocal of the "good taste" of justice, which can thus operate more steadily in normal relations of life, both civil and military.

IV

The war has certainly taught us concretely what we all knew—and know—abstractly. If even the pure military, so to say, has to undermine the *will* of the enemy in order to conquer him; if indeed the pure military, just as a matter of logistical economy, seeks to subdue an enemy rather than annihilate him, then the military, turned political through victory at arms, has to make an art of what in wartime arises as a necessity. Beginning as coercive, that is, the military has to play for consent of the conquered peoples in order to govern them at all.

While the hybrid called "military government" *is* government, it is the nearest which democratic governing ever comes to the perpetration of domination. The subjects of military government are conquered peoples. Its visible instruments are armed forces; its ideal is far from that connoted by consent. Does one have to pull the Manual in order to demonstrate that military government is the rule of one man whose will is final, and who combines in that single will all the functions which are civilly separated into executive, legislative, and judicial? That, by the book, is military government.

But not all of anything is in the book. Though the description of military government reads like the very antithesis of consent, yet among our first acts as military governors in Sicily, for instance, was to set up machinery for polling the Sicilians. What for? Initially to find out what they thought about various things, including us and our occupation of their island; eventually to find out what we could *order* done without having the order recoil, unfilled, back into our faces—"faces" that would have been lost meantime by treating coercively what could be effected only by a large element of consent. We did not corporately make the mistake that here and there was made individually, as for instance by the regional commissioner with whose story I began. I personally thought this matter of such importance that I gave up my own individual office to accommodate the training course for Sicilian poll takers.

We learned quickly in Italy the poverty of sheer power in governing a people, whether a liberated people like the Italians, or a conquered people like the Italians. The *Bell for Adano* tolled for us, tolled from the beginning. The trouble is that there is never power enough in sight to substitute for consent, or to make government possible without playing for consent and then playing consent up as one's major ally. This is confirmed negatively by our worst failure, which has been in Germany, and positively by our best success, which has been in Japan.

The worst aspect of our German failure has been in the denazification policy. I may say at once in discussing our military government in Germany that I do not believe that by and large we have failed. If the verdict had to be read off the cuff of pure idealism, all government, of course, not merely military government, is a failure. But it does little good to say so, for it does little good to indulge in holier-than-fact hypotheses. Adjudged against its concrete conditions in Germany, our military government there has been only a fair failure, which is to say a moderate success. But the least successful part of it is that of political purification.

Let me say in sympathy for fellow governors, many of them my personal friends, that purifying the minds of men is a hard task for democrats who believe deeply, as we do, that what anybody thinks is nobody else's business. Our heart is not in judging men's motives and interrupting their livelihoods on the basis of what we can discern through the medium of our own superior rectitude. On the whole, we Americans know that we are not God. But for reasons we need not go into, we have inherited in all conquered lands the necessity of doing something about

political purification. How much? That is a matter of taste, that "good taste" that constitutes justice in equivocal cases.

In Germany this taste, or the lack of it, caused us, in the name of political purification, to dismiss more than half the teachers in our zone (and civil servants in general, though I shall confine my illustration to the educational field of which I know something at first hand). That was too many. How do I know? I know that any number of dismissals is too many which cannot be made to stick. The German appeal boards, under a law approved by our military government, are "clearing" more than three-fourths of those we found guilty. Why? Partly because our standards were external; partly because our strenuosity paralyzes necessary function (leaves chiefly aged teachers, for instance, and loads those it leaves with some eighty elementary students each); partly from feelings of complicity, and, connected with that, from motives of compassion.

Whatever proves to be the total story, the moral meantime is this: we have done more in denazification than the Germans can consent to. And the result is that we cannot support our initial plays. General Clay threatened after sixty days of grace to resume military intervention unless the Germans do better. The chances are that we will not risk the loss of face involved by reclaiming this punitive initiative; the chances are, too, that if we did resume the initiative, we ourselves would have, from a sense of justice, to restore at least half of those we dismissed. Had we counseled well with what the Germans would and could stand for, as we did in Italy and have in Japan, we probably would not have exceeded the British rate of dismissals—some 15 to 20 percent. As it is, we lose face with the Germans as lacking either knowledge of what was possible or stamina to transform the possible into the actual through efficient administration. It is our greatest mistake, and it comes from our over-fearing immediate public opinion back home and from our undervaluing the lasting consent of those who are being ruled by us.

This German defect constitutes an exception, and only buttresses the wisdom of the philosophy underlying the American conception of military government as depending upon consent, whatever it initially rests upon. It was an initial wisdom that caused the War and Navy departments to set out early in our war efforts to select and commission carefully chosen experts in every branch of our own civil government, to send these experts to schools in which they learned something of the military to which they were made to belong, and to provide them with teachers experienced in

the areas and with the peoples they were to govern. These teachers were informed with an anthropological rather than a naïvely moral or a merely military point of view. At Charlottesville, at Columbia, at Custer, and at every other place where selected officers were trained for their duties as military governors, the whole course was touched with the spirit of scientific understanding of the cultures, the religions, the languages, and the expectations of the peoples to be conquered and then ruled. The ideal functionary, as kept before the minds of all officers, would have been a field anthropologist with practical sense and a modicum of military know-how.

Such provision was highly foresighted. The Germans had taught us how not to do the job, if we expected the job to get done and to stay done. Rather than cultivating the people to be ruled, going short on force and long on consent, the Germans had resorted to terrorism, and as a result had made their task downright odious, very difficult, and their success both equivocal and insecure. Underground movements flourished, and more and more Teutonic man power had to be diverted from fighting the war to fighting the people who had been conquered through the war—and who should have stayed subdued to the end of the war. We were taught, as against all this, that our success in military government would be in getting along with the peoples conquered, thus economizing on personnel needed for combat, and having the conquered peoples sympathize with our objectives if not join voluntarily in helping us along. To this end every sympathetic familiarity we had with culture, with language, with religion, with domestic justice, with the prevailing family system, and, as it turned out, with the foibles of childhood, every entrance we could make into their climate of opinion substituted for guns and counted as butter to “bodies,” as the British say, to bodies that were needed to get ahead with the war.

As already suggested, our differential success has been in Japan. This success is due in no small part to the Japanese people themselves who, for reasons of their own, have welcomed us and have maintained a degree and kind of consent of unparalleled dimension. This fact, however, should not be disconnected in our thought from the other fact that we have a man in charge of the occupation of Japan—General of the Army, Douglas MacArthur—who for much of his life was being prepared to get and to exploit the consent of the Japanese people. Observing the fine points of their law—and what can be finer than their fine points?—he

is punctilious in punishment as well as in praise. A sense of the histrionic, too, is not wasted in the business of making history.

Let me give you, to confirm what I have been saying, the payoff so far as Japan is concerned. It falls in the field of education, being a story of the Japanese welcome to the United States Education Mission less than a year after the capitulation. And yet, before and preparing for this climax, let me dramatize its meaning, unmatched in my experience, by referring to our American first effort to transmute the coercion of war into the consent of democratic peace. It was in a remote spot, the island of Lampedusa, and it involved what we thought an easy access, the Four Freedoms. There we started the first newspaper devoted to freedom under military government. The sergeant in charge, so it is authoritatively reported, "sat down and wrote for the back page of the single mimeographed sheet an impassioned editorial in which he urged the Lampedusans to embrace the four freedoms and to cease defecating in the public highway."

Thereupon a delegation waited upon him, saying substantially: "What good are these four freedoms which you are ramming down our throats and which we never heard of before, if you deny us a freedom we have always known—yes, and our fathers before us—and cherished?"

The sergeant scratched his head and finally replied: "Never mind about the other freedoms for awhile. You just go away and don't commit nuisances in the piazza." Illustrating how precious consent is, and not the less for what may appear triviality or seem to justify irritability, the little Lampedusans presently reassembled in the piazza with the mantle of their unanimous consent about them, reassembled and, as the account concludes, "with one accord they struck a blow for freedom!"

Every military governor can testify to the massive force resulting at times from allowing (or denying) privileges that may appear pusillanimous but are, nevertheless, sacred to the spot and engrained in the habits of a people. *To allow* frequently costs nothing save pride of opinion bedecking ignorance on the part of the conqueror. *To deny* is often as expensive as to allow is economical. But the total moral is not far to seek in the Japanese story to which I turn and with which I close.

In welcoming us, the Japanese National Minister of Education introduced a full-length speech with some such words as these, words no more adroit than revealing, no more prudent than wise:

"We Japanese," he began, "may find it difficult to be a model con-

quered people, seeing that for more than two thousand years of our national life we have never been conquered before. Though utterly inexperienced at the business, our intentions are honorable. We shall do our best to be a model conquered people. Do you kindly coach us if you see us falling short.

"You Americans," he continued softly, "may be in a position little less embarrassing than our own. You may find it difficult to be a model conquering power, seeing that in your one hundred fifty-odd years of national life, you have never formed the habit of conquering other peoples. I know that your intentions are honorable, and I do not fear that you will make the mistake we Japanese made in the heyday of our conquest—that of trying to inflict bodily upon the conquered our own way of life. But with your youth, enthusiasm, and efficiency you will be tempted to set a tempo which we Japanese, with all our honorable intentions, may find it difficult to maintain. Do you but let us coach you if we see you falling into this mistake.

"Through such mutual aid," he concluded his introduction, "we may give the world a model relation between those mutually embarrassed. We may show the world how progress can arise between honorable conquerors and those honorably conquered."

JOSE RIZAL*

Daniel E. Kerman

EVERY G.I. WHO HAD THE PLEASURE and the misfortune of landing in the Philippine Islands was sure to be confronted with one man's name. On highway signs and stadium gates, on postage stamps and Japanese occupation notes, in editorials and church sermons, on monuments and matchboxes, and on the pedestals of statues in nearly all town plazas in the land, he would find, as certain as the constantly returning summer rains, the name "José Rizal." Though the name was ubiquitous, the man himself remained a mystery to most of the servicemen. And that is a pity.

Who was José Rizal? The statues in the plazas show a slight, Malay-Chinese youth with an aquiline nose and sharp and almost handsome features. The powerful eyes under his broad brow seem to be brooding over a world of ills. Between schoolhouses and town halls he stands, dressed as a European gentleman of the 'eighties, holding in his hand a small book. The statues have caught the man's spirit, for, without rattling a sword or leading any governments, this soft-spoken eye doctor transformed his Philippines from the sleep-ridden home of illiterate tribesmen to a united land striving for progress and freedom.

José Rizal was born in the first year of our Civil War in the town of Calamba on the south shore of Luzon's broad and brackish Laguna de Bay. His father was a farmer who, like hundreds of thousands of his countrymen, tilled a parcel of a Church hacienda.

The boy grew up in a typical close-knit Filipino family. His stern and cultured mother and a score of uncles, aunts, and cousins saw to his early education. Throughout life he was to cherish a deep love for his family, and to recall fondly the joys of his childhood—the communal rice-planting ceremony, the saint's-day fiestas, the rambles through acacia woods, and the gay *banca* rides on the Laguna.

*The quotations in this article are translations from the Spanish made by Professor Austin Craig, by his co-worker, Charles Derbyshire, or by the author. The selection from Rizal's poem "Mi Ultimo Adios" is from an anonymous translation made about forty-five years ago.

José's parents, though tenant farmers, were for the moment prosperous, and the boy received as careful an education as the archipelago then provided. At school he studied with Spanish boys and learned from them the painful lesson that the sons of the conquerors looked far down their noses at the natives. Though his reports always read "excellent," José discovered at Manila's venerable University of Santo Tomás, where he matriculated at sixteen, that natives were not encouraged to enter the professions. The young Filipino longed to study medicine, and he was forced to look to Europe.

He bade farewell to his parents and his sweetheart—gentle, pensive Leonora Rivera—and sailed secretly, and quite illegally, in the spring of 1882. Ahead of him, he dreamt, were a few years' education, then the return to Leonora and his family and friends and a life of peace and usefulness in a Tagalog *barrio*.

But Europe disturbed José Rizal. Here were zest for life and a spirit of progress; here were an educated citizenry energetically discussing ideas that had not yet penetrated to the Philippines. What might not his own people accomplish if they were to become infected with the spirit of the West? He determined to be a teacher to his countrymen. Using the little leisure left from his medical studies at Madrid's Central University, the young Filipino plunged into a study of Western history and culture and endeavored to master half of Europe's languages.

Characteristically, he kept to a rigid schedule and worked as though demon-driven, for, strangely, he felt he had not long to live. His presentiment of death was not alone the result of the sure knowledge that his liberalism would set the Philippine government against him. Once, recalling an evening in childhood when his mother had read him the fable of the disobedient moth that was burned in the candle flame, he remembered he had not understood the story's moral but had envied the moth its flight into the fire. "Light," he mused in reminiscence, "is the most beautiful thing in creation; it is well worth a man's sacrifice of his life."

In June 1884, Rizal won his medical degree and a baccalaureate in philosophy and letters. Word of his mother's failing sight turned his interest to ophthalmology, and on graduation he moved to Paris to study under Louis De Wecker, one of the greatest eye specialists of the day. At the same time, having read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and been impressed by the history it made, he began a novel about the Philippines. From Paris, his

medical apprenticeship completed, he traveled to Germany, laboring on his book and studying at the universities of Heidelberg, Leipzig, and Berlin. His funds dwindled and at length disappeared; in Berlin he was reduced to living on dry bread and coffee. But he finished his novel.

Noli me Tangere, written in Spanish, was published early in 1887. The Latin title, from the proverbial words of Jesus in John 20: 17—"Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father"—had been chosen in ironic allusion to the "social cancer" from which Rizal pictured his homeland as suffering. The author had taken for his theme the ruling classes' throttling of young Filipinos' idealism, and on this subject he had written a bleak but nonetheless engaging story. William Dean Howells called *Noli me Tangere* a great novel; some historians have claimed that its appearance, more than any other event, gave the people of the Philippines a sense of nationhood.

Whether or not it was great, whether or not it created a nation, the volume did inflame thousands of Filipinos against Spain. Nevertheless, Rizal was not a separatist. Though filled with anger at a government that was an early seventeenth-century anachronism, and at religious orders that labored to keep the people in ignorance and poverty, he never lost hope that the mother country would one day grant reforms. He hoped that she would separate Church and State, allow the people civil liberties, and permit schools to be built. But, while he conferred frequently—and fruitlessly—with Spanish officials, his heart was in his task of bringing knowledge to his countrymen. "Our whole aspiration," he wrote his friends, "must be to educate our nation."

With *Noli me Tangere* published, Rizal had no more desire to stay in Europe. He owed much to his sojourn there. He had the valued friendship of men like Rudolf Virchow, Friedrich Ratzel, and the ethnologist, Ferdinand Blumentritt. His novel had made him famous. But he wished nothing more than to return home, marry, and be a small-town doctor and, if he might, a schoolteacher besides. "I am not working for fame or glory," he wrote. "I have received a little learning, and I think I ought to teach it to my countrymen."

But Rizal returned home to a chilling reception. The Spaniards, even his old teachers, were his enemies, and the friars' informers shadowed him constantly. Leonora's mother feared to let her daughter be seen with him. The young physician had, however, an opportunity to

practice his profession; he restored his mother's sight by removing a double cataract from her eyes, and he treated hundreds of patients who flocked to his home. But the Governor General was afraid of his influence and before many months had passed Rizal was asked to leave the country.

Rizal wandered to Hong Kong and to Japan. Crossing the Pacific, he made the journey across the United States, whose landscape he surprisingly found reminiscent of his native country. He compared Salt Lake with the Laguna de Bay and the Missouri River with Manila's Pasig. He remarked that Niagara, while "not as mysteriously lovely as the Falls at Los Baños, has a grandeur more gigantic and imposing." Though our country impressed him deeply, it also saddened him. "America," he told a friend, "is a land of liberty par excellence, but only for the white man."

Leaving the United States, Rizal found a temporary home in London. Studying Philippine lore at the British Museum, he came on a three-centuries-old treatise on the archipelago's natives, written by one of the early Spanish governors of Manila. The Spaniard had described the pre-Magellanic Filipinos as an energetic race that included iron miners, silk weavers, export traders, and even scholars and writers. Rizal annotated the treatise and republished it. In so doing he invited damning appraisal of Spain's achievements in her three hundred years as mistress of the Philippines; but, more to his purpose, he intended to point out to the world that his race was naturally as able as any other, and he wished to encourage his people to rouse themselves and make their future worthy of their past.

When he left London, Rizal wandered about the Continent, continually writing and working in his country's cause. Named honorary editor of a new Philippine patriotic journal published in Madrid—and banned in Manila—he turned out for it scores of articles and poems. In "The Philippines a Century Hence" he dreamed of his homeland free and prosperous, and made some rather sound though understandably over-optimistic predictions concerning the future of the West Pacific. In "The Indolence of the Filipinos" he detailed to his countrymen how their spirit had been broken by the Spanish conquest and occupation. To Philippine women he wrote, "Asia's womanhood is ignorant and enslaved; therefore Asia lies prostrate." With French, British, and German scholars he founded a society for research in Filipiniana.

At length Rizal settled in Ghent and took modest lodgings. His medical practice was at the time unremunerative, and his works had brought profits only to booksellers and pirates. In the old Flemish city in 1891 his second novel, *El Filibusterismo* ("Freebootery"), was published. Ostensibly a sequel to *Noli me Tangere*, it was a much more ponderous work, showing in its discursiveness and in its mordant satire a graver and more meditative José Rizal. Though its leitmotif was revolt against the tyranny of Church and State, it ended on a note of resignation with a philosophizing priest voicing his despair of the Filipinos of the day. The churchman berated them as being ignorant, slothful, and unworthy of redemption, and prayed that in time a new generation would arise, to "wash away the abomination" and offer love and virtue in freedom's cause.

El Filibusterismo stirred the Filipinos almost as deeply as had its predecessor. Its poignant tale of tragedy struck familiar chords in thousands of hearts, and the infuriating strains recurred in many a reader's mind long after the novel's final warning note had unfortunately been forgotten.

After the new book's publication came a train of tragic news for its author. The enraged Philippine government and religious orders struck at him through his family and friends. They refused burial to a brother-in-law's body, they exiled his brother and two of his sisters, and finally drove the Calambans—the people of his native town—from their land and set fire to their homes.

Rizal learned at this time that Leonora Rivera had married. His childhood sweetheart had accepted an English engineer and thereby realized her mother's well-laid plans. For Señora Rivera, by intercepting Rizal's letters at the post office, had tricked her daughter into thinking José had forgotten her. The truth, when the girl at length learned it, profoundly shocked her. Her marriage was unhappy, and after two years she died.

Finally, a group of Madrid and Barcelona Filipinos rebelled against Rizal's authority. Impatient at their leader's hatred of revolution and tired of his condemnations of their wanton living, they chose a new spokesman, a lawyer and friend of Rizal's. Rather than cause an open rift, Rizal retired quietly from the Spanish scene, saying with sorrow, "It is a pity that in our slavery we should have quarrels over leadership."

Under the burden of these accumulated misfortunes even José Rizal

nearly faltered. His close friends, however, hardly knew his state of mind. "Life," he maintained, "is a never-ending struggle, with a smile on the lips and the tears in the heart." Once more he left Europe behind and, casting about for a place nearer home from which he might effectively direct the patriotic movement, he found Hong Kong. There he formed a fraternal society, the Liga Filipina, that he hoped would attract all forward-looking Filipinos. There too he began negotiating with the British for a site for a free Filipino colony. The Liga prospered and spread rapidly into every corner of the homeland, but the colony, for which the British offered a promising tract of land in North Borneo, died before its birth on account of the Manila government's stout opposition.

Rizal was deeply troubled over the persecutions of his family. Unable to rest in Hong Kong, he determined in 1892 to return home to plead for his relatives and, if need be, to throw himself on the government's mercy for their sake. He wrote his family before he left, "I realize how much suffering I have caused you. But I do not regret what I have done—it has been my duty. I go gladly to expose myself to peril, to complete my work, and myself to offer the example I have always preached." Although he sailed with Spain's safe-conduct, the Filipino leader asked that his letter be mailed posthumously.

Rizal had been only a few days in the Philippines before he was, not unexpectedly, arrested; the charge against him was that he had circulated "anti-patriotic and anti-religious propaganda."

It is difficult to believe he was guilty of a lack of patriotism and difficult, even were atheistic teaching conceded a crime, to credit the accusation of godlessness against a man who was to write, "Who is the Creator? What human tones, what syllables in any language, can imprison the name of this Being, whose works overwhelm the imagination?" Nonetheless, justly or not, Rizal had been accused, and, without the luxury of trial, he was deported to the sleepy town of Dapitan hidden on the northern Mindanao coast. His exile was not unbearable. Dapitan provided comforts enough for a man of his simple tastes; and, having given his word that he would not escape, he was granted the freedom of nearly the whole island and the sea around it.

Rizal was happy that his self-sacrifice had moderated the government's hostility toward his family and friends. He was able to forget his own unfortunate state in an exacting program of hard work. Buying

a sizable tract of land, he laid out a farm and orchards and built a cabin that looked out on the Visayan Sea. Re-establishing his medical practice, he soon attracted patients from all parts of the archipelago and the China Coast. With the fees he earned he set out to improve Dapitan and the country around. He beautified the plaza and gave the town a street-lighting system, bought the peasants American farm machinery and taught them its operation. With the aid of the local Jesuit missionary he dammed a mountain stream and, using cement mixed from native limestone, channeled its water several miles to the town, leaving a swimming pool in the hills beside the dam.

From a hammock on his lawn Rizal conducted a school for the Dapitan boys. Teaching in Spanish and English—he guessed well what languages they would need in adulthood—he stressed basic mathematics and vocational training. On vacation days he took his best students on expeditions. They poked about the Visayan Sea in his skiff while he worked on an illustrated compendium of its fishes. They dug in backwoods mounds and unearthed old ornaments and weapons. They strolled through the forest studying its wild life and tracking down occasional new species that European museums were to name in the schoolmaster's honor.

Rizal had an enormous range of skills and pleasures. Painting and sculpture delighted him, and he enjoyed carving statuettes as gifts for his friends. One of his works, a warm and lifelike bust of one of his Jesuit schoolteachers, won the gold medal at the St. Louis World's Fair of 1904. He loved a chess game, a long hike, a challenging mountain climb; in Europe he had become an expert shot and fencer. Rizal devoted most of his time in exile, however, to writing. Among the works he left we find an amazing variety: a number of Spanish poems, a Tagalog translation of Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, notes in French on his impressions of North Borneo, an essay on a medieval Chinese holograph, a Tagalog grammar in English, and German articles on the ethnography of Mindanao.

In 1895, the third year of his exile, Rizal received in his hospital an elderly American engineer of Hong Kong. A sufferer from eye disease, he was accompanied by his adopted child, Josephine Bracken. The daughter of poor China Coast Irish parents, Josephine was lively and roguish, with something of the appearance of a Gibson girl. Between visits to her guardian in the hospital she would stroll with Dr. Rizal on Dapitan's

beach. Day followed day; the young Irish girl and the lonely Filipino were attracted to each other and fell in love. They talked of marriage, but the Church was in no mood to publish banns for its unrepentant exile. Rizal, taking matters in his own hands, improvised a civil marriage ceremony, and he and Josephine proceeded to live together. When friends berated him for his action and called it scandal, he laughed and with unwonted tartness said, "Doubtless it is—it is very scandalous to live more happily than many married people do."

The couple was truly very happy. But after only a year, the growing unrest in the land reached through to their isolation. There was in Manila a young clerk who spent his days working in an importer's office and his nights devouring histories of the French Revolution; he had been in the Liga Filipina and now broke with it to launch a secret revolutionary society. The new group, popularly called Katipunan (Tagalog for "association") grew rapidly, largely because it did not hesitate to call Rizal its honorary president and flaunt his name and portrait freely.

The Katipunan had not, of course, received Rizal's endorsement; he was, in fact, deeply opposed to its program. In his heart he abhorred bloodshed, and in his mind he saw the futility of a revolt unbacked by foreign power. Most important, he feared the consequences of freedom in his yet unenlightened land. "Why independence," he had demanded in *El Filibusterismo*, "if the slaves of today are to be the tyrants of tomorrow?"

Rizal was furious on hearing that the revolutionists had appointed him their prophet, but he began to wonder if he himself were not partly to blame. Sorrowfully he asked himself whether his people had not taken more to heart his denunciations of the friars' and hidalgos' tyranny than his pleas for a spiritual and intellectual rebirth in the Philippines.

The disheartened exile saw no way of disavowing the Katipunan. One day, however, on opening a letter from his friend Blumentritt, he learned of the yellow fever epidemic raging among Spanish soldiers in nearly physicianless Cuba. Rizal quickly saw his opportunity to do humanitarian work and at the same time, in going half a world away, to dissociate himself from the revolutionary party. Volunteering his services as a civilian medical officer with the Spanish army, he received the Governor General's blessing, bade his family and Josephine farewell, and in September 1896 sailed westward for Cuba.

Just as he left, the Katipunan was discovered. Police swept through Manila and arrested hundreds of Filipinos. The revolutionary leaders, fleeing to the hills, proclaimed a Philippine Republic. Martial law was decreed, and the Spaniards raised a cry for Rizal's head. Ordered extradited, Rizal rejected escape as a tacit admission of guilt and was taken off the ship at Barcelona and returned to his homeland in chains. A court martial tried him in December and, finding him guilty of "having founded illicit associations and having incited and promoted rebellion," sentenced him to death.

The morning of December 30 sparkled in the fresh sunlight. The condemned man stood on Bagumbayan Field and gazed at the low hills of Cavite and past Luneta Park and across the pale bay to Bataan's dusky Mariveles peaks and the haze-dimmed knoll of Corregidor. "How beautiful is the morning!" he exclaimed and then, pausing, murmured, "How terrible it is to die! I forgive everyone from the bottom of my heart."

Artillery and cavalry formed a hollow square around him. The riflemen fired. The watching Spanish throng broke out in *vivas* and the band blared forth the "March of Cadiz."

But the joy and the music were short lived. The Auditor General may have been right when, during the trial, he had sneered that "the ignorant multitude see in the accused a being supernatural," for, as word of the execution spread, the uprising around Manila blew up into a nation-wide revolution. The fighting was to culminate sixteen months later when the capital, faced by Commodore Dewey's fleet and by a siege of bolo-and-flintlock-bearing Filipinos, hauled down its blood-and-gold flag.

Many Spaniards were now repentant. They named a Barcelona street after the martyr they had made. They printed editions of his novels, the first of them edited by Blasco Ibáñez. And the bitterest enemy the Filipino had had in life—the friars' chief press spokesman who once had so angered the mild-mannered Rizal that he had challenged him to a duel—labored for years to compose a monumental and eulogistic biography of his former foe.

On December 30, 1946, sixteen million Filipinos observed the fiftieth anniversary of their national hero's martyrdom. War had left their land a ruin, and their infant republic was confronted with a universe of troubles. But with hope and courage they recalled the words the thirty-five-

year-old Rizal had written as, locked in an underground cell of Fort Santiago, he waited for the morning that would be his last:

Dawn's faint lights bar the east; she smiles through the cowl of the darkness
Just as I die

Vision I followed from afar, desire that spurred on and consumed me,
Greeting! my parting soul cries; and greeting again, O my country!
Beautiful it is to fall that the vision may rise to fulfillment,
Giving my life for thy life and breathing thine air in the death-throe;
Sweet eternally to sleep in thy lap, O land of enchantment!

When my tomb, that all have forgot, no cross nor stone marketh,
There let the laborer guide his plow, there cleave the earth open;
So shall my ashes at last be one with thy hills and thy valleys.
Little 'twill matter then, my country, that thou shouldst forget me!
I shall be air in thy streets, and I shall be space in thy meadows;
I shall be vibrant speech in thine ears, shall be fragrance and color,
Light and shout and loud song, forever repeating my message

FINNISH FACTS

Thomas A. Bailey

Millions of Americans before 1917 had probably never heard of Finland. A few oldsters could remember vaguely that in the dying years of the nineteenth century we had applauded the attempts of the liberty-loving Finns to resist Russification, but that was about all we knew. Finland was off the beaten path of tourists, trade with her was scant, and relatively few of her sons and daughters had come to the United States.

We took a little notice of Finland when in 1918 she won her independence from the Bolsheviks by force of arms and with German help. We naturally commended any nation that would fight bolshevism, but we were a bit unhappy about the Teutonic connection. "Finland begging America for food must first get rid of the dachshund under the table," advised the *New York World*. Our doubts were partially removed; and under the general relief act of 1919 we forwarded supplies to the Finns which involved a debt of \$8,281,-926. This small transaction, only one of a number with various countries, passed unnoticed or virtually unnoticed in our press.

Two developments in 1923-24 put Finland on the American map. First, her athletes, notably the tireless Paavo Nurmi ("the flying Finn"), stole the

limelight in the Paris Olympic Games of 1924. On a per capita basis Finland did about twenty times better than the presumed winner, the United States, and to sports-mad America of the 'twenties this achievement was worthy of high acclaim. Second, the year before this, when our Allied war debtors were trying to delay, whittle down, or evade the payment of their obligations, the Finns pluckily stepped forward and were the first to sign an agreement, under the terms of which they were to pay both principal and interest over a period of sixty-two years. The Americans, with their Yankee thrift tradition, were impressed, and Congressman Crisp admiringly said on the floor of Congress, "A little child shall lead them." The arrangements that we made with the Finns were not overgenerous, and if they had pleaded poverty and devastation, which they could truthfully have done, they almost certainly would have won a lower interest rate.

During the ensuing years Finland remitted the installments on her debt with the regularity of Nurmi's piston-like legs. The Great Depression descended, and the Allies all defaulted, but the Finns, although also hard hit, paid fully and on time. When Finland in 1939 stood up against the demands of Russia

for territorial adjustments, and was cast in the role of a democratic David against the aggressive Moscovite Goliath, our enthusiasm for this fearless people reached an all-time high. The Washington government advanced loans, though not for munitions, and countless citizens danced, knitted, orated, or banqueted for "brave little Finland," an appellation hitherto reserved for Belgium. Congress gallantly offered a postponement of the regular debt payments, and the Finns, although at first declining, ultimately and temporarily took advantage of the respite.

In 1941 Finland was more or less forced into the war against Russia on the side of Hitler. She was keeping bad company but she was fighting a "communist" dictator and, caught between two rivals, she was the unfortunate victim of circumstances. Besides, she had paid her debts in the past, and she continued to do so even after Pearl Harbor, to the embarrassment of other nations who were again our allies. We simply could not bring ourselves to declare war on the courageous Finns, to the disgust of Stalin whose capital they were now attacking. We finally and belatedly broke diplomatic relations with them, but our failure to go the whole way was an act of mistaken mercy, for we could not become a party to the peace treaty of 1947, which we might otherwise have been able to ameliorate. The British were less squeamish and declared war. Popularity polls in England revealed that the Finns were less extravagantly admired there than in America, partly no doubt because the defaulting British

did not relish being compared with upright little Finland. When diplomatic relations were reopened between Washington and Helsinki in 1945, the Finns paid their regular semiannual installment.

The Finns thus won a high place in our esteem, not because they are nationalists who wear no man's collar, not because they had made their democracy work well under adverse conditions, not because they had undertaken commendable social reform, not because they had produced distinguished figures like the composer Sibelius, not because they had worked steadfastly for international organization through leaders like the late Dr. Rudolf Holsti, but because they paid their debts when the other powers "welshed." It was a man-bites-dog situation, and in the 'twenties both the infant radio and the senile vaudeville cracked stock jokes about debt-paying Finland. "The only nation that made any effort to pay its debt to us was Finland," said Henry L. Mencken in 1946, "and we rewarded Finland in 1941 by selling it down the Volga."

The truth is that there never was a Finnish *war* debt. The transaction was a purely commercial one in foodstuffs which took place in 1919 after the guns had grown cold. Unlike France, Finland did not fight on our side at all; she fought the Bolsheviks with the aid of Germany (our enemy), and she had a volunteer foreign legion battling in the German army against the Allies. France waged war on our side, and sustained the brunt of the fighting on her pulverized soil. Finland did not. France gave

the blood of her sons while we were raising an army. Finland did not. We sent munitions of war to France to be shot away in a common cause; the food-stuffs shipped to Finland went in the cause of humanity, and the Finns recognized the demands of honor. The indebtedness incurred by France was \$3,404,818,945; that by Finland, \$8,281,926. Although France, devastated and decimated by the war, had a population more than ten times that of Finland (40,000,000 to 3,000,000) her debt to the United States was some four hundred twenty-five times larger. The Finnish debt was so small that Finland, unlike France, could pay her obligation without seriously deranging her cur-

rency, or having to clamber over impossible tariff barriers.

One may conclude that even if the Finns had not had to borrow from the United States, they would have been well-advised to do so, if for no other reason than to win American good will by prompt payment. As things turned out they paid a cheap price for highly favorable public relations. The Finns are a sturdy and honest people who are deserving of our respect and admiration. But it would be more creditable to our intelligence, and more conducive to sound policy, if our attitudes toward them were based on broader considerations than fleet feet and financial fidelity.

If we begin with certainties, we shall end in doubts; but if we begin with doubts, and are patient in them, we shall end in certainties.—FRANCIS BACON

LET'S BE FAIR TO RADIO

Hartzell Spence

JIMMY DURANTE, one of radio's prime assets, has a stock answer to hecklers who bother him while he is at work. "Everybody," he laments in the direction of the intruder, "wants to get in the act."

Throughout the radio industry there is a deeply sympathetic understanding of Mr. Durante's complaint, for in the past twelve months radio has been the butt of the most concerted heckling in its twenty-six-year existence.

Columnists, newspapers, professional critics, lecturers, magazines, and scores of organizations have set up radio as a target, and have proceeded to bang away at it with a great deal of ammunition. Seemingly no phase of radio programming has escaped the tirade. Its impact provoked the head of one network to point out recently that critical appraisal of radio is now "the most urgent single problem in our industry."

The very general nature of this criticism has bewildered broadcasters. Frequently it does not differentiate between networks, or between network programs and local broadcasts, or between live shows and transcriptions, or between the policies of one station in contrast to those of another. But out of the chorus of faultfinding, the broadcasters themselves have reduced complaints to four focal charges: that radio is overcommercialized to the point of nausea; that radio caters to the worst rather than the best in American public taste; that radio has an obligation to aid in elevating public taste, public morals, and public intelligence and is not fulfilling that obligation; that much of radio programming is silly, even when not downright harmful.

Whether you agree or disagree with these four blankets in the current popular indictment depends on your own intelligence level. If you enter a *carte blanche* approval to the entire bill of particulars, you are presumably in the highest I.Q. group—the 12 percent of listeners which, for your information, listen least to radio. If you disagree with the entire indictment, you are among the 82 percent who believe radio is doing a good or an excellent job. In this latter instance, it is likely that you are

not more than a high-school graduate. In measuring the popularity of radio, you must keep in mind that more Americans have radios than have bathtubs.

Broadcasters are well aware that radio's most vigorous critics are highly selective in their radio listening, whereas the vast majority of radio's addicts like just about what they hear. If you are an intellectual, you will quote this fact in favor of your own premise that public taste is deplorably low and that radio caters to it. But if you are a broadcaster, you will logically ask how you may satisfy the critics and stay in business when the critics, with their complaints, are so few, the satisfied customers so many.

The broadcaster, however, may not dismiss the charges against him with the response that a survey made last year by Denver University proved beyond argument that 82 percent of the people think radio does better *in its field* than churches, newspapers, schools, or local governments do in their fields. In any business other than radio, the management would acquaint the public with this overwhelming statistic, and file all future criticism in the wastebasket.

But in radio this may not be done; radio belongs, not to the industry, but to the people. The public could, if sufficiently aroused, wipe out broadcasting as a private enterprise in exactly twelve months. Radio stations are licensed by the Federal Communications Commission to broadcast within a specific wave length for a period of twelve months. Each year the broadcaster must prove his stewardship of that portion of the public air into which he sends his radio signal, and must show that he has met the requirement that he broadcast "in the public interest, convenience and necessity." By court interpretations, "public interest" has been defined as putting the needs of the people first, the business of broadcasting second.

But what are the needs of the people? The FCC, in a now famous *Blue Book* entitled "Public Service Responsibility of Broadcast Licensees," said in effect that henceforth, when licenses expire, the broadcaster's "civic, educational, agricultural and other public service" contributions to the general welfare will be a vital factor in the decision to renew the license. Not in the public interest, the FCC warned, was the present "imbalance" that tolerates more than twenty hours of soap opera per week on each of two large networks, or the domination of peak evening hours by sponsored shows. The report expressed particular disap-

proval of excessive advertising and of the apathy of local broadcasters toward discussion of public issues.

Broadcasters did not need this report to make them aware of the soap-opera problem. Soap opera has been at once the bankroll and the millstone of the networks since their earliest days. But soap opera sells soap. And, asks the broadcaster, how can I spend the \$15,000 required to build and deliver a public forum which no advertiser will sponsor because of low listener-interest, unless I sell \$15,000 worth of soap to balance the cost?

This problem was admirably illustrated on the National Broadcasting System network on April 17, 1946. The hottest issue before the American public was the continuance or abolition of OPA. At the peak of congressional debate, NBC canceled one of its top sponsored shows, *Mr. District Attorney*, rebated \$15,000 to the sponsor, and filled the network for a half-hour with a talk on OPA by its administrator, Chester Bowles. What happened? Forty-three percent of the audience that normally listened to *Mr. District Attorney* turned to other networks, the principal beneficiary being Kay Kyser, and 22 percent of the normal audience actually turned off its radios altogether. Nor was the normal audience recaptured by NBC on subsequent shows.

In such instances, and they are many, the broadcaster is hit in his most painful spot—his pocketbook. The broadcaster's pocketbook, however, can endure some assaults. It is very fat. The average net income of United States radio stations last year was about 30 percent of gross revenue. Even a small station with a \$30,000 capital investment is good for \$6,000 a year net. This proportion of net to gross is declining rapidly, as indicated by the fact that at the moment ninety unprofitable stations are for sale, but there is still sufficient margin so that the broadcasters could—if they would—reduce the volume of commercial broadcasting and increase the number of public-service programs and still make a fair return on invested capital.

But would the people stand for it? How often will the public tolerate the cancellation of *Mr. District Attorney* for a talk on OPA? And for how long can the broadcaster absorb the fantastic expenses of his business if advertising revenue declines and sustainers are substituted that drive the audience to the movies or to bed?

Admittedly the public taste is low. Twenty million women love soap opera. (The verb is justified by countless surveys.) Recently the students

at the University of Texas voted hillbilly bands their most vital radio requirement. The Boston Symphony Orchestra gets 2.3 percent of the radio audience while Bob Hope, simultaneously on another network, draws 77 percent. Of the top fifteen shows in radio, eight are comics. In daytime radio the six most popular offerings are soap opera, although many cultural offerings compete with these recitals of melodramatic misery.

Faced with the reality of America's deplorable taste, the advertiser still wants to sell his product. So he buys Bob Hope, if he can afford the \$36,000 weekly cost, rather than the Boston Symphony at \$22,000. The only advertiser who can afford the Boston Symphony is one who sells almost exclusively to the intelligentsia, where good will within a minority group is important. Koussevitzky may sell insurance; he cannot sell Pepsodent tooth paste.

But suppose you are an advertiser somewhere in the middle—not wealthy enough to sponsor Bob Hope and not specialized enough to justify employing Koussevitzky. In that case you will try for an average audience at average cost and hope you catch the popular fancy. The average network half-hour has a Hooperating* of about ten points and costs \$10,500 weekly for station time and \$5,500 for production and talent—a total of \$16,000 weekly. Gabriel Heatter, *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round*, and the *Quiz Kids* fall in this range.

If, for an average expenditure, you are fortunate enough to develop *Take It Or Leave It*, you will command nearly twice the average audience at no greater expense, thus reducing your cost per thousand families from around \$5.30 to around \$2.85. As an advertiser, you would have excellent reason to prefer *Take It Or Leave It* to the *Quiz Kids*, and you certainly would not look at the Boston Symphony at \$6,000 more per week.

However much you may deplore this economic fact, it is a fact. Suppose you argue—and many do—that a great orchestra should not be subjected to the indignity of peddling tooth paste. Then the network must carry your favorite program as a public service and pay that \$22,000 a week out of its own pocket. The National Broadcasting Company maintains its own symphony orchestra under Maestro Toscanini at an outlay

* Hooperating: The standard measurement of radio listening volume is that of Mr. C. E. Hooper, who makes continuous telephonic spot checks in thirty-two cities, then weighs the averages to cover the entire listening audience. The faults of such analysis are obvious, but the device is the best so far developed.

of \$25,000 a week, offset by no revenue whatever. For its philanthropy, NBC watches with jaundiced eye the orchestra's Hooperating in comparison with sponsored entertainers on other webs, and reaches the conclusion that the people whose taste they supposedly are elevating are in fact merrily tuned to *Darts for Dough*.

Important to the problem of programming is the present rapidly changing estate of the broadcasting industry. At the beginning of 1947 there were 1,062 normal wave-length stations broadcasting in the United States, with 608 additional stations already approved, and nearly a thousand applications for channels on file with the FCC. With 250 applications filed in one recent week, the FCC threw up its hands and called a three-month moratorium on new applications. In the same period there were 665 applications for FM (frequency modulation) licenses, with 136 FM stations already operating. By the end of 1947 there will be about 2,000 long-wave stations and probably 700 FM stations in existence. All will be competing for the existing audience of 28,000,000 American families who own approximately 34,800,000 radio sets in their homes, 7,000,000 in automobiles, and 19,050,000 in factories, shops, and hospitals.

To this increase in existing competition must be added that of the television outlets. As of February 1, 1947, there were 21,000 video sets operating, 16,000 of them in the New York area. Television manufacturers estimate that 640,000 sets will be produced in 1947, most of which are already sold. What television, as it scrambles across the country with its own network, will do to audio broadcasting is unknown. Perhaps in expensive television and limited-use FM, the minority tastes for education and uplift may be satisfied. Eighteen states already have well-advanced plans for co-ordinated educational broadcasts via state-operated FM stations, and eleven other states have recently allocated substantial funds for the purchase of radio equipment for use in school and adult education projects. These probably will be FM outlets.

But the future, while interesting, only slightly affects the problem posed by the current public clamor for improvement. Three considerations impel the radio industry to heed this clamor. These three are the threat of complete government operation of radio; the certainty that people will not listen to programs that antagonize them; the presence and increase of competition.

Radio fears government ownership far more than it fears its critics.

Radio broadcasting is big business. Its gross revenue from advertising in 1946, according to the National Association of Broadcasters, was \$435,000,000. The total capital investment in radio stations and networks is now nearly \$100,000,000 and will almost double this year. The future promises such expansion that H. A. Willard of the National Association of Broadcasters predicts a \$5,000,000,000 investment by 1952. Twenty-five thousand upper-bracket taxpayers draw their incomes from radio; 20,000 free-lance artists and ordinary wage earners work directly for networks and stations, or for the producers, directors, advertising agencies, talent agencies, statistical houses, and accountant firms which devote their time to radio in some one of its aspects. The radio broadcasting payroll in 1946 was \$55,000,000. All of this great bonanza, this mother lode of American industry, could be wiped out by action of the government. Consequently, a critical blast by the FCC such as appeared in last year's *Blue Book*, a caustic address by a politician, or an indignant resolution from some Parent-Teachers' Association may and does place one of America's largest industries in jeopardy.

This fear, with which broadcasters live from day to day, is an important consideration. Paradoxically, it pulls the broadcaster in exactly opposite directions. On the one hand it makes him so sensitive to public opinion that he leans over backward to mollify it; on the other, his fear of license cancellation any twelve-month makes him incapable of formulating any long-range plan for improvement.

That the public puts checks and balances upon the industry is well known. A network draws, on the average, about 150,000 pieces of critical mail a year. Out of these the networks continuously accept suggestions. Changes have been made in fundamental policy on the basis of a single letter of complaint. As a result, programming is subjected to so many limitations that script writers have difficulty in introducing any innovation whatever. Thus radio tends to follow only provedly harmless patterns. If a formula antagonizes nobody, it is worth a fortune. So, over the years, radio programming has moved toward complete intellectual sterility. Oddly, the same persons who clamor for radio to be bold, to attack social problems forthrightly, are frequently the first to complain if a social problem is discussed when an adolescent daughter is listening. Recently the Mutual Broadcasting System was the object of denunciation because, in a serious panel on juvenile delinquency, a Methodist Bishop used the noun "prostitute." The complaints came, of course, from that

10 percent of listeners, presumably intelligent, who tuned to such discussion. The other 90 percent were tuned elsewhere.

The result of public censure is perhaps best exemplified in the children's shows. The heroes of these shows are often such boy scouts that any father would be embarrassed if his son resembled them. And yet, despite the safeguards put around these programs, they are at the moment under vehement attack. They are screened by psychiatrists, reviewed by child-welfare authorities, previewed by parents, blue-pencilled by censors—yet the outcry continues.

A network specialist in juveniles was invited not long ago to speak at a forum on children's radio programs. More than twenty organizations participated. The moderator, a prominent professor of child psychology, opened the program with the remark, "Of course, we all know that children's radio stinks." Aroused not by the unprofessorial language but by the blanket castigation, the network representative rose to her feet.

"You mean *all* radio programs for children?" she asked.

"I mean all sponsored programs for children," the moderator replied.

"What one program do you find most offensive?" the network official pursued.

"Well—*Superman* is a good example," the moderator said, and the audience applauded vigorously.

"Have you ever listened to *Superman*?"

The moderator admitted that he had not.

Turning to the audience, the network representative inquired, "How many of you who applauded this criticism have ever listened to one complete program of *Superman*?"

Very few hands went up.

"How many of you know," she pursued, "that last year *Superman* received a special award from the National Council of Christians and Jews as the juvenile show that had contributed most to the cause of better racial understanding?"

None was aware of this fact. The network representative sat down without pushing home her point.

Red faced, the moderator spoke.

"This," he said, "should be a lesson to us all."

But, oddly, this incident did not reduce the volume of mail from that city indicting *Superman*.

Faced with such incidents, the radio operators frankly do not know

what to do. General damnation, much of it without foundation, is the rule. Recently a newspaper columnist discussed for a half-column the subject of bad taste in radio advertising. The broadcaster under fire, reading this critique, noticed on the same page a large and blatant advertisement for a personal product, mention of which in the stylebook for his own radio station was taboo, as were many of the phrases used in the advertising copy.

The fact is that radio advertising—with all its defects of presentation—is the cleanest of all advertising copy. It must be, for radio is made aware a hundred times a day that the entire family is listening, and nothing may be said or implied that will cause an eight-year-old girl to ask eleven-year-old questions, or provoke the curiosity of a five-year-old boy. A comic who throws out an off-color joke that makes people stop buying the sponsor's product soon loses his sponsor. A juvenile show that arouses the ire of the Parent-Teachers' Association dies a quick death. Recently a soap opera was building a large following with a story that somehow became involved with an illegitimacy theme. One day the patrons were left with a "cliff-hanging" ending that drew them breathlessly to the microphone the next day. (Even my wife, who normally does not indulge in day dramatics, was hanging on this one.) The next day, what she heard was a station announcement: "Ladies and gentlemen, the program scheduled for today will not be heard. Instead we bring you a quarter-hour of transcribed music." The show was never heard again. The sponsor had killed it because it was damaging his trademark.

The third impetus to reform is competition which exerts probably the most wholesome pressure of the three. The American Broadcasting Company, which is relatively new in the field, did not get into the soap-opera business; all the good day melodramas were on other networks. ABC therefore developed other types of daytime program. Outstanding among these new shows is Tom Breneman's *Breakfast in Hollywood* which is now ninth in daytime Hooperating. American also pioneered the husband-wife-at-the-breakfast-table sort of show which has been widely imitated. To meet this competition, another network scheduled Fred Waring's Glee Club in the morning hours, and ABC answered with the Kenny Baker show, a variety entertainment of evening caliber. These improvements were the result, not of public pressure against soap opera, but of competition within the industry.

Aside from economic considerations, what are the broadcasters doing

to earn their right to a wave length? Technically, as we have seen, they have the privilege of using something owned by the public, but for this privilege they must pay in public service. Does the broadcaster pay?

So far as the networks are concerned, he does. Many responsible broadcasters go even beyond their duty. But there are several hundred money-grubbing individual station owners whose entire purpose, judged from their programs, is to make a profit as large as possible, even though at the expense of public interest. Here is a basic source of evil in radio. Too many people excoriate the entire industry because of the vicious practices of one-third of the broadcasters.

The networks are not among the guilty. They spend millions of dollars and much ingenuity each year to perform their public-service function. They make available to local station owners an amazing assortment of edifying programs. But local stations do not necessarily use them. The networks own very few radio stations, about eighteen in all. They have no control over which of the sustainers offered by them the local broadcaster airs. Rather than waste an hour on a discussion of new books, the station owner plays Bing Crosby or Frank Sinatra records, squeezing between them a heavy traffic in local advertising. Many broadcasters use just enough edifying material from the network and allow just enough broadcasting of local church services and P.T.A. meetings to validate a borderline case before the FCC that they are truly broadcasting "in the public interest." The rest of the time they make money.

There are two possible solutions here. The four networks might agree to compel local stations to broadcast as many sustainer hours as they do revenue-producing network hours. Whether the courts would construe such an agreement as a monopoly in restraint of trade is uncertain, but it might be worth a try. The other solution—and a far better one—is for the public to inform itself concerning the available admirable sustainers offered by the networks, and to insist that local stations broadcast them. If, for example, a local NBC outlet refused to broadcast NBC's *University of the Air*, local pressure could make out a very good case, before both the station owner and the FCC, that the station was not performing its public function. A little heat burns radio owners easily, and the place to apply that heat is upon a local operator who is not discharging his responsibility.

Suppose, for a moment, that to some readers this seems a good idea. What is available from the networks? The NBC *University of the Air*

is offered to local stations for an hour, five days a week. Supervised and directed by Dr. James Rowland Angell, president-emeritus of Yale University, it presents entertainingly cultural studies showing the growth of the novel and the development of music, an informative course in home-making and child rearing, a study of the causes behind the current flow of history. In connection with this course, the network offers printed material for collateral study, including excellent bibliographies. Certainly this series, now in its fifth year, would be considered uplifting to the public taste. It is also good radio.

At Columbia Broadcasting System there is a companion show, equally entertaining, called *The American School of the Air*, which for fourteen years has been beaming thirty minutes of painless education to school-age youngsters. This program is endorsed by the National Education Association for classroom use. Last year it was moved from a morning hour to 5:00 P.M., EST, at the expense of a commercially sponsored kiddie thriller. In its new time, where children listened voluntarily rather than in school, and at an hour that competed against *Terry and the Pirates*, its audience increased 56 percent. This program has available a teachers' manual complete with bibliography and index. Also at Columbia is *Invitation to Learning*, at Sunday noon, a discussion of significant books.

On the American Broadcasting Company's system there is *America's Town Meeting*, and the lively forum, *Labor, U.S.A.* On Mutual there is *American Forum*, *Author Meets the Critics*, and *Opportunity, U.S.A.* From all four networks comes a continuous flow of timely public-interest broadcasting, ranging from broadcast of the Berkshire Music Festival to debates by Congressmen on vital issues. A mere tabulation of what is offered by the four in the fields of science, religion, education, politics, international understanding, economics, art, and literature would require more space than is available. There are at present 150 such programs.

If you are a critic of radio, it is your duty to familiarize yourself with these 150 cultural programs and to ask your local station owner which of them are available to him from his network. You will probably find that everything you desire is piped to his station, but that he does not use it because it yields no revenue. Then you must exert organized pressure to secure the broadcast of available programs which will give your listening day its proper cultural balance. The Rocky Mountain Radio Council,

exerting the combined pressure of thirty colleges, has perceptibly elevated the programs of radio stations in its region. The job can be done if you have the will to do it.

You are unfair if you criticize radio as an industry before you have done this. If your local station owner refuses to give you his network's sustainer schedule, write to the network headquarters in New York asking to be put on its program mailing list. Having selected from this list the programs your community needs, and facing the refusal of your local station to air them, you then are justified in requesting that the FCC suspend the operator's license and allocate his wave length to a more responsible citizen. But center your attack upon the stations that are abusing those air waves that you as a citizen own, the defaulters among the stations you normally pick up with your own receiver.

It is possible that, under the weight of public pressure, your station owner may give you one or both of the two chief alibis of irresponsible broadcasters. He may argue that he is not a public-service medium, in which case you can nail him before the FCC for the statement, which is untrue. Or he may argue that his hands are tied because the network dictates what he shall broadcast. To this you may reply truthfully that his network commitments concern only certain sponsored programs at a few choice hours, beyond which his station time is his own.

But only two-thirds of the radio stations in the United States have network contracts. The remainder, in the main, spend hours daily spinning records, plugging over and over the current popular song hits and local advertisements. This is the worst of all radio programming. You still, however, possess the power of pressure for good. If the station is large enough, you can force the owner to pipe in some network broadcasts. Limited participation in network operations is possible in many instances. If this is not practical—and it may not be because of technical difficulties—you may influence your station to substitute programs of local origin for some of the records. In any town there are school debates and athletic contests, women's study clubs, church services, some of which may provide—with a little effort on your part—interesting broadcasts valuable to the community. If not, then there are transcription services whose wares may be purchased or rented by the local station. In you, as organized citizens, lies the power to compel your local broadcaster to give you worth-while broadcasting. And after the first friction of your pressure wears off, you will probably discover that the station owner is ready

to accept suggestions that increase the prestige of his signal and document his case before the FCC as a responsible licensee.

Pressure at the source does not, admittedly, stop odious commercial advertising on network shows or degraded sponsored programs. Against them specifically you may exert network pressure. As this is written, the American Broadcasting Company seems about to prohibit the Lifebuoy foghorn as offensive to public taste—this in response to critical disapproval. Any specific offense may be attacked in like manner. If you object, as do I, to certain grating, repetitious commercials, you may do as I have done and direct a protest by letter to the network or manufacturer. Such complaint, in sufficient volume, will change the advertising.

Recently, because of the revolt against advertising interruptions in the middle of programs, the Goodyear Rubber Company has inaugurated an expensive network show which mentions the sponsor only at the beginning and end of the broadcast period. Whether such conservatism will sell Goodyear products remains to be seen, but at least the company is trying to satisfy the public.

The radio industry is aware of its problem in advertising. Chairman William S. Paley of CBS, speaking at the last meeting of the National Association of Broadcasters, told the members, "The most persistently repeated charge against broadcasters is that we permit advertising excesses. Are we guilty or not? It is my opinion that we are."

Following this admission, Robert F. Elder, vice-president of Lever Brothers, which has been one of radio's top spenders particularly in soap opera, proposed that a study be made to ascertain "just where and why radio may be failing in its job of public service, either by sins of omission or commission," in its advertising, and that radio then correct the discovered errors.

The trend is toward certain measures of improvement, even at some expense to the advertiser. A recent *Radio Daily* survey showed that in February 1947 there were twenty-four network shows which identified the sponsor merely by "institutional" copy without any hard-driving plugs for specific products, as compared with only fifteen such shows two years ago. And last winter the networks had more sponsors of symphony and semiclassical music than they had of dance bands. Last winter, too, notable musicians appeared on many definitely commercial programs. Jack Benny entertained Joseph Szigeti, Fred Allen had Lauritz Melchior, Ginny Simms had Jascha Heifetz. From the broadcaster's view this is

significant. The 82 percent of the audience that dial out uplift does not turn off Benny and Allen even when serious musicians are performing. The sponsorship of such musicians by radio idols offers culture in painless doses. Sponsors argue that eventually the Fred Allen audience might listen to a broadcast of the Metropolitan opera in which Melchior appeared, or a Ginny Simms fan might learn to appreciate Heifetz sufficiently to buy some of his recordings. Anyway, give radio an "A" for effort.

Responsible broadcasters are attempting in other ways to sweep their own floors—even if only to deposit the trash under the rug. The National Broadcasting Company has created a department to formulate and enforce a code of standards. The National Association of Broadcasters has appointed a committee to revise the obsolete code of ethics followed theoretically by all broadcasters. High on this committee's agenda, according to *Broadcasting Magazine*, is the "removing of causes of public criticism over length, frequency and quality of commercials."

More significant still is the creation in March of this year of a Broadcasters' Advisory Council, representing radio networks, station owners, advertisers, and advertising agencies. This organization proposes to establish within radio a self-regulatory body such as the Motion Picture Producers' Association, better known as the "Hays office," the managing director of which would have the powers of a "czar" to enforce the Council's standards for both advertising and programming.

But these movements, it must be admitted, can go only so far. As Robert B. Hudson, the Columbia Broadcasting System's director of education, says, "Radio cannot be separated from the society in which it exists." Or, as Edward R. Murrow said in a recent broadcast, "What comes out of the loudspeaker is the most honest and accurate reflection of what goes on in the nation. Radio reflects the social, economic, and cultural climate in which it lives and grows." The 82 percent of the public that think radio is doing a fine job cannot be ignored, or the criticisms against radio would swell from a minority to a majority clamor.

Dr. Paul F. Lazarsfeld, professor of sociology at Columbia University and perhaps the nation's leading authority on the subject of radio listening, pronounces a summary judgment when he says, "The general stage of intellectual development in which a country finds itself sets definite limits which radio does not have the power to transcend."

WHO ARE THE *PACHUCOS*?

Beatrice Griffith

CHUEY MARTINEZ, sixteen years old, stands before the judge in a Los Angeles juvenile court. He is charged with stealing a car while involved in a gang fight. Dressed in drapes and fingertip coat, hair cut long and swept back from the front and sides of his brown face into a ducktail haircut, wearing shoes with inch-thick soles, he stands unemotional and unprotesting before the judicial authority of the society that produced him. Chuey is a *Pachuco* from one of the many neighborhood gangs in the Mexican district of Los Angeles. Six months before he faced this same judge and was released on probation. This is his third time in court. His status is increasing in the gang.

His impassive face hides his defiance against society and authority. He will take with little show of feeling the tongue-lashing of the judge and any punishment that is handed out to him. His growing lack of respect for law-enforcement agencies, combined with the judge's awareness of the inadequacy of existing treatment as a preventive or curative measure, has brought about a definite feeling of frustration on the part of the boy as well as the judge. Each knows that this scene being enacted in the courtroom will be repeated many times in the weeks to come, with boys from this and other gangs standing as the accused.

Chuey has been sitting on a bench with other boys from the juvenile tank in the large courtroom prior to going into the private judicial chambers for the juvenile hearing. He has had time to look over the crowded courtroom, time to see his mother, uncle, younger brother, and sister in the front row. His mother is confused and bewildered, acquiescent rather than co-operative. She has been following the crops ever since she came to the United States, bringing with her a third-grade education and the hope of making money and finding peace from Mexico's revolutions in this fabulous country. In failing health, her husband a deserter, she has been off and on relief for several years. She is ill at ease, humiliated, and helpless, depending on the interpreter to provide the keys for understanding the confusion in which she finds herself.

His uncle, although speaking some English acquired on the railroad section gang, is nevertheless also confused and fearful. He has put on his best clothes for court. He looks clean but rumpled and poor as he sits waiting. Later, to the judge, he admits he can do nothing to keep Chuey out of trouble. "We try our best. We keep him in. We beat him up. We report him to the teacher. We call his probation officer—it don't do no good."

The younger brother is keenly watching all the procedure. He, belonging to a gang of "midgets," is getting further education in the folklore of the courts. When his gang gets into trouble, and he comes up in court, he will have seen the strength of the law in his family life. He will have known the results of "trouble in court," of gang fights, and possibly theft of property. But having seen, he will not be deterred from his activities or from accepting the growing importance of the gang in his limited life. That is his world.

Lucy, his pretty little sister, a *Pachuquita*, has already had her initiation into court with "boy trouble," and is now on probation.

Back of Chuey's family in the courtroom are witnesses and spectators, a few members of the gang who were not picked up in the police "haul," and a few mischievous *Pachuquitas* from his neighborhood. The sure, efficient, and swaggering cops with handcuffs and pistols make their importance felt and seen in the room. Nodding their heads in spurious wisdom, they listen to the owner of the stolen car curse "those Mexicans." They all agree with the timeworn cure-all, "We ought to ship 'em back where they came from."

The incongruity of Chuey and his family coming from a disorganized hand-to-mouth existence into the smooth, coldly capable world of a Los Angeles courtroom, widens the gulf between the two cultures. The judge suspects Chuey of guilt far more serious than that with which he is actually charged. Those ink tattoo markings on his fingers and arms; the names and signs chalked around the town on streetcars, tunnels, billboards, and buildings (even on police phone boxes) must be sinister markings of secret gang activities. If it were not so, wouldn't Chuey refrain from associating with delinquent companions? Otherwise, wouldn't he talk, "so we can get to the bottom of this thing?"

Then there is the shyster lawyer who has milked the family of its savings of two hundred dollars merely to relay to them what the probation officer's decision has been; the cops who, together with the car owner

and the blond bailiff, believe "there just ain't no good Mexicans." These are the representatives of law-and-order, of the industrial culture Chuey's family finds itself plunged into with a painful lack of opportunity to make a successful life in that culture.

In sentencing Chuey to forestry camp, on the condition that he stay away from his neighborhood gang, the judge evidently does not realize that if Chuey were to break away from his friends, they might make it hot for him. Also, he has enemies and needs the gang's protection. Only within the gang can he find recognition and stability, social and physical security.

During his nine years of intermittent schooling, Chuey has had one fact impressed on him: the only group that has meaning for him is his neighborhood group. It is not school, where the "American" teachers tell him about a world in which he has no real part, a world he knows only from movies and the radio. It is not church, which he has abandoned for the most part except for an occasional mass. In neither of these is he part of the whole cloth. But in his neighborhood gang is the stuff of living as he knows it. In the gang he lives and has his being. For it he will undertake the most fantastic stunts to prove *machismo*, risk life and freedom to maintain his growing reputation as a tough fighter and a rugged guy. He lives.

As he is sentenced, he shrugs his shoulders. Forestry camp! It is better than he expected. It will mean more time away from his gang, but he is getting used to that. The fellows are always "going up" and "coming out." He looks at his mother who is in tears, nods to the other boys, then turns to the policeman who handcuffs him and takes him through the "bullpen" and upstairs to the juvenile tank.

Who is this Chuey Martinez? Who are these Mexican-American boys and girls known as *Pachucos*, so full of vitality and misdirected energy and confused ideas about American democracy? What are the forces in the industrial area around Los Angeles that have created a "lost generation"—lost to both of the two cultures to which they are heirs?

In the opinion of many Americans, of well-to-do Mexican parents, and of most of the Los Angeles police force, *Pachucos* are delinquent Mexican zootsuiters. Few realize that among the thousands of youths of Mexican ancestry in Los Angeles County, only a small percentage—less than 5 percent—are classified as delinquents. On the other hand,

fully two-thirds of the underprivileged Mexican-American youth between 1940 and 1945 wore one form or another of the so-called zootsuit, a style of garment which classified them in the minds of many as troublemakers.*

The origin of the word *Pachuco* is not completely known. Around Los Angeles the term seems to have been applied colloquially to Mexican-American youths coming from El Paso on the crest of one of the great migratory waves to California in the early 'twenties. The newcomers were proud of the name. Settling as they did mostly in groups where living quarters were cheapest, they gradually made their influence felt among the teen-age children of earlier Mexican settlers. They had brought with them a jargon, a kind of special speech, attractive to the local youth, and a sartorial style—ducktail haircuts and flared bell-bottomed trousers—that rendered them distinctive. They were clannish and often antisocial. To the adult local Mexicans they were an irritant; to the younger ones they were a curiosity and, as rebels against authority, something of a fascination. Words unfamiliar to their older friends and parents cropped up in the speech of local boys and girls. "You talk *Pachuco*" came to be a slightly derisive but more and more frequent comment.

Later, in the 'forties, zootsuits rode into fashion along with jitterbug dancing. They set the style for many underprivileged youths (usually the children of Negro or foreign-born parents) between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. They were stylish—you were in the groove when you wore them. Thus, zootsuits provided the familiar costume in which to dress the social phenomenon known as *Pachuco*. But let it be repeated that the *Pachucos* existed before the zootsuit came into style.

The economic depression in the 'thirties had brought about problems of unemployment, hunger, broken homes, irregular crop work, and state or county "relief." Consequently, the decade produced many maladjusted second-generation youth. Their sense of inferiority was augmented by an increasing awareness of their lack of opportunity to compete in industry with skilled "American" youth. At this time of social unrest and disorganization, the *Pachucos* on Bunker Hill became the catalyst to precipitate rebellion among Mexican-American youngsters. This was true not so

* After the zootsuit riots in 1943, Dave Bogan, then director of research and statistics for the Los Angeles County Probation Department, made the statement, "The majority of Mexican-American boys who wear 'zootsuits' are probably guilty of nothing more serious than sartorial indiscretion and overenthusiasm for 'jive.'"

much because of leadership, since leadership in any Mexican neighborhood group is a mercurial quality, but because they had the dress, speech, and behavior patterns attractive to these particular adolescents who were in rebellion against the accepted customs of the cultures of their parents, teachers, and police. Actually, they were revolting against not one, but two cultures. They neither understood nor wanted any part of either—except the excitement of the American pattern of airplanes, telephones, movies, automobiles. Being lost, they looked for a means of expressing their group solidarity. They found it in hostility to the established order and in the pleasure of shocking public opinion.

It was natural that the estimated 3 to 5 percent of Mexican-American youth who were responsible for the juvenile court statistics on "Mexican delinquency" should identify themselves with the world of *Pachuquismo*. It was the one world in which their imaginations had room to play, limited only by circumstance and the law.

During the period from 1940 to 1945, the dress of the *Pachuco* boys was, with little variation, a version of the zootsuit. The girls wore their own style of dress, consisting of a long fingertip coat or sweater, short, full skirt above or just to their brown knees, high bobby socks, and *huaraches* or "zombie" shoes. They were usually heavily made up with mascara and lipstick, and with their hair piled high into a pompadour, flowers and earrings adding to their vivacity. As important as the costume itself was the manner in which it was worn. A bravado and swagger accentuated the dark beauty of these girls, an impudence that was attractive to all males, light or dark. Many of these *Pachuquitas* were "little tornadoes of sexual stimuli, swishing and flouncing down the streets."

Law-enforcement officials have frequently mistaken the result for the cause in dealing with *Pachucos*. In 1943, after the zootsuit riots had temporarily welded all the neighborhood groups together and caused hundreds of youths who had never previously worn zootsuits to adopt them, the city council passed a civic ordinance against the wearing of the costume. The action was as futile as was the earlier and more drastic action of a few police who had their own ideas on how to "get rid of those zootsuits." A sister of one of the boys who was "de-zooted" by the police said, "You know, the cops ran in two wagons of boys from the dance hall last Saturday night. They were dancing in a hall with their girls. Well, one big old cop went upstairs and sent all the boys down the long steps. When they got to the bottom there were two more cops, one on each

side of the door—they cut the drapes and coats of the boys. They cut them and said, 'Well, it'll be a long time before you wear these again, you Mexican son-of-a-bitch'—dirty stuff like that. The cops had a razor knife on the end of a stick they held and would hook the pants of the kids. . . . 'So you can't wear these any more . . . we'll fix 'em.' That's what they'd say. They ripped the backs of the coats, too. You know those boys all have their coats made just for them, and they cost over sixty dollars. Real shapey they are."

Zootsuits, or "drapes," are frequently thought of as merely a craze. Actually, their wearing is something more than that. As Fritz Redl in *The Survey* for October 1943, explained, ". . . in a genuine and spontaneous youth movement the youth is purposely 'in between.' There is only one way in which an adolescent can be sure that he is neither child nor adult; by revolting against adult standards and idolizing something which is meaningless and unintelligible by adult evaluation. . . . For these youngsters the zootsuit becomes more than a means of irritating the adult. It becomes the 'uniform' of their adolescence."

It is not difficult to understand why this type of dress came to mean to many boys and girls the difference between having or not having status in life. Their psychology was characteristically the response of individuals who need to compensate for a tormenting sense of inferiority. And although, to many (Mexican-American youth included) the name *Pachuco* has come to be a term of scorn, to the comparatively few real *Pachucos* it is a mark of distinction, and they are proud of it.

In Los Angeles and in the neighboring settlements, there are many districts swarming with Mexican-American children who live in overcrowded shacks and tenements. These lively youngsters find their social life where they can make it. The hangout of a *Pachuco* group may be Mona's malt shop, the garage where Joe's Ford is jacked up, the grocery store where old Maria hands out neighborhood gossip with pop and beer, or one of numerous liquor shops and beer joints and small restaurants in the neighborhood. Few *Pachucos* have anywhere to go but to the street for their fun, unless it is to a movie or dance hall.

Other underprivileged boys and girls in the neighborhood tend to gravitate to this rather noisy and rebellious core. It is a mistake, however, to speak of these neighborhood groups as gangs in the accepted sense of the term. The *Pachuco* groups have a loosely organized, amorphous, and

highly individualistic membership. There is little of the group spirit of loyalty to a given leader that is commonly associated with gangs, and no one boy or girl can be *jefe* for long. The ganging process is in continuous flux, and though Bimbo may capture the volatile imaginations of the group for the evening, his leadership may well be superseded by that of Little Torro or Chacho the following night. The loose, unorganized character of these groups allows the leadership to change without otherwise disturbing their tight-knit intimacy. In the mercurial flow of neighborhood gang life in Los Angeles there are some fifty groups usually active. Their activity may be anything from athletic participation with other gangs from near-by districts to intensive feuding.

Why do *Pachucos* feud among themselves, often with violence resulting in serious injuries and death? As one older boy explained it, "These kids are all full of animal mad. That's why they fight each other. They can't fight the cops or the *gavachos*, their enemies, so to get the mad from their blood they fight each other. Mad mad it's black and falling down that makes 'em hate the other guys. They got to fight something—you know how it is. If I get in a mad with my wife—and gee, man, I sometimes get real mad with her—well, if that happens and a fellow comes to the door, then it's just too bad for that fellow, 'cause I'm gonna fight him, 'cause I don't fight with my wife. It's like that. Life's like that. So these kids all take to hitting each other, and some get killed and a lot get put in jail."

Knives are a traditional method of defense with Latin Americans, and the *Pachucos* have helped to keep this tradition alive. In lieu of the small-claims court, the divorce court, and other legal sources for the settlement of personal grievances, the poorer Mexican in Mexico usually takes out a knife or pistol and gets "justice" for the wrong done him and his honor. Thus, accounts are settled on a personal basis without legal intervention, because, as one naturalized Mexican said, "Nobody gives a damn down there about the peon—it's not like here in America."

In America, the son of the Mexican croppicker tends to act as his forebears did before him. If he feels he has been wronged, he settles the matter on a personal basis. And delicacy in matters of personal honor, combined with fearlessness in challenging anyone who insults him, makes a Mexican-American youth ready to fight instantly. A boy who feels his honor has been impugned doesn't go to his teacher at school (who would not be too much interested), or his scoutmaster, or club leader (if he has

one); he takes the matter into his own hands. Or if he takes it up with his friends, they in turn may well decide he has been wronged sufficiently seriously to justify their assistance. So they will join him in a fight to get even. To many of these boys, knives are their sure defense and old companions. They have carried them since they were twelve years old or younger.

The results of gang fights are often very bloody. But considering the weapons at hand, it is doubtful that Mexican-American youths are more cruel than any other underprivileged and neglected youths under similar conditions. Most people are latently cruel but are inhibited by education, public opinion, or religion. When these inhibitions are not present there are often brutal results—for example, the beatings and lynchings of Negroes.

One of the newer and more serious complications of any future gang warfare is the recent presence of contraband ammunition, usually brought home by some member of the family who has been in the service. In one instance a youth of thirteen held off a gang of some fifteen boys by holding a grenade in his hand and threatening to throw it. His intimidation was successful because only he knew it was not loaded. In another instance, a paratrooper home on furlough threw a live grenade into the doorway of a store in an attempt to "get" a couple of boys and only succeeded in injuring a child walking near by.

These are, so far, only sporadic outbreaks, but should the cords of racial tension be drawn tighter in the rootless population of Los Angeles (as the employment market continues to tighten), there would be ammunition for the combatants. The police admit the existence of this potential threat and say, "We're prepared for it." The attitude on the part of the boys is, "Last time in the zootsuit riots they caught us unprepared—but next time there's trouble like that we're ready for them. Don't worry." The price of such violence in and around Los Angeles would be indeed a heavy one. The blame for it would fall, as it has done heretofore, on the *Pachucos*, not on the poverty and the social discrimination which has brought recruits to their ranks.

The situation today, in 1947, is somewhat different from that found during the war. The zootsuit has been going out of fashion for over a year. The dress of the girls too is more conservative; skirts are longer and high pompadours brought down. And along with less distinctive

dress, *Pachuquismo* too has, on the whole, declined. Its development was in part due to the war hysteria. With the older boys away in the Army and Navy and parents working in factories, war restlessness found expression among the more maladjusted Mexican-American youngsters in *Pachuquismo*.

Gang feuding also has lessened. Ask why and the boys tell you, "We've wised up because of the vets and the war. Things are really quiet now and we're glad—everybody's had enough of fighting." There is no certainty, however, that the present quiet will continue. Tomorrow the picture may be changed, and today's peaceful scene changed into a riotous one, for there have been no fundamental alterations as yet in Mexican home conditions. Such alterations may come if the returned Mexican-American veteran finds adequate job opportunities and a chance to work out in daily living his newly acquired sense of equality.

The world is neither wise nor just, but it makes up for its folly and injustice by being damnably sentimental.

—T. H. HUXLEY

THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR

A Journal of Interpretation

VOLUME I

NUMBER 4

Autumn 1947



CONTENTS

	PAGE
FRONTISPIECE: WILD HORSES—MEXICO . Design by <i>Millard Sheets</i> Engraving by <i>Joseph Donat</i>	
THE SPECTATOR'S AUTHORS	iii
Pascal and the Modern Dilemma <i>William A. Nitze</i>	361
Adventurer Too Soon <i>Bernard DeVoto</i>	369
Let Radio Be Fair to Us! <i>John W. Dodds</i>	376
THE SPECTATOR'S APPRAISAL:	
Transfiguration or Renewal? <i>Lewis Mumford</i>	391
The Western Scholar <i>E. Wilson Lyon</i>	399
Government by Habit <i>Eldon L. Johnson</i>	405
The Mexican Painters <i>MacKinley Helm</i>	417
A Problem in Creation (A Story) <i>Richard K. Arnold</i>	428
The Craft of the Film Score <i>Robert U. Nelson</i>	435
Steinbeck Against Steinbeck <i>Donald Weeks</i>	447
TRADITION AND THE SKEPTIC:	
The Humorless Indian <i>Virgil K. Whitaker</i>	458
Thoreau <i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	464
INDEX	479

PUBLISHED FOR THE PACIFIC COAST COMMITTEE FOR THE HUMANITIES
OF THE AMERICAN COUNCIL OF LEARNED SOCIETIES BY

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
Stanford, California

Princeton

UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE JAPANESE at LEYTE GULF

By JAMES A. FIELD, Jr. The greatest sea battle of all time, as recorded by an American officer who interviewed the surviving Japanese officers and examined all pertinent Japanese documents. Documented by quotations from important directives, dispatches, and action reports. "An outstanding contribution to the naval history of World War II."—*Samuel E. Morison*

Maps, charts, and illustrations, \$2.50

YANKEE SURVEYORS in the SHOGUN'S SEAS

Edited by ALLAN B. COLE. Told in letters now published for the first time—the exciting story of the naval survey expedition which followed Commodore Perry and tested the Treaty of Kanagawa, formally opening Japan to the West.

Illustrated, \$2.50

At your bookstore

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS, Princeton, N.J.

THE SPECTATOR'S AUTHORS

MILLARD SHEETS ("Wild Horses—Mexico"), professor at Scripps College since 1931, is also a well-known artist in his own right. His work has representation in a dozen museums of art across the United States. In addition, he is counted as one of the most inspiring of American teachers.

JOSEPH DONAT is a young California artist, part of whose training has been under Professor Sheets's direction.

WILLIAM A. NITZE ("Pascal and the Modern Dilemma"), whose special interest is in the French Middle Ages, has written more books, served on more university faculties, given support to more learned enterprises than any biographical note could encompass. Retiring from the headship of the Department of Romance Languages and Literature at the University of Chicago, he now makes his home on the Pacific Coast.

Dr. Nitze is a member of the American Philosophical Society and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, a fellow of the Mediaeval Academy of America, and chairman of the Pacific Coast Committee for the Humanities which publishes *The Pacific Spectator*.

BERNARD DeVOTO ("Adventurer Too Soon") spent the summer of 1946 in exploring again a West already familiar to him. Mr. DeVoto, editor of "The Easy Chair" in *Harper's Maga-*

zine, one-time editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, general editor of *Americana Deserta*, is among the best known and the most widely informed historians of the West.

JOHN W. DODDS ("Let Radio Be Fair to Us!") is perhaps the only living American unconnected with the radio industry who has listened to the output of one station for twelve consecutive hours, continued after brief sleep for four more hours, and taken notes on all that he heard. He is one of the twelve percent mentioned in "Let's Be Fair to Radio" (*The Pacific Spectator*, Summer 1947) who is therefore entitled to an opinion. Mr. Dodds is dean of the School of Humanities at Stanford University and chairman of *The Pacific Spectator's* editorial board.

LEWIS MUMFORD ("Transfiguration or Renewal?") reviewed at length Arnold Toynbee's first six volumes when they appeared in 1934 and 1939. His present review of *A Study of History* offers *Spectator* readers opportunity to profit by his long-sustained interest and introduction to a book perhaps among the most important of its generation.

Mr. Mumford is now at work on Volume IV, successor to *The Condition of Man*. *Green Memories: The Story of Geddes Mumford* will appear in October.

(Continued on page vii)



A Service for Busy People

An Agency Account with this Bank serves as an aid to busy people by relieving them of much of the detail work connected with the management of their investments.

This Bank, in effect, acts as a financial secretary by cutting coupons, depositing dividend checks, collecting called or matured bonds, keeping accurate records for income tax preparation, and performing many other duties at nominal cost. The investor, however, retains complete control of his affairs.

CROCKER FIRST NATIONAL BANK

One Montgomery Street
SAN FRANCISCO

Franklin at Thirteenth Street
OAKLAND

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

WEAR IT PROUDLY

By William Shinji Tsuchida

In this series of letters home a Japanese American soldier has recorded his emotions, experiences, and impressions. The letters constitute an exceptional human commentary. \$2.75

CHINA TRADE DAYS

By D. MacKenzie Brown

Selected letters from the previously unpublished correspondence of the Thompson brothers who pioneered the China Trade between Canton and California in the early and mid-nineteenth century. \$3.00

at your bookstore

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS

Berkeley 4, California

(Continued from page iii)

E. WILSON LYON ("The Western Scholar"), president of Pomona College since 1941, is a member of the editorial board of *The Journal of Modern History* and of the Pacific Coast Committee for the Humanities of the American Council of Learned Societies. Among his publications are *Louisiana in French Diplomacy 1759-1804*, *The Man Who Sold Louisiana*, *Life of François Barbé-Marbois*, and various essays and critical reviews.

ELDON L. JOHNSON ("Government by Habit"), now dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Graduate School at the University of Oregon, joined that institution two years ago as head of the Department of Political Science. Earlier, he was connected with the United States Department of Agriculture as director of its Graduate School. During the war he was National Academic Director of the AAF college programs preparatory to weather-officer training.

MACKINLEY HELM ("The Mexican Painters") is the author of several books about Mexico, including the widely known *Modern Mexican Painters*, and of a forthcoming Atlantic Monthly Press guidebook to Mexican art and architecture provisionally called *Mexican Journey*. He is now writing the biography of John Marin, the American landscape painter.

RICHARD K. ARNOLD ("A Problem in Creation"), before his three years in the United States Navy, called San

Francisco, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, and Boston his home. He is now attending Stanford University, where he is majoring in creative writing.

ROBERT U. NELSON ("The Craft of the Film Score") received his training at the University of California, Berkeley, the Institute of Musical Art, New York City, Harvard University, and in Europe. He is now at the University of California, Los Angeles, where he teaches primarily counterpoint, composition, and modern music. A book of his, *The Technique of Variation*, is scheduled for early publication by the University of California Press.

DONALD WEEKS ("Steinbeck Against Steinbeck"), chairman of the Department of English at Mills College, teaches courses in writing at that institution. He is adviser to *Pacific* and has had poems published in *Poetry*, *Poésie* (France), and *The Virginia Quarterly*.

VIRGIL K. WHITAKER ("The Humorless Indian"), an associate professor of English at Stanford University, was for three years Superintendent of Indian Education in the Pueblos area of New Mexico. Here he was in charge of two Indian boarding schools and of twenty-six day schools, including three located among small groups of Navahos. He has no doubt that the Pueblo Indians found matter for laughter and another example of the white man's strange ways when a university professor of English undertook to run their schools.



An A.B. for The Pacific Spectator!

A.B. in this case means Able-Bodied Seaman, not Bachelor of Arts: *The Spectator* is going to sea as a crew member aboard ships of American President Steamship Lines. It will earn its way entertaining passengers.

One issue of this magazine convinced American President's management that *The Spectator* was worth signing on.

One issue has convinced thousands that *The Spectator* is well worth their *signing up*.

If you are not yet a subscriber, become one today!

THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR
Stanford University Press, Stanford University, California

Gentlemen:

Please enter a year's subscription to THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR, to start
with the number. I enclose \$3.50 in payment.

Name

Street

City

State

Zone.....

Please send a gift card signed



Design by MILLARD SHEETS

Engraving by JOSEPH DONAT

WILD HORSES, MEXICO

PASCAL AND THE MODERN DILEMMA

William A. Nitze

BLAISE PASCAL WAS A GENIUS,* and genius is hard to explain. But he was also what the French call a "moralist," and as such he said some things which strangely fit him into our modern disrupted and dejected world. Eccentric by nature, he yet had a method of probing into fundamental problems—in art, science, even religion—which makes him worth reading today. That the world needs science is obvious. Equally obvious, however, is the fact that science without constant spiritual reference as to its value for man, as man, is a Frankensteinian monster that threatens the very universe it seeks to serve. In this regard, because Pascal was a leading scientist by profession, his observations are interesting at present.

Around 1647, when he was twenty-four, his contemporaries were perturbed over a controversy as to the existence of the "void" or vacuum. An Italian, Torricelli, maintained that when the mercury falls in a sealed tube what is left behind is a vacuum. To this the great philosopher, Descartes, replied that Torricelli must be wrong because Aristotle (who could not be wrong) had said that Nature abhors a vacuum. The upshot of the matter was that the youthful Pascal set up his well-known experiment—with a tube set in a mercury bath—on the Puy-de-Dôme to prove the hypothesis that the vacuum and atmospheric pressure are definitely related. He had his apparatus carried to the top of the Puy, since, to use his own words, "it is very certain that there is much more air to weigh at the foot of the mountain than at its summit, while one cannot say that Nature abhors the vacuum more at the foot of the mountain than at its top." He repeated this experiment many times at the base and top of high places and, of course, always with the identical result.

The import of all this is clear. Pascal accomplished two things. First, he helped to invent the barometer, established the principle of atmos-

* Cf. Morris Bishop, *Pascal, The Life of Genius* (New York, 1936), a book to which I am much indebted.

pheric pressure, and prepared the way for accurate weather forecasts. That was the immediate, practical, and—if you like—mercantile result, although Pascal was not interested financially in the matter. On the contrary, his mind was set on the ultimate or final aim, which was the validity of scientific law against the guesswork of Aristotle and Descartes. In other words, his real discovery was that Scientific Truth is the kind of truth that is capable of objective demonstration, at all times and in all places, if the instruments are available.

Now a mind that has Pascal's capacity of grasping not only fact but significance—of seeing the meaning or "value" that lies behind reality—is a humanistic mind in the broadest sense. But what makes Pascal unique to the modern world is that this scientist was also pre-eminent in literature. His *Pensées* and his *Provinciales*, the one profoundly poetic, the other dialectic and brilliant, were epoch-making—more so perhaps (because they can never be replaced by better *Pensées* and *Provinciales*) than were his treatises on the vacuum or cycloid or conic sections. The urge that lay behind these works was the same. It was the desire to "know" in order to "understand." To him the two activities, scientific and literary, were united in the common quest of truth. He said, "*connaître, c'est chercher*"—to know is to seek. He had no illusions about the confines of knowledge. "Learning is a seamless garment," but it has no contours. We seek, but do we ever find? We knock, but is it really opened unto us? In his Latin Bible he read: *Credo, Domine, Adjuva incredulitatem meam* (Mark 9:24)—"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." That is a skeptic's prayer, pleading for light. It voices the depth of Pascal's nature and the agony of his life. Let us consider that life briefly, to see how his ideas arose.

It was a short life. But it was crowded with events, from within and from without. On the outside, Richelieu was shaping political policy to place France at the head of Europe. The treaty of Westphalia—ancestor of Versailles—negotiated by Mazarin, achieved Richelieu's aim. Descartes, the philosopher, was interested in natural phenomena: in the cause of avalanches and in ideas on astronomy* that brought him into relation with Galileo and Bacon. The Jesuits had not yet become dominant in the field of religion, but they hated their coreligionists, the Jansenists, and they were to hound them in both doctrine and person. Behind the scene, camouflaged by the splendor of the court, was the will of the absolute

* Pascal still rejected the Copernican system as an "opinion."

king (and his minister) to reward or crush as the occasion allowed. It was no easy world for an individualist like Pascal to live in.

Yet it was *le grand siècle* in French history. At no other epoch did philosophy, literature, art (if we include architecture) achieve more for the French. At no other time, even in France, were they more closely interwoven. And, as we are coming to realize, science—especially mathematics, linked as it was to philosophy—did not lag far behind.

Now, the elder Pascal was interested in mathematics. When, after his wife's death he moved to Paris with his children, he devoted himself to their education and to his favorite topic. His ideas were novel for the time. He had discarded old methods and went in for the free exercise of reason, and he taught his children to use their judgment. "Keep yourself above your tasks" was his maxim; never accept a fact unless it satisfies your reason. There is a story that the father locked up Blaise's mathematical books so that he could apply himself to Latin and Greek. What was the father's surprise when, coming into the playroom, he found his son solving, without the proper symbols, of course, the Euclidian proposition that the sum of the angles of a triangle is equal to two right angles. Exaggerated as the story probably is, it indicates Pascal's bent and what posterity thought of it.

At sixteen, Blaise produced a tiny but original treatise on conic sections. Here was genius carving out its own path. This was followed by something wholly utilitarian. The elder Pascal had been made tax collector for the province of Normandy, and moved with his family to Rouen. It was there that Blaise invented his counting machine with the aim of helping his father in his computations. The Arts et Métiers museum in Paris still preserves a model of it. But the machine was too costly to be a success, and Blaise suffered his first great disappointment. Yet, in principle, it is the cash register of today.

About this time the Pascals were brought into active association with the Jansenists. The father had had a fall on the ice and was attended by two Jansenist surgeons. This furnished the occasion so fraught with consequences for the boy's life. By temperament an introvert, certainly of delicate health and tending to neurosis, Blaise found in this religious sect a response to his own solitude of spirit. Known as *solitaires*, the Jansenists sought in seclusion an escape from the world, and in their theology a return to St. Augustine and the doctrine of original sin. Later, in one of his sharpest epigrams, Blaise argued: "If men were not

born guilty, God would be unjust." They can be saved only by divine grace, and for Pascal that meant the grace to "know." But the full impact of this belief (based as it is on I Corinthians 13:12) did not affect Pascal at once. He temporized or, rather, he experimented before reaching a decision.

Meantime he had a new experience; a fling at worldly society in Paris. His doctors had advised social diversion as a relaxation from the strain of scientific concentration. When the Pascals moved back to Paris they found themselves in intimate contact with the wealthy and powerful Roannez family. Artus, Duke of Roannez, was in his twenties, already a friend of Blaise and drawn to him by his own taste for science. Pascal went to live with him, not as an underling but as a friend and a teacher. For him it was an opening into a new world: that of the Renaissance gentleman or, as the French say, the *honnête homme*. The duke proposed a trip to his estates near Poitiers and invited three friends to accompany him: Pascal, the Chevalier de Méré, a recognized society blade, and the rather notorious Mitton. This was an unfamiliar milieu for Pascal at twenty-eight, but it fired his lust for life and engaged his mind in its favorite sport: the reconciliation of contraries, an occupation in which mathematics and physics had interested him and which he was now to observe in human lives. To his incisive mind it was a fresh challenge. We need not dwell here on the zest with which he lapped up the momentary pleasures that Society had to offer.

What really matters is the vision this experience gave him of two fundamental human faculties: the *esprit de géométrie*, the ability to judge rationally by inference, and the *esprit de finesse*, the capacity to grasp intuitively at a bound without the use of reason. Here lies the antinomy that obsesses us today in education; the cleft we all recognize and deplore between the sciences, on the one hand, and the arts or humanities, on the other. This opposition intrigued Pascal. It was his accomplishment again to reconcile them as the present generation must do. "The spirit of geometry" he knew from his own devotion to mathematics. "The spirit of intuition" he learned to fathom from his contact with the social world.

There is about good manners and taste an elemental quality. They manifest themselves by sudden insight—the insight indeed that the scientist has when he is on the threshold of a discovery. But this intuitive faculty is most apparent when we are attracted or repelled by a painting or a poem or a person. And our judgment in such cases is dependent for its

value on what sort of a person we, who judge, are. Pascal, fond as he was of his Jansenistic masters, yet was aware of their crabbed narrowness as compared with the ease and grace of his worldly friends. It is an experience we all have when we encounter the "professorial" type. Academia is proverbially crochety. Moreover, he saw that graciousness is a form of benevolence that the religious often missed. Hence the aphorism he drew with regard to the two types of men—and the two approaches to truth: *Le coeur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît point*—"The heart [or instinct] has its reasons which reason does not know." The import of this observation is greater than appears on the surface. Bergson, a modern, applied it when he formulated his intuitional philosophy. The entire problem of taste is involved in its implications: what it called "good" or "bad" in art is justified by it. For Pascal it opened up a new field of inquiry, that of revealed religion. This brings us to his final conversion and the step by which the scientist and man of the world became a saint.

"Men carry their past in their hearts and in their minds, as well as upon their backs," says Emmet John Hughes. There is no doubt as to Pascal's conversion and renunciation of the world and of science. In the night of November 23, 1654, he "saw light" and "knew God." A document found on him after his death testifies that he accepted this event as real. Henceforth his life was devoted to penitence and charity, within the Jansenist field. But did he believe? And could he accept "revelation" as he had accepted scientific fact? The man who wrote, "If I saw everywhere the signs of a Creator, I should rest in peace in my faith," carried too heavy a load of doubt ever to feel certain. Moreover, his worldly friends had plied his mind with citations from Montaigne, and he could never shake off that skeptic's influence. Until Pascal died in the arms of the Church and sanctified by pious deeds, his tortured soul reached for a God whom he never really found. He said: "Truly, Thou art a hidden God (*absconditus*)."

To this circumstance, however, we owe the depth of his thought and the intensity and beauty of his style. Among moderns only Nietzsche and Bergson approach him. The *Provinciales* are controversy: incisive, brilliant, masterful. They placed the Jansenist cause in the foreground and gave it distinction. The *Pensées*, which are fragments of an apology for Christianity, thus unfinished and disarranged, plumb human nature to the core. There Pascal sums up man's condition in three words (and how

contemporary they sound!)—"inconstancy, boredom, fear."* He asks: Face to face with nature, what is man? "Nothing in regard to the Infinite; All in regard to Nothing; a Middle between All and Nothing. Infinitely removed from grasping the extremes, the end of things and their beginning are for him invincibly hidden in an impenetrable secret; equally incapable of finding the Nothing from which he is drawn and the Infinite in which he is swallowed up." And Pascal illustrates his point by a magnificent contrast between the macrocosm and the microcosm in nature which is scientifically clear to anyone who today looks at the universe through the telescope and the microscope in turn. On the one hand, we behold the infinitely large, the stars in their courses as they roll before our terrified eyes; on the other, the infinitely small, the elusive atom or ion which the scientist relentlessly pursues. The ultimate truth we never attain. "What then shall man do," says Pascal, "except perceive some semblance of the Middle of things in an eternal despair of knowing either their beginning or their end?" Is this the argument of a theologian or a scientist?

On the positive side, however—and this is the point which we of today should remember—he justifies "thought" as the redeeming quality of man. Thought illumines our actions and gives them character. In this respect Pascal is thoroughly Cartesian. If there be those who claim he is unoriginal, "let them consider," he says, "that the disposition of the matter is new. In playing tennis both parties use the same ball, but one places it better." How truly he spoke appears from the following *Pensée*: "Man is only a reed, the feeblest in nature, but he is a thinking reed. The entire universe is not needed to overwhelm him: a vapor, a drop of water is enough to kill him. But should the universe crush him, man would still be nobler than what kills him, because he knows that he is dying and that the universe has the advantage over him. Of this the universe knows nothing. Thus, all our dignity consists in thought. . . . Let us strive then to think soundly. That is the principle of morality."

What emerges, then, from Pascal's life is the sense of finality. It is a grim spectacle with which he confronts us, a catharsis in which illusions are swept away and we are faced with reality. Pascal is never sentimental, and, humanistically speaking, we need to come to grips with things as they are. But the redeeming and overpowering quality of man is mind. On that Pascal does not waver. Never has that function of our being

* The French word is *inquiétude*.

been more incisively or dramatically set forth. If thought means anything to Pascal, it is all-embracing. And it is continuous and reconciling. That is its object. For, if all things involve both the aesthetic and the logical factors*—the *esprit de finesse* and the *esprit de géométrie*—then the world of knowledge is a unit, which, divide it up as we will, yet remains undivided because the particular has meaning only when related to the whole. We must learn to see the one in the all, and the all in the one—as he did.

To Pascal the modern cleavage between science and the humanities as found in college curricula would have appeared senseless. This separation, originating in the eighteenth century and extended by such instrumentalists as Auguste Comte and John Dewey, has led American education astray. So that science, with a capital S, has become a power we fear as we do the atomic energy it has so destructively set free. Happily, there are signs that we are recovering our balance. Scientists, the best of them, are again groping for "values." When President Hutchins, a leader in educational theory, institutes a course in biology for students *not* planning to be biologists, he is moving in the right direction, and the various experiments now going on in our colleges in what is called General Education are symptoms of a new and better order. Besides, speaking of society at large, when General Marshall says in an address at Princeton that, in refusing to act on general principles "the attitude of the spectator is the culminating frustration of man's nature," he is again applying a comprehensive view to a particular problem or he would not have added: "I doubt seriously whether a man can think with full wisdom (on present events) who has not reviewed in his mind the period of the Peloponnesian War and the Fall of Athens." Precisely, we can learn from history. And why haven't we? Because education, preoccupied with material prosperity of the moment, has forgotten that men live and must act according to ideals.

Humanism, therefore, is not only a subject to be taught—such as philosophy, history, art, music, each of which, like the sciences, has a technique—but is also and above all an attitude of mind. It is a way of looking at things consistently, in the manner of Pascal. It is, so to speak, the focus of all our learning, from which arise fresh ideas, forms, colors, and images; the point from which our knowledge should be reflected to students and public in a way that they can understand, and upon which

* See *The Pacific Spectator*, I, 224.

they can act. While it is true that history, for example, "has pushed its inquiries far behind the former date of Creation,"* and has let "its roots not merely run deep in time but spread out in all directions in space" so that "it is more than anyone can do to make himself fully master of it," yet the fact is that no person can call himself educated who is unable to view the particular corner he is studying without, at the same time, connecting it with the general edifice to which it belongs. In short, vast as our fields of knowledge have become, it is still necessary to see the *particular* in terms of the *general*, if learning is to have any significance. To have done that, in a realistic and brilliant fashion, was the achievement of Pascal.

* Quoted from B. Blanshard, American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Regular Meeting, January 8, 1947.

The true genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction.

—DR. JOHNSON, *Lives of the English Poets*

ADVENTURER TOO SOON*

Bernard DeVoto

CERTAIN MOMENTS IN HISTORY are like a man waking at night and counting the strokes wrong when he hears a clock strike

At Buffalo, New York, about five in the afternoon of August 1, 1836, the schooner *Wave* sailed for the Soo. She had been chartered by a general and carried about sixty members of his army. He had commissioned a major of artillery earlier that day, adding him to a staff that was to include five captains and two first lieutenants and two ensigns of artillery, a captain and a third lieutenant of Life Guards, and a commissary and assistant commissary. Bearded, mustachioed, his handsome face scarred by saber wounds, the General was a martial figure, and a tailor with imagination had made his uniform. And why not? He was the Liberator of the Indian Nations. He was Montezuma II. With his army, whose artillery had no guns, he was off to the Red River of the North, where among the métis and roughnecks of the Hudson's Bay Company he intended to enlist up to two hundred volunteers. Then he would continue the project that began at Buffalo on this first day of August. That project was the emancipation of New Mexico and the conquest of California.

No one knows who James Dickson was; no one knows what became of him. It was guessed that he had been English once, and he told a Scotch traveler at the Soo that he had lately been operating a gold mine at Fredericksburg, Virginia. Still, he presented himself as a military man, and is calling himself "General" when he first comes into notice. He had been to Mexico. He told the Scotch traveler that he had been waylaid there and suffered nineteen wounds, which suggests that scars on his face may not have been got in cavalry charges. In Mexico, then perhaps Texas, too. He may have joined one of the squads of extemporized light cavalry which for a couple of years had been having brushes with similar

* This account of James Dickson's attempt at conquest is taken from chapter x of *Across the Wide Missouri* by Bernard DeVoto, and is used here by permission of author and publisher. *Across the Wide Missouri* will be published by Houghton Mifflin Company in the near future.

bands of Mexicans. (In the spring of 1836 they coalesced into that Texas Army which won a revolution and has more descendants in the direct line today than even the Army of Northern Virginia.) In any event, when he arrived in Washington, sometime during the winter of 1835-36, he was using the electric potential of Texas, whose declaration of independence followed in March.

He said he was raising recruits for Texan Independence. He was handsome, acquaintances called him well bred, on the record he was a talker of great power—and the country village of Washington, always vibrating with international intrigues of great or small voltage, was truly seething this winter. It was a time when no diplomat anywhere could possibly mistake the portent of Texas. (In the event, it took eight years to get the Lone Star annexed, but that was for reasons that could not be calculated or even felt in March 1836; six months would have been a sound bet.) But, as he wore his brilliant if not quite identifiable uniforms to the town's levees, he had his eye on an area even larger than Texas.

There must have been horrible oaths of secrecy, for at the very least James Dickson had the conspiratorial mind. (Except for one thing he would look, at this distance, like any of a line that was already three centuries old, the costumed conquerors-to-be anywhere in the Indies or the Antilles or south of Tampico who at any café table or under any palm tree were to lead their elephants and chariots to glory tomorrow afternoon. But somewhere in him, say in the cortex of the pineal gland, a crystal pickup was fluttering with a signal that did not come from the past.) After those oaths, he told his neophytes that he had been talking secretly to Indian chiefs. Among them, he said, were Cherokees. And that also was sagacious in Washington at that moment. For the policy of removing the Eastern Indians to the Western lands reserved to them in perpetuity had, in December of 1835, got round to the remnants of the once great Cherokee nation, and they had signed a treaty of acceptance. See it in the most favorable light, see it as we like to see it now, forgetting the obscene frauds, and still this ultimate removal from the lands where De Soto had found their ancestors could not altogether delight the Cherokees. They might be in a mood. They were; and, Dickson confided to his hearers, the Cherokees were going to congregate, come summer, at a place convenient for his plans. So were other tribes of the frontier.

And then—conquest! With his half-breeds from the Red River settlement, General Dickson would march on Santa Fe. Up the Missouri, that is, up the Yellowstone (up the Big Horn, too, though he does not specify it), to “the Southern pass.” This would bring them to the Mexican frontier, and the way thence to Santa Fe seems to have been known to him clearly enough. At Santa Fe he would wipe out the insignificant garrison, declare himself Montezuma II, General and Leader of the Liberating Army, and call on the New Mexico Indians to rise and strike off their chains. As Montezuma II he had printed manifestoes ready to set up in public squares. “Accompanied by a great army of well-mounted soldiers [the manifestoes read in Dr. Nute’s translation] with shields and with lances sent by God and by the Holy Mother of God, Mary most Holy, I, Montezuma II, have come to succor and save my comrades in the lands of Mexico.” He came as the waters come in the rainy season. He came to destroy the slavery of Cortez, to take back the land from the whites, and the gold and silver mines, the wheat, and corn. Raise the standard of revolt, raise the cry of “war to the knife.” And so on—tantantara zing boom—and Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob mentioned at the end no less than Mary and Jesus. Montezuma II, the heir of Montezuma the Great and Montezuma the Second, was presumably high priest of Quetzalcoatl, the plumed serpent, and Huitzilopochtli, to whom prisoners of war must be sacrificed. But he cared no more for discordance in his religious underpinning than Joseph Smith did, who six years earlier had founded a church which also had a Mexican past.

With Santa Fe conquered, Montezuma proposed to plunder the whole province of New Mexico and then lead his army into the mountains of California. There he would wait for the Cherokees and their allies to join him. Together they would conquer California. Montezuma would reign over the golden shore, making it the sanctuary of Indians, an empire of Indians. It would make the proposed Indian Country of the American government a bush-league idea, mangy and poverty stricken. It would be the final Indian nation. Montezuma would form a military government to rule over it, but no white man could own an acre of it. . . . He intended to advertise to the customers that he would personally support each one of them for a year out of his personal take. . . .

Presumably, James Dickson loved Indians or thought he saw a profit in saying that he did. But he was also advertising his conquest to a different set of prospects. “The blood-red flag is near our borders,” a gaudy

poem of his announced in a Baltimore paper, and he notified Southerners in particular that a terrific uprising of the Indians was already on the march, with a "banner of rapine" and a massacre flag.

Ocmulgee and Flint rivers pour forth your sons
 Montgomery! Mobile! be first in the field;
 Louisiana! Missouri, come on at once
 And be to your country banner and shield.

And what was behind all this? In the context of April 1836, General Dickson's sales talk is suggestive:

The Comanche, the Pawnee, those Indian tribes
 Bought over by Mexican munitions and bribes
 Are once more preparing, roused from their lair,
 To lay our frontier desolate, bare.

So the General promises his gallant prospects a war "alas, too horrific, And peace be granted only on the Pacific," and Mexico will regret her aggression. A lot of them are going to be killed—he judges that the Southern sentimentalists of the age of iron and roses will ask nothing better—but their souls, ascending with swiftest pinions, will watch their comrades march on to more vast dominions.

The poet-general-emperor a little flats his exordium:

Off in the stilly night
 On the far prairie
 With the stars for our light
 The hymn of liberty
 Shall be sounded yet.

But with liberty heaved in, the scheme would appear to have had everything.

It is a testimony to James Dickson's conversation that he had got some sixty Americans and Canadians to fall for this besotted nonsense. But it is a greater revelation of the time—of the stuff that had been cast into the pot to boil. Besotted nonsense, and yet on August 1, 1836, there were sixty men who, looking westward, did not think it was. Moreover, the Hudson's Bay Company did not think so, either. A lively concern traveled along its network when Montezuma talked of taking his army to the Red River settlement. The Company notified its home office, and

London in turn notified the War Office. It was the Company's opinion that Montezuma might not only find recruits among the métis, who, God knows, had only slender reasons to worship their rulers, but it was not altogether sure he could not work up enough force to add the Red River country to his empire.

A half-dozen of the General's principal converts, most of his officers, in fact, had a fur-trade background. Most of them, too, were half-breeds. One was a son of the Hudson's Bay Company's Dr. John McLoughlin, and another the son of the American Fur Company's Kenneth McKenzie. The latter's presence was one reason why the Hudson's Bay Company was skittish about this filibuster, for the King of the Missouri was among its most virulent enemies.

General Dickson had a coat of mail in his military baggage; in the outcome he found no use for it, but it lights up another eddy in his swirling mind. His great moment must have been the August afternoon when the expedition to liberate the Indians sailed from Buffalo, for the Army of Liberation mustered greater strength that day than it ever did again. Men of too small soul or insufficient bowels for the Conquest of Spanish America began to drop away, especially at Detroit. The Conqueror had talked too much; a cynical press had written him up; the Hudson's Bay Company had instituted inquiries. Moreover, some of the financing was shaky. So the sheriff of Detroit came aboard the *Wave* and clapped the Army under bond on the charge of having killed some cattle. Conquest nearly got stalled, but Dickson gave a draft for the alleged damage and, though the major of his gunless artillery boiled with rage, they did not have to fight. An American army officer, commanding a small fort near by, vouched for their peaceful intentions and, diminishing, they got started again. They got to the Soo and at mid-September began a slow passage of the upper lakes. (The major of artillery was studying Spanish for the conquest to come.) It was mid-October when they reached the far end of Lake Superior and struck overland.

"Our expedition has caused much excitement here & our purpose has preceded us many hundred miles," the artillery major wrote. It had preceded them, perhaps hopefully, in the American Fur Company's Northern Department at least, for it equipped the Army with safe-conducts and alleged guides. So for two months, first by canoe and then by snowshoe, the dwindling Army of Liberation marched toward Santa Fe, but in the direction of the Hudson's Bay Company's Pembina. It went,

that is, northwest across Minnesota—the St. Louis River, the Mississippi, Lake Winnebagoish, Cass Lake, Red Lake. Prairie winter, Paul Bunyan's winter, roared down out of the north. Atrocious cold froze their hands and feet; snowstorms holed them up in drifts. Game was hard to find and only an occasional meeting with an Indian or a trapper kept them from starving. Just beyond Thief River (Minnesota) they really foundered, those who were left, for the Sioux guides who were supposed to be taking them to Pembina deserted and no one knew the way. The expeditionary force went to pieces. Some turned back. Dickson and a couple of others kept on. The major of artillery and a few more presently followed him but did not find him. Starving and beset by blizzards but occasionally helped out by Indians, they made Pembina, which proved to have no garrison. The major learned, however, that his general was surviving though "frozen in a number of places," and by December 20 the Army of Liberation was reunited at Fort Garry. It now numbered twelve. The Hudson's Bay Company could relax; so could Santa Fe.

But not the General. He spent the winter at the Red River settlement, but the dream would not fade. Sometime in March of 1837 he appeared at Fort Clark, the American Fur Company's Mandan post. Of his empire, at least the dream and a spare sword were left him, for Francis Chardon, the fort's bourgeois and a man not remarkable for loving-kindness, wrote in his journal, March 21, "Pleasant weather. I was Presented today with a Sword from Mr. Dickson—the Liberator of the Indians." Four days later, in a spring cold snap, Dickson started out the way his star had led him from the beginning—up the Missouri. It was bad country and contained bad Indians, but the Conquest had called for him to go to the Yellowstone and travel up it in the direction of South Pass. Chardon says, "Mr. James Dickson, the Liberator of all Indians, started with Benture [a Company engagé] for Fort Union." Thereafter silence, except for Chardon's ambiguous entry of June 14, which does not clearly indicate what had happened but suggests that Dickson had gone an indefinite distance upriver and then turned back. At any rate, it was only a few miles above Fort Clark that Touissant Charbonneau, old as Rameses but as active as ever, met him. Chardon's journal says, "Charboneau arrived from the G.V. [Gros Ventres—the Minnetarees]—says that eight boats from Fort Union will be here tomorrow—left the Liberator the other side of the Little Village, as he is tired of walking, and has lain himself down to die."

Here Montezuma II dissolves into the air and vanishes from history. He probably did not die to the northward of the Mandans or of a broken heart. But he never looked on Carcassonne, either.

Simply a grotesque. The scheme for the liberation of all Indians, the enlistment of gallant Southern youth, the utilization of the Texas revolution were items in one of the crackbrained dreams that occasionally relieve the tedium which is the antiquarian's daily job. General James Dickson was a zany blown up out of nowhere for no cause, of no relation or effect or meaning, and blown out beyond the horizon and still without cause.

And yet

We are permitted to look ahead just ten years from that August afternoon of 1836 when the Army of Liberation set out from Buffalo. Ten years bring us to 1846, the year when the United States crystallized out a definable pattern of events from the solution into which this narrative has seen many ingredients filtered. On June 14, 1846, a gang of miscellaneous roughs, toughs, mountain men, visionaries, empire builders, and young men on holiday, a gang not greatly different from the Army of Liberation, came down on the hamlet of Sonoma and, after capturing a general in bed and getting jovially drunk on his brandy, announced that they had begun the conquest of California. At once, another gang much like it, a gang that had a liberal quota of mountain men headed by Kit Carson, joined them under the command of a general who is not altogether unlike Montezuma II—his name was Frémont. And on August 14, 1846, an expeditionary force of the United States Army rode into Santa Fe, formed in the plaza, and watched General Stephen Watts Kearny salute the American flag as it reached the top of the pole, and heard him announce the conquest of New Mexico.

Waking in the night, a crazy dream still pulsing in his mind, James Dickson had merely counted wrong when he heard the clock strike.*

* Of his sources, the author says "My account is based on Grace Lee Nute's, 'James Dickson: A Filibuster in Minnesota,' *Mississippi Valley Historical Review* (September 1923), and 'The Diary of Martin McLeod,' *Minnesota History Bulletin* (August–November 1922), Chardon's diary, some scattering items cited by Dr. Nute, and a discussion of Dickson with his discoverer, Professor Frederick Merk."

LET RADIO BE FAIR TO US!

John W. Dodds

THIS ARTICLE is in the nature of a clinical report. It is as objective as I can make it after a most grueling laboratory experience.

The last issue of this journal carried an article by Mr. Hartzell Spence called "Let's Be Fair To Radio." I for one welcomed it as a statement on behalf of an industry which has in recent months taken an unconscionable battering both in official reports and in the public prints. If there were anything that could be said for radio it ought to be said. And Mr. Spence said it realistically, laying the burden of improvement where it can be argued it ought to be laid: on the people who, by listening and buying, make commercial radio possible.

Nevertheless, the more I thought about it the more uneasy I felt. Mr. Spence's defense was not really a defense; it was an explanation. As one who by training and profession ought to be interested in matters of public taste, I was secretly and indefinably frightened. At the same time I recognized the weakness of my critical position. I, like others, have criticized radio for its over-commercialization, its catering to the worst in public taste, its silly programing. Yet, I am one of the 12 percent who listen least to radio (it is amazing how easy it is to qualify here under the radio definition of "highbrow"!) and against me I have the 82 percent (including the broadcasters) who agree that radio is doing an excellent job.

It might be asked here parenthetically why an industry with such an overwhelming public support, only one percent of whose mail (according to a vice-president of the National Broadcasting Company) could be called critical, should be so peculiarly and sensitively on the defensive. And how is that one percent of criticism to be reconciled with what Mr. Spence calls "the present clamor for improvement"? Is the industry merely looking under the bed? (It is still selling soap successfully, according to all the figures.) Or is it possible that the sword of the Federal Communications Commission *does* hang heavily over its head, with that disconcerting demand about satisfying "public interest, convenience, and necessity"? Certainly the acid remarks of college professors

would roll off its back as quickly as an announcer could say "laxative." I found it all very confusing.

It is just possible, of course, that the gentlemen of the radio industry have listened (as it will presently appear I have listened) to what they are sending out over the air, and that, being intelligent men—some of whom have social and artistic consciences—their uneasiness comes from a deep-rooted awareness of possible deficiencies in that to which they have devoted their lives. The refuge against such frustration is commonly either cynicism or attack—not apology. There should be extended to those who deserve it (even though they may not want it) the sympathy that comes with the recognition of an occupational neurosis.

I approached my self-appointed task very humbly, realizing my own limitations—realizing, too, that I had been the kind of ant in the pant of radio against which radio justly complains. I habitually do not listen to radio (though I *do* have children who do—and in the same house!); I have not "differentiated between networks." I have indulged in the kind of complaints "the general nature of which bewilders broadcasters." In other words, I have been criticizing something I did not know anything about, and the only honest thing to do was to find out something about it—telling myself always that even if I didn't like it, 82 percent of the people approved heartily.

So that is what I did.

On two consecutive days I listened to a complete one-day cycle of programs over one station (with the exception of the 6:00 to 8:00 A.M. period of news and music). I took two days instead of one because the endurance even of experimental scientists has its limits. I took the radio with me to the luncheon and dinner table; I listened to every minute of every broadcast; and I took notes on what I heard. Since I was listening on the Monday-to-Friday schedule (Tuesday from 12:00 noon to midnight, and Wednesday from 8:00 to 12:00 A.M., to be exact), and since that schedule repeats itself every day in type of program, the break did not really make much difference. It saved my sanity, too. Because I was fully aware that no one could listen to a program even of Shakespeare and Beethoven for such a stretch and keep his critical faculties sharp, I have tried to be as impersonally objective as possible in my digest. Certain conclusions, of course, were inescapable for me—and part of the therapeutic value came in the cumulative effect of my ordeal. Moreover, I did not want to lay myself open to the charge of unfairness—of tun-

ing out the "good" programs and listening only to those I could find fault with. I wanted to make a complete, representative, twenty-four-hour report. For that reason I stuck to one station.*

That station was the San Francisco outlet of one of the great national chains—no parvenu to radio, but one of its distinguished names. And since it advertises itself as presenting "the great shows of radio," I felt that a test-sounding there could not be unfair to the industry as a whole.

One or two warnings to the reader at this point. If what follows seems brilliant, do not give me the credit; if it seems dull, remember that I am serving here merely as a channel of communication (not unlike radio!). It was important to give the evidence as completely as possible. And remember, too, that if you are a reader of *The Pacific Spectator*, you are, by radio definition, a highbrow, and your caterwaulings will cause no flutterings in the dovecots of Radio City. (Or will it? I do not even know whom to believe here.)

Incidentally, nowhere in this paper will you find a single complaint against commercials. It's no use.

Well, folks, here it is.

II

A.M.

8:00 *Fred Waring—Dance orchestra and songs.*

8:30 *Varieties—orchestra, songs, jokes, et cetera.*

8:45 *Lora Lawton* (serial). [Babo—"the amazing cleaner."]

"The story of what it means to be the wife of one of the richest men in all America—the conflict between love and riches."

The background: an unhappy marriage. Helena's husband, Cliff, enters and talks roughly to his wife. Finally beats her in frenzied scene. (Her ex-husband had beaten *him* earlier.) Later, Helena is talking to her brother when Cliff comes in and threatens him with a charge of forgery. The two men fight, and Cliff is knocked out. Is he dead, as looks likely?

"What new demand will Helena make of Lora Lawton?"

9:00 *News, and fashion comments.*

9:15 *Believe It or Not*—"pages from the notebook of Robert L. Ripley." Dramatization of incredible-but-supposedly-true stories.

*With two exceptions. I tuned out one and one-half serial dramatizations on "my" network in order to listen to two happy children's programs on a rival (formerly a sister) network.

9:30 *Women's Magazine of the Air.*

Markets, recipes, interviews, et cetera.

10:00 *Today's Children* (serial). [Wheaties—"the breakfast of champions. . . . Champions do; why don't you?"]

Mary and Teresa wash dishes while "Pops" sleeps in a near-by chair. Light, whimsical, "homey" touch. Teresa romanticizes about Elliott, the hero of a "whodunit" she is reading. A burlesqued yet sympathetic extravaganza. She sees him proposing to her, offering her a diamond as big as an ice cube—"and so we live happily ever after."

10:15 *The Woman in White* (serial). [Bisquick]

Nurse-and-doctor theme. Dr. Jack Landis converses with pretty nurse Betty Halstead. Jack's wife, Eileen, is out of town—but no shenanigans here; Betty is devoted to Eileen. Betty is concerned about the possible return of Freda, Jack's lab assistant, who is too fond of her boss. Betty is also worried about the machinations of Dr. Sam Morrow, Jack's jealous rival, who is "feathering his nest" at Jack's expense. "Get rid of Sam Morrow before it is too late."

10:30 *Masquerade* (serial). [Piequick]

The girl, Vicky, is in the hospital after a severe auto-and-train accident. Ramsey fears that Vicky ran into the train intentionally because he told her he did not love her. His reporter-friend, Dick, upbraids him for building up this sense of his own guilt. Dick thinks the crossing watchman, an old man, is responsible, because he did not get the gates down in time. This hypothesis is equally unpalatable to Ramsey, for he loves Jeanie, the crossing watchman's daughter.

10:40 *Betty Crocker* (the General Mills spokeswoman).

She discusses the theme of the morning: "Life is what we make it." This leads her to state that even living in a trailer can be fun. And if you live in a trailer, Gold Medal Flour is recommended.

10:45 *The Light of the World* (serial).

Bible dramatization. "The day-to-day story of the Holy Bible—reverently portrayed."

Evidently a good deal of time is being spent on the story of

Joseph and Potiphar's wife, which combines sex and religion, with sex carrying the ball most of the way, except for a pious introduction and conclusion which, in the light of the way the material is developed, is peculiarly offensive. This episode takes place after Potiphar's wife, unable to bend Joseph to her will, has complained of his intentions and has made her husband send him to prison. She wants to go away to one of Rene's "week-long" parties, but Potiphar refuses. Angry, she tells him she is sorry she informed him that Joseph had made love to her. Potiphar, understandably, is tired of his wife's "moods." Later, she threatens her slaves because she believes them friendly to Joseph.

- 11:00 *Life Can Be Beautiful* (serial). [Crisco—"They're cookin' with Crisco from New York to 'Frisco."]

"An inspiring message of faith drawn from life." Quotes from Thomas Campbell: "Man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled."

Today's inspiring message has to do with another nurse, a Miss Brown, being offered a position in Dr. Phil's office by Dr. Phil's sister, who is also a nurse. The sister says that she is worried, for Dr. Phil is in love with a Mrs. Hamilton, "even though she is married." She wants Miss Brown to send her any word of trouble brewing between Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton.

But our fears are removed—temporarily, at least—by a tender scene with Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and their baby. Mr. H., incidentally, is so badly crippled that he will never walk again; he is facing poverty fearfully.

- 11:15 *Ma Perkins* (serial). [Oxydol—"that Oxydol sparkle."]

Ma's problem at present (Ma, not unreasonably, is presented as a motherly person) is Star, the wife of Joseph, who is himself "like another son" to Ma. Star is sensitive about being the daughter of a confessed criminal and is much upset by the social ostracism the town is employing against her. She feels that a Mrs. Clare (who runs a shop of some kind) is her only friend. (Some coy byplay here between two town "rustics" about Mrs. Clare's good looks and her giving the impression of being "fast".) Mrs. Clare comes in, chirpy and twittery, and invites Star and

Joseph to a party at a roadhouse. To Ma's great concern, Star accepts the invitation.

- 11:30 *Pepper Young's Family* (serial). [Camay—"the soap of beautiful women." It seems that through doctors' tests it has been proved that Camay gives women "softer, smoother complexions."]

Horace Trent, a brusque, impatient small-town capitalist, is very much upset because he has received no reply to his offer to take over Sam Young's factory—his desire being to establish his son, Carter, in business. But Carter is the husband of Young's daughter, and he does not want his father-in-law's business (which evidently is close to the rocks). Carter thinks it is high time that he strike out on his own, and in courageous, independent fashion he tells his surprised father so. He knows he is not ready to take over the management of a factory, anyway.

- 11:45 *The Right to Happiness* (serial). [Ivory Soap — "prettier, smoother, younger-looking hands." But here is a contradiction with Camay, for Ivory is "the one soap more doctors advise than any other." Disagreement in the medical profession?]

Here is another girl in a hospital after a motor accident, one Carolyn this time. In a sort of tortured semiconscious dream she relives the agony of her fears for her little son, Skippy, whose ruthless grandmother is trying to get the lad out from under his mother's control. . . . In a distant mountain resort, Dwight, Carolyn's divorced husband, receives word of the accident. His impulse is to go to her at once, but his ice-blooded mother urges that his place is by his son's side—on vacation. "You belong here, with your son."

- 12:00 *News.*

P.M.

- 12:15 *Stella Dallas* (serial). [Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. "Four teaspoonfuls make you glad to be alive. Take some when you feel discomfort coming on."]

"The true-to-life story of mother love and sacrifice."

Mrs. Stella Dallas is terribly worried about something her friend, Phil Baxter, had accused her of the night before. She is under a great strain, prays to know what to say to him to help

him. Phil arrives—he also under great strain. Someone had put a poisonous powder in his antique snuffbox, and he had accused Stella. He now sees he was wrong. "Let's try to forget," says Stella. "Will you marry me, Stella?" says Phil. But he leaves without receiving an answer.

Later, Phil talks to his supposed friend Val (of whom Stella is suspicious). Phil, completely unnerved, is full of self-recrimination. "I'm in a nightmare of fear and doubt." Val suggests that he go on a fishing trip "to get peace of mind"—and tell *no one* where he is going.

"*Why* has Val put the idea of the fishing trip into Phil's mind?"

12:30 *Lorenzo Jones* (serial). [Bayer Aspirin]

"Smile a while with Lorenzo Jones and his wife, Belle."

Of the comic rather than the Oh-God-the-pain school (rare). Lorenzo is lovable, impractical—an inventor. "Their struggle for security," says the announcer, "is anybody's struggle, but with Lorenzo, more smiles than tears."

In this episode, Lorenzo complains to his wife about what a bore and gossip Caleb Thayer is. Is humorously bitter and exaggerated about it. But when Caleb telephones Lorenzo and says he wants to see the inventions, Lorenzo melts and eagerly invites him to come over.

"Is Lorenzo in for another surprise tomorrow?"

12:45 *Young Widder Brown* (serial). [Haley's Mineral Oil. "Relieves stomach acidity as well as *that other condition*. See what a world of difference *thorough* relief makes!"]

"The story of a woman's heart and a mother's love. How, with two fatherless children to support, she meets the conflicting problems of duty and romance, even as *you* meet them today."

Ellen Brown talks with her fiancé, Dr. Anthony Loring. Anthony has loved her for years—but he knows why she can't marry him, though she wants to. They have been cheated of completion and fulfillment, says Anthony. But they look ahead hopefully.

The scene changes. Barbara Storm, recently returned from a sanitarium, has an almost pathological hatred for Ellen Brown,

who is in a sense her guardian. Melissa King, fearing that Ellen is in danger from Barbara, tells Barbara's doctor that she thinks the girl is insane.

Barbara enters suddenly. "Has Melissa told you I'm quite insane?" "Queer intentions flit across Melissa's face."

1:00 *When a Girl Marries* (serial). [Certo]

"A tender, human story of young married life, dedicated to anyone who has ever been in love."

Kathy, disappointed in love, and bitter because she is being held as a witness for her mother's trial (nature of alleged crime not identified, though the mother is no longer in jail) cries heart-brokenly. She is comforted by her friend, Judy, who tells Kathy how bravely her own mother met trouble when her husband died.

At home on the farm, Kathy won't talk to her mother. Excuses herself and goes to bed. The mother much distressed at Kathy's attitude. Hears her weeping, and pleads to be allowed to come in and talk to her. No answer.

"And so Erma stands outside a locked door—the locked door to her daughter's room."

1:15 *Portia Faces Life* (serial). [Postum. A complexion aid, it seems. "Because Postum relieves sleepless nights, indigestion, nervousness." This brings happiness, and happiness, good complexion.]

"A story taken from the heart of every woman who has ever dared to love completely."

Portia (Mrs. Manning) talks with her friend, Kathy, who is being asked to head the new Children's Center. Kathy is restless—admits she wants a husband. Joan, Portia's daughter, comes in and runs crying upstairs. Kathy, it seems, does not suspect that *she* is the reason Joan and her fiancé, Bill, have quarreled.

"Has Joan discovered the real reason why Bill asked her to marry him? Has she discovered that it is pity, not love?"

1:30 *Just Plain Bill* (serial). [Anacin—"made just like a doctor's prescription."]

Bill, the barber of Hartville. "The story of a man who might be living right next door to you."

This story was more confused than most (to the casual tuner-in), but here it is as it came over the air:

The episode opens with June Morgan quarreling with Nora Steele, who seems unconcerned about all the trouble she has been causing, and, indeed, thinks she was ingenious to bribe that Rollins woman. "Ralph is going to be sorry he slapped me," says Nora. "And Bill wouldn't have the nerve to call the sheriff, for fear of scandal about Cary Donovan."

Scene changes to the barbershop, to Bill and Judge Henshaw. It seems that Bill's daughter, Nancy, is worried about the condition of Cary (her husband), whose head was badly cut in an accident. It develops that Nora had impersonated Nancy on the telephone and had told the Judge to tell Cary that she never wanted to see him again.

Scene changes. Ralph talks to Nora, and tells her why he slapped her—because he could hurt himself more that way! Before the end of the episode Ralph agrees to marry Nora.

"What will happen tomorrow when Cary Donovan comes face to face with Just Plain Bill?" What, indeed?

1:45 *Front Page Farrell* (serial). [Bisodol Mints—"when suffering from heartburn and that miserable overstuffed feeling from acid indigestion . . ."]

"The story of a crack newspaperman and his wife. Today: 'The Case of the Dented Fender.'"

David Farrell and his wife, Sally, visit Mrs. Clayton, who has been acting very mysteriously since her husband's supposed disappearance. "You can talk with us or the police," says Front Page Farrell. Under this gentle pressure Mrs. Clayton breaks down and confesses that her husband has left her, and that her pride has made her cover it up.

In car going home:

Sally—"Why won't you help Mrs. Clayton?"

Front Page—"I want to worry her some more."

2:00 *Road of Life* (serial). [Duz—"When I do my wash I sing: 'D-U-Z does everything.'"]

Rural background, with the kindly, amusing rustic, A. J. Simpson and his wife. Opens with comedy: she won't let him wear

his vest today. But if he does not wear his vest, how can he wear his gold watch chain—and they are about to leave to attend the dedication of the Wheelrock Memorial Sanitarium.

Dr. Carson McVicker (female) has driven up from the city to open the new sanitarium. She comes to the Simpson farm to ask casually (with subdued intensity, however) if Frank Dana is there. No, he isn't—and something is wrong with him these days, says Mrs. Simpson. He is distracted. Carson then goes to the sanitarium in search of Frank. (Obvious heart interest here.)

2:15 *Joyce Jordan, M.D.* (serial). [Dreft—"So don't you get left—get Dreft."]

"The moving and dramatic story of a woman doctor, of her struggle to be a woman and a doctor at the same time."

Dawson Blakelee is engaged to the beautiful surgeon, Joyce Jordan, although his mother is trying to break the match. "We were meant for each other from the beginning of time," says Dawson, who is just being sent home from the hospital (an accident case). Dawson's mother, a powerful member of the hospital board, is trying to fire Elise, the chief of staff, because, she says, Elise is abusing Nurse Lydia Duke (who, in reality, is "the worst troublemaker in the hospital"). Lydia is planning to go home with Dawson as nurse during his convalescence. But if she does this she leaves the field free for Dr. Alex Gray, Dawson's rival, and Dawson is afraid Alex will make passes at Lydia.

The announcer shows great restraint when he says only, in conclusion, "Yes, things are in a tangle for everyone."

This sort of thing goes on for hours. Long before this, however, one can say "This is where I came in." I shall therefore give only brief listings for the remainder of the day, with fuller comment on one or two programs of special significance.

2:30 *Aunt Mary* (serial).

"Radio's human story about real people."

Rustic, but not comic. Villain spreads lies about hero and ruins his business. A fight in the offing.

2:45 *Dr. Paul* (serial).

"Radio's wonderful story of love and service to humanity."

Mysterious death of Jonathan Smith. "Ricky didn't do it,"

cries Donna, as the sheriff takes Ricky away. Dr. Paul says he will help Ricky, but admits to his mother "he could have done it."

3:00 *This Woman's Secret* (serial).

Narrator tells entire episode. How she grew up with, and finally married, a boy five years younger than herself.

3:15 *News*

3:30 *Backstage Wife* (serial). [Dr. Lyons Tooth Powder—"It's the flavor that makes your mouth feel extra clean."]

"The story of what it means to be the wife of a famous matinee idol."

The idol and his backstage wife, Mary Noble, are caught (through an entirely innocent set of circumstances) in a gambling raid. Theme: fear of damaging publicity.

"What will this mean to Larry's future—his career?"

3:45 *News commentator.*

The reporter devotes this period to analyzing the mail he has received damning radio—particularly since his broadcast a week ago in which he described the favorable aspects of the article on radio contained in the summer issue of THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR. His conclusion: radio will never satisfy everyone. Besides, "people too often listen to one station exclusively." At the moment I am in hearty agreement with this last statement.

4:00 *Hubbub Club.*

"San Francisco's Fun Show."

Organ music, audience participation, interviews, prizes, etcetera.

4:30 *Bob and Victoria* (serial).

"Radio's beautiful story of the man who learned that to lose one's heart is to find it."

Young engineer—dam almost completed—a week's rain—a pair of villains planning to blow up the dam.

4:45 *Rhythm at Random.*

"Recorded tunes and tempos in a variety of rhythms and moods."

5:00 *Jolly Bill and Jane* (serial).

I switched from this to *Terry and the Pirates* (serial), being presented at the same time on a one-time sister network.

"Terry Lee, his friends, and his private enemies."

Set in mountain village of Utong in China. The Dragon Lady has just captured Terry and his friends, who are trying to recover a radio invention stolen by that same lady. Many complications.

5:15 *On Our Bandstand.*

Recorded music.

On the same sister network at this time:

Sky King (serial).

His majesty of a mythical kingdom, Rameses IX (an oily, sinister villain) has captured the heroine and is about to force her to become his wife, after first making her drink of "the waters of life" which will grant her both eternal life and beauty and make her forget her past life. If she refuses to drink, says Ram, he will throw her captured companion to the crocodiles. Sky King, the hero, breaks his way into the palace just in time to rescue the heroine.

5:30 *A Date with Judy* (serial).

Comedy. High-school girls—pawned fraternity rings—sorority initiations, et cetera.

5:45 *Jack Armstrong* (serial). [This one also on the ex-sister network.]

"Jack Armstrong and the Phantom of the Sawdust Trail."

The Phantom is a dope smuggler, one of whose henchmen, at the end of this episode, is about to engage Jack A. and his friend, Vic, in an airplane dogfight.

6:00 *Adventures of Philip Marlowe.* [Pepsodent—"with irium."]

Hard-boiled detective mystery.

6:30 *An Evening with Romberg.* [Raleigh Cigarettes—"moisturized."] Light-opera music.

7:00 *Chesterfield Supper Club.*

Boogie and blues.

7:15 *News analyst.* [Anacin. Still good, as on previous program, for "headache, neuritis, and neuralgia."]

7:30 *Milton Berle.* [Philip Morris Cigarettes—"Scientifically proved less irritating."]

Radio comic.

8:00 *Call the Police.*

"The protector of the community."

Program indistinguishable from any other fast-moving, hard-boiled detective drama, except for police award of valor given at end of program to some policeman-hero.

8:30 *Dance orchestra and songs.*

9:00 *Light and Mellow.*

Orchestra and tuneful popular songs.

9:30 *My Favorite Story.*

Modernized dramatization of *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*.

10:00 *News.*

10:15 *Memories of a Pioneer.*

Local product plugging the advantages of the Bay area.

10:30 *Sweetheart Swingtime.*

"Recorded music for dancing and romancing."

11:30 *Dance orchestra.*

12:00 *Recorded dance music.*

III

Program notes: Perhaps the first breath we draw after this should be quietly statistical. This representative one-day sequence (not including the three times I cut over to the other network) gives the following count, in numbers of programs:

Soap opera (any dramatized serial): 25

Dance music: 10

News: 6

Detective drama: 2

Miscellaneous: 7 (Of these, five must be classed as pure entertainment, two as mildly informative. The entertainment: *Believe It or Not*; audience participation show; light-opera tunes; big-name radio comic production; radio drama [nondetective]. The informative: *Women's Magazine of the Air* [fashions, recipes]; Bay area pioneer narrative.)

Another observed fact: the average fifteen-minute program consists of nine and one-half minutes of entertainment and five and one-half minutes of commercials, station announcements, et cetera.

Perhaps something factual, too, ought to be said about the soap operas. With several exceptions, they were well produced and well acted—again within the frame of reference of the stylized kind of emoting demanded by the scripts. To one accepting their basic fictional assumptions they would seem convincing. They appear to imitate each other (five dealt with doctor-nurse-hospital themes), but it may be that this seeming imitation comes rather from a flattening down and leveling out of material in recognition that certain patterns are sure-fire.

Almost without exception, of course, the radio serial deals with grief and despair and fear and accident and hungry, desperate love. Divorce is a common theme—or, at least, a background. Somehow each day these people weave themselves more deeply into their frightened, tangled emotions, catastrophe beckons—but always there is the hope that beyond some horizon lies peace. The villains, male and female, are unmistakable as such; there is no question where one's sympathies are expected to fall. To no small degree the soap opera is the modern equivalent of the old melodrama (slicked up and given convincing production) and the modern airwave equivalent of the confession and pulp magazine. In the matter of sexual morals, they are clean enough, for the most part (with one offensive exception noted above). Dramatically, they are stilted and repetitive and banal; emotionally, they are sentimental debauches; intellectually, they do not exist. It is not that any one of the series would "hurt" their addicts; it is simply that ultimately they would rot whatever mind the listener might have. One cannot make too clear the danger of being snobbish and superior about this. But no one with a social conscience could keep from wishing for better programs for the listening audiences. This in spite of the fact that I once heard a distinguished Counsellor of Public Affairs for one of our large broadcasting chains defend soap opera as the new folklore of the people—something which gives them a commendable satisfaction and teaches them high ideals.

As far as the radio programs for children are concerned, the dime novel of my childhood was just an Elsie story. These programs live in an atmosphere of bloodshed and rapine and cruelty and horror. One wonders what their cumulative traumatic effect must be. I still remember the night I was driving home from delivering a radio talk which I am sure must have gone far to vindicate radio's attitude toward so-called "educational" programs. I tuned in on a program meant to send kiddies sweetly to their slumbers. It was set in the death house of a prison. One

heard the march to the scaffold, the adjusting of the noose, the fall of the trap, the gurgles of the dying man. And in the talk that I had just delivered, the station censor (operating according to network code) had changed my phrase "God's Englishman" to "heaven's Englishman."

Perhaps something ought to be said about the music to which I listened. The fact is, there just isn't much to be said. Except for a half-hour of Romberg tunes the only music which came out of my loud speaker was the dance music and its accompanying whines with which every juke box victim is familiar. I lay this to my bad luck, for I am sure that somewhere along the line the station to which I listened secretes a prestige symphony or opera concert. It ought to be noted, too, that I was listening to a schedule which occupies only five-sevenths of the week. Saturday and Sunday are somewhat better.

Are the programs which this new mass medium of communication presents the index of the civilization of four-fifths of our population? If so, one shudders as he thinks of the mental and emotional equipment with which our democracy must face the kind of world now opening up to us. But I am one of those who believe that our people deserve better than they are getting, and that radio, along with other agencies of education, had better do something about it. I say this in full recognition of the fact that twenty million housewives will tomorrow morning prove me wrong, and that soap opera *sells* soap and purgatives.

I am aware of what we are so frequently reminded, that radio is big business, and that it trims its sails to the winds of so-called necessity. If this is so, would it not be well for radio to acknowledge publicly what is a truism to it privately, and stop pretending that it is oh, so eager to serve the public good? At least we should know then what not to expect.

May I suggest further that American broadcasters might learn something from the courageous and apparently successful experiment of the British Broadcasting Corporation in launching its Third Program—designed frankly for people who like good music and good plays, and receiving, according to recent reports, a larger listening audience than anyone had anticipated?

Mr. Spence suggested that if we want to improve radio, we ought to write to our local stations. May this report be considered, then, my letter to KPO—and to the National Broadcasting Company?

TRANSFIGURATION OR RENEWAL?

Lewis Mumford

The first three volumes of *A Study of History*, by Mr. Arnold J. Toynbee, were published in 1933; and though the next three volumes did not complete that work, they established it as a classic. Toynbee is a Gibbon who has taken the world for his province, and the world's development as well as its "decline and fall" for his theme. He himself is conscious of the fact that both the age and the work parallel that of Augustine: like Augustine's *City of God*, Toynbee's synopsis of man's history was written while the barbarians were laying waste the world and besieging or destroying man's most precious citadels. And the parallel does not end there; for Toynbee's answer is Augustine's, though he chooses a much more circuitous route to reach the same destination.

If it is true that a drowning man sees in a few sharp seconds the unfolded record of his life, something of the same telescoping of our collective biography takes place in Toynbee's study. But instead of the pessimistic note of doom that Spengler sounded at the end of World War I, Toynbee comes forth with the hope of transfiguration and rebirth. Far from advocating a calousness and brutality appropriate to men whose action is "existence toward death," as Spengler advocated, Toyn-

bee resolutely stands for the way of life, the way of gentleness and love.

A Study of History possesses many patent virtues and felicities, and I might profitably spend all of this essay in appraising them. I have read and reread this work since the first three volumes appeared, and I still cannot pretend that I have grasped Toynbee's analysis in every dimension, or that I am capable of giving a wholly fair and adequate account of even those parts that I have fully understood. Part of the virtue of this study lies in its manifoldness and immensity; it is as labyrinthine and all-developing as the great metropolis of London; but like that city it illustrates in its proper person the vice of uncontrolled expansion, which Toynbee himself takes to be one of the stigmata of a breakdown. The very amplitude of Toynbee's scholarship causes him sometimes to overreach himself, footnoting the commonplace, underlining the obvious, overelaborating examples and proofs, even illustrative figures and metaphors, until the argument becomes impenetrable.

Compared to most other accounts of the rise and fall of civilizations, this study gives the impression of a "total recall," and at first reading, this is something of an irritation. After a

while, however, these faults recede into the background, and one is properly filled with admiration, almost awe, over the resolute operation of the mind that conceived and carried through this work. Mr. D. C. Somervell's condensation corrects Toynbee's most obvious weakness: it is a masterpiece of scholarly tact and skillful rhetorical simplification. Unlike the ominous digests which are so characteristic of the present period, this shortened text does not cheapen or degrade the original; it is still authentic Toynbee, and that means that it is an example of humane scholarship, intellectual insight, and spiritual poise of a very high order. The six volumes will remain useful as a quarry: the one-volume condensation stands forth as an articulated structure.*

Indisputably, Toynbee has brought to his study more relevant historic knowledge than any of his predecessors. Beside him, Spengler looks like a schoolboy, cribbing from the encyclopedia, Wells like a lawyer who has read just enough to get up a case and impress the jury. Toynbee's study has something like world perspective both in time and space. No one can write a philosophy of history without a courage that verges on foolhardiness: as Aquinas said of the adequate proof of the existence of God, one lifetime is not enough for the accomplishment of this task. But if anyone has succeeded, Toynbee has succeeded. If there is any rhyme or rhythm in history, if it has any logic or order

or capturable significance, he has given a more satisfactory account of these matters than anyone else.

I say all this without reserve, though I regard Toynbee's philosophic framework as defective, and the main conclusion he has so far developed as unjustified by the evidence he has produced. For Toynbee's range and density give the measure of his superiority over his predecessors, from Vico and Herder onward. This is one of the few works of Western scholarship which must seem as significant to a Hindu, a Persian, or a Chinese as it does to a Westerner; indeed, an educated Bushman or a Polynesian would find that his culture had not been entirely ignored or set aside. Not least, this study has the virtue of timeliness: it could only have been written under the threat of impending disaster, with some thought of ultimate salvation, or at least salvage. However one may differ from Toynbee in his foreshadowing of the way out, one must bow to his mastery of comparative history. Even those who would take issue with him, must often employ his data, or even use his methods, to do so successfully.

In the matter of relevance, Toynbee has shown good judgment and, happily, enjoyed good luck. When Burckhardt, long ago, predicted that Western civilization would presently reach its terminus, his observations seemed as incredible to most of his contemporaries as the neurotic villany of Dostoyevsky's Hitlerian hero in *Letters from the Underworld*. When, in 1905, Henry Adams dared to predict a change of phase dur-

* *A Study of History*, by Arnold J. Toynbee. Abridgement of Volumes I-VI by D. C. Somervell. New York and London: Oxford University Press. 1947.

ing the next generation, under which law would give place to force, morality become police, and explosives would reach cosmic violence, his voice remained unheeded because he was "ahead of his time," too—though what, indeed, is a prophecy worth unless it deals with coming events sufficiently far ahead to enable the generation concerned to meet them intelligently?

But Toynbee's work came forth at the most favorable moment. What could not be accepted a generation ago as prophecy is now visible as news. Hence, every ominous conclusion that Toynbee reaches, though he utters it in a gentle whisper, reverberates in our minds like the noise of a drum. We hear his argument and understand his conclusions all too well. There is, perhaps, a little negative consolation in the fact that other civilizations have reached the end of blind alleys before, that they have been rent by similar schisms, that they have suffered similar agonies, that they chose just as unsatisfactory modes of escape as we have chosen. But we search the record Toynbee has spread before us, if we are intelligent men, because we want to find a way out for our own community which other civilizations did not find: a way they missed either because they misunderstood the nature of their illness, or were unprepared to make the drastic sacrifice that would conjure up the compensatory energies that might have saved them.

Inevitably, then, we turn to Toynbee's work both for insight and for guidance, for diagnosis and for ther-

apy. And under the first head, we do not turn in vain. No one can follow Toynbee's exposition of the process of growth and development, of breakdown and disintegration, without having a far firmer grasp of the nature of civilizations than any other historian or sociologist has yet given us. This again is unqualified approval, and I have not the time or space to justify it, or to tone it down at those points where his guiding philosophy, for all its humaneness, has failed him; but when I assign Toynbee this high place I am thinking of the work of Comte and Buckle, of Burckhardt and Spengler and Adams, or Pareto and Marx and Sorokin, to mention only a few of the outstanding names; and for most purposes I believe that Toynbee's *A Study of History* effectively displaces them. In Toynbee's presence these thinkers seem like little coastwise steamers, seaworthy only as long as they hug the familiar coast lines, whereas Toynbee resolutely traverses the seven seas and faces with equanimity every kind of historical weather.

Though Toynbee shows pretty conclusively that civilizations have no allotted life span, he also shows that there are successive, if sometimes irregular, phases in their development; and his merit is to give attention to both the upward and the downward movements in the cycle. He seeks to do justice to external conditions and internal conditions, to forces derived from the environment and those that spring from the human psyche, to the materialist and the idealist factors that have made man

what he is. His dualistic philosophy sometimes prevents him from giving an adequate account of both inner and outer relationships; but he makes the effort. In this respect, he shows not only the compendious range of an Aristotle, but also his wholeness and sanity, and one might characterize him as an Aristotle with a post-Hellenic sense of the significance of time and change. The concepts he has specially framed to describe the processes of civilization, concepts like "challenge - and - response," "withdrawal-and-return," a "Time of Troubles," "universal state" and "universal church," "breakdown and disintegration," will remain as permanent contributions to our vocabulary.

On the nature of civilizations, Toynbee is realistic and clear. For him, a civilization is a common field of action and an area of intercourse, in which the personality and the community live and grow. The process of civilization begins with a state in which external conditions govern choices, and it reaches, under favorable conditions, a more developed state in which internal choices dominate conditions. Man begins, in other words, as the child of Nature, following her patterns and submitting to her rule, for the sake of mere survival, dependent as the infant is dependent upon the mother's warmth and the mother's milk; but he ends by turning on his old mother and asking her, "What have I to do with thee?" since man has other business, his father's business, to concern him. The development of man, according to Toynbee, is a liberation from necessity, a passage

from "materialization" to "etherialization," from the outwardly conditioned to the inwardly determined. There are many possible stopping points, arrests, regressions on the route: tribal society, for example, remains caught in a timeless repeating pattern, and while it avoids the later sins and lapses of a disintegrating society, it survives only by fossilization.

Civilization, according to Toynbee, saves man from the arrest and fixity of a tribal society; but the price of development is instability, and its ultimate fate may be death. Spengler had interpreted the changes within a civilization as the regular cycle of spring, summer, autumn and winter—a metaphor that corresponds only in the loosest way with observed fact. According to Toynbee, no civilization dies of natural causes or of old age; yet most of the twenty-one civilizations he has examined have died, and the present survivors show many signs of meeting the same fate. How, then, do they die? Toynbee's answer is clear: they die by committing suicide or they die by murder; but mostly they die by suicide, because of perversions they willfully encourage, and false goals they will not renounce; they die because they succumb to automatism, because they idolize an ephemeral self, because they cling to an ephemeral institution or an irrelevant technique, or sometimes they die just by overplaying their hand, as Western civilization, now that it is in possession of the atomic bomb, has already begun to overplay its hand.

Unfortunately, Toynbee's profound

insight into the past is not matched by his capacity to act as a guide to the future. His diagnosis is, on the whole, so comprehensive, so patient in its technique, so adequate in its results, that it makes his therapy seem by contrast meager, arbitrary, and amateurish. He points to only four historic ways in which a culture may attempt to alleviate the agonies of disintegration: by a return to Nature, by a retreat into the past, by an escape into a utopian future, and finally, what he calls Palingenesia, or Rebirth. The last alone is truly effective. This rebirth transforms the nature of man's dilemma and his destiny, because it transposes his earthly difficulties to heaven and his historic mission to eternity. For Toynbee, rebirth is the work of a creative minority, following the lead of a creative genius who is, by mission and accomplishment, the Saviour of his society. He performs his mission by knitting the lost souls of a disintegrating civilization into a congregation of believers, a new type of society that overrides the parochial limits of national or civic groups—or indeed, he hints, of a civilization itself.

Toynbee thus reaches the orthodox Christian conclusion, that man cannot be redeemed *in* history, but must be redeemed, through faith in the Kingdom of Heaven, *from* history. Though he acknowledges the effective role of saviors in other societies, for Gautama played that part in Indian society, he reserves for the Christian myth the distinction of being both true and effective in a fashion that no other religion has been: in the figure of Jesus, and

Jesus alone, Toynbee says, God did indeed take on human form and once and for all assume the burden of human sins and offer a way out to those who believe in Him and His kingdom. These are Toynbee's deepest convictions, and as such they are beyond argument: indeed, he jeers in advance at those who would challenge them and dismisses as contemptible any arguments they may offer. So be it. A private anathema may protect, but it does not buttress, a weak position.

Now, it should be plain that, on the basis of *historical* experience, the consequences of Christianity have been no different from those that followed other mystery religions which once were Christianity's rivals. In taking the historic form of a church, Christianity went through the same transformation, encountered the same frustrations and difficulties, and suffered the same corruptions that other institutions, which made no claims to divinity, have suffered; and though the Christian church has survived over a long period, while many of its early rivals, like Mithraism and Manicheism have died out, Buddhism has survived over an even longer period.

Why, then, does Toynbee hold that Christianity, in its orthodox original form, is capable of saving Western civilization today? Though he calls the process transfiguration, the retreat he advocates into the Christian past is precisely an example of that antihistorical archaism, which he himself has castigated and dismissed. If we are to create a world society more universal than any

of the civilizations Toynbee has examined, our culture must surely transcend the historic limitations of Christianity, its parochialism, its claim to uniqueness, its assumption of infallible revelation and absolute truth, if it is to make possible a loving co-operation and fellowship among peoples.

On the matter of strict theology, Josiah Royce is a far wiser guide than Toynbee; for, in discussing the problem of Christianity more than a generation ago, he pointed out that the Beloved Community is, by its very nature, not that which has been achieved, but that which lies ahead of man: hence, no existing Church can hope, in its present historic form, to become the vehicle of that community. Nothing could be clearer in our time than the truth of the Christian belief that man must die in order to live again; and what is true for the individual is equally true for his religious institutions. Unless the Christian Church is capable of a profound sacrifice, it will not contribute effectively to the salvation of modern man; indeed, it will be carried away like every other institution in that final suicidal outburst which will attend an atomic or a bacterial war. *If* there are not more effective processes of repair and renewal at work than those which would be expressed in a conversion to orthodox Christianity, the end is already in sight.

Toynbee is right in saying that a rebirth is needed. What he overlooks is the organic and many-sided nature of such a rebirth, and this oversight is the result of a radical defect in his

philosophy. Though Toynbee acknowledges, for example, the part played in the development of a civilization by geographic and economic conditions—like the challenge of a hard environment—he identifies the “way of growth” with “etherialization,” that is, with the displacement of outer circumstances by an inner creativity. The inner and the subjective are other names, in his philosophy, for the creative. But creativity actually works both ways: there is an equally important phase one may call “materialization,” in the course of which an idea becomes incarnated in a person, translated into habits, customs, laws, codes, institutions, and finally embodied in sculptures, paintings, architectural forms; and the idea has not completed its life course until such materialization takes place.

The historic weakness of Christianity was that it never succeeded, even within the Church itself, in materializing itself in appropriate political and economic institutions, though it made repeated efforts at doing so, first in the monasteries, then in the friars and the orders of dedicated laymen, finally in the protestant sects and their secular successors, the socialists and co-operators. No mere return of faith to acceptance of Jesus' Godhood will remedy this historic failure of Christianity. Only the absorption of fresh knowledge and insight, not available to Jesus, Paul, or their successors, will succeed in bringing about the necessary transformation of the Christian Church into a truly universal institution capable of further development.

The weakness of Toynbee's study is that, while his diagnosis is a naturalistic one, his remedy is a supernatural one. If the supernatural argument is a valid one, it should hold at every part of the process: "transfiguration" should attend growth as well as downfall. Speaking of the coming of Jesus, at the very end of the present volume, Toynbee says: "The birth of which the angels . . . sang was not a re-birth of Hellas nor a new birth of other societies of the Hellenic species. It was the birth in the flesh of the King of the Kingdom of God." But, in spite of this dramatic appearance of Deity, other societies of the same species *did*, according to Toynbee's own analysis, succeed the Hellenic society; though on his supernatural interpretation Christian society should be distinctly of another species. But his supernaturalism has an even stranger consequence: for, the plain implication it carries with it is that the Kingdom of God has no part in the natural processes of a healthy society, since it manifests itself only as a way out of a breakdown and disintegration. In short, only the damned can be saved, for only the damned have need of salvation.

For all the complicated proofs and illustrations Toynbee offers in describing both development and disintegration, his interpretation of the social process is one sided and simplist. There are many more ways of social interaction than the direct influence of a super-human genius upon his contemporaries, or the secondary process of social drill and mimesis. By attributing effective social action only to a savior or an

elite, Toynbee overlooks the pervasive nature of any social change, and the part played by self-help, the part played by a diffused understanding and creative intervention by all the members of a society. Without such effective co-operation, co-operation which cannot indeed be reduced to mere mimesis, no structure as complicated as a civilization could either develop or endure. Toynbee's concentration on a society's religious orientation keeps him from acknowledging the organic nature of the whole historic process: "nor soul helps body more than body soul." Thus, in his reaction against the current error of attributing to mechanism a universally progressive and regenerative effect, Toynbee commits the opposite error of holding that there is a negative correlation between technical advance and culture. In holding this, he overlooks, for example, the fact that in the recovery from the breakdown of medieval civilization in the fourteenth century, a vivid interest in mechanism was one of the positive elements in its renewal. Hence, Toynbee misses an important clue to regeneration: namely, that the repressed elements in a dying civilization become the nucleus around which a fresh life springs up.

Toynbee's monumental work is not completed, so my present criticism is premature, and to that extent, perhaps, unfair. After broaching the method of transfiguration, in particular, the intervention of God in human history in the person of Jesus, he states that there are other phenomena that must be more fully reckoned with: the universal

church, the universal state, and the barbarian war band. The last, of course, brings the argument back onto the stage of history. But the popularity of Toynbee's work at present rests less on its many weighty merits as comparative history than on the conviction he has awakened in the minds of many people that he has found an answer to their imperious social and political dilemmas, and that answer an easy one: Believe

and be saved! That conclusion in the bald form that he utters it seems to me contrary to science and reason, and I should not be surprised if it were contrary, likewise, to good theology. If we are indeed saved by the grace of God, it will be only because the grace of God prompts us to more heroic efforts at collective self-education, self-sacrifice, and self-transformation than Toynbee's simple solution demands.

All acts of social creation are the works of individual creators, or at most of creative minorities; and at each successive advance the great majority of the members of the society are left behind.—ARNOLD TOYNBEE, *A Study of History*

THE WESTERN SCHOLAR

E. Wilson Lyon

IN PASSING the G.I. Bill of Rights in 1944, Congress doubtless had in mind primarily the continuance of education for those whose careers were interrupted by the war. Events have proved that Congress planned more wisely than it knew. The bill in operation has met two grave faults which have long disturbed thinking observers of our educational system. Economic barriers were removed, thus giving every young man and woman who served in the war an opportunity to secure the best training the country afforded. A second and fully as important consequence was the abolition of sectional differences through this federal bill, thus affording men and women of the poorer regions, such as the Southeast or the Western plains, the same opportunities as those living in the richest states of the Union.

The response of the former members of our armed forces has dwarfed even the most optimistic predictions of a year ago. It is now the considered judgment of government officials and college authorities that 11 percent of all demobilized men will seek college education under the G.I. Bill.

So great will be the training under this act that the shortages of teachers, scientists, professional men, and technicians of which we complain today will be replaced by the greatest reservoir of highly trained men which this or any other nation has ever known. Despite the terrible ravages of the war, we shall have greater human resources than ever before. I have no hesitancy in predicting that we shall look back upon the G.I. Bill, not only as the most constructive legislation of the war, but as one of the great landmarks of the march of the American people to a truer and more meaningful democracy.

To the colleges and universities has been entrusted the responsibility of discharging this great national trust. The size of the undertaking almost defies comprehension. We are faced this autumn* with a total college and university enrollment of approximately 2,300,000, when the

* "The Western Scholar" is an address delivered by President Wilson Lyon of Pomona College at the opening convocation of the college in 1946.

highest previous enrollment had not exceeded 1,500,000. Moreover, there is every reason to believe that this figure will continue to mount, and that by the mid-1950's we can expect double the prewar enrollment, or 3,000,000 men and women in our colleges and universities. We have entered a period in which college enrollments are destined to grow as did high-school attendance from 1900 to 1940.

The deeper appreciation of American colleges and universities at home is more than equaled abroad. As Provost Monroe E. Deutsch of the University of California has said, "Think of the glory that is ours in having all lands turn to us, fledgling in the family of nations, to be their teacher." The learning which a generation ago was felt to exist only in the universities of Europe is now sought from us by thousands of students from every continent. These students will bring much to us, but they will take away an objectivity and perspective on their own countries which they could never have gained otherwise. From their cosmopolitan life in the free atmosphere of this country they will return home as world citizens. As students once talked of Paris and Oxford, they will cherish memories of Cambridge, Ann Arbor, Chicago, or Berkeley, and scores of other American academic centers.

All these revolutionary changes, both national and international, in higher education are revealed most dramatically on the Pacific Coast. The profound transformation of the region has intensified the problem of caring for our own students, while at the same time the war has given us a significant place in the world-wide responsibility of all American colleges and universities. The tradition of college for all who desire it, already accepted in the West before 1941, brings us more than our proportionate share of domestic students, and our door toward Asia and Australasia gives our colleges and universities preference among the varied peoples of these vast lands.

The impact of World War II hastened the economic revolution on the Pacific Coast, more than doubling its percentage of the nation's manufactures. Equally important social developments accompanied the rise of industry along with agriculture, shipping, and mining. California, for instance, long disproportionate in the number of older people in its population, has acquired a more normal age distribution through the migration of young workers with families. This force, already felt in the elementary schools, will soon reflect itself in high schools and colleges.

Despite the astounding developments of the past six years in the West,

we are, however, likely to overemphasize the *quantity* of that change. In fact, the percentage rate of population growth since 1940 is lower than for the periods 1900-1910 and 1920-30, and the increase in numbers during the boom of the 'twenties exceeded even the war expansion which we have just witnessed. The all-pervading factor is not the *extent*, but the *quality* and *nature* of the change in our Western life.

We seem to be entering, for the first time since 1880, a period during which we have a chance to consolidate our gains and to integrate our population. With the broad industrial base now established here, the West can stand more firmly on its own feet, less tributary than formerly to other sections, both economically and culturally.

This means in essence that a new maturity has come to Western America. In every aspect of its life it can speak with greater experience and confidence. Bernard DeVoto has called 1846, the year in which American armies first added this region to the Union, "The Year of Decision." This academic year a century later may well have been a year of decision in the cultural and scholarly life of the West.

The word "scholar" is one that is poorly used and variously defined. My dictionary tells me that the preferred definition is "one who attends a school." While we have a reminiscence of the historical quality of such a definition in the nursery rhyme, "a dillar, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar," this seems altogether unacceptable and insufficient. The dictionary also states that a scholar is "one who has engaged in advanced study and acquired knowledge in some special field." While this once would have been accepted by most academic groups, it has lost real meaning by reason of the cult of esoteric and socially irresponsible scholarship which gained a hold in American universities in the early twentieth century. It is a credit to American letters that this conception has become increasingly unsatisfying, and that we have been reaching for a new definition of the scholar's function.

We gain new light on the scholar if we turn back to Emerson's celebrated Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard in 1837. The scholar, Emerson says, is "man thinking." That thought, of course, should bear upon man's highest destiny and should translate itself into social, literary, artistic, or scientific expression. "The scholar," Emerson continues, "is that man who must take up into himself all the ability of the time, all the contributions of the past, all the hopes of the future." How more succinctly and ideally could one frame a program for the scholar?

One of the real gains we have made from the war is a wider conception of the scholar's opportunity for service. Never before have Americans made such a determined and successful attempt to utilize "all the ability of the time." In an unprecedented partnership with government and business, academic folk contributed immeasurably to the winning of the war. One thinks of accelerated scientific development, but Oak Ridge and Los Alamos had their counterparts in the Office of Strategic Services, where linguists and social scientists labored, or in those government agencies that directed and controlled our economic life. From these and many other varied activities, scholars are returning to the colleges broadened and with an experience that no other body of American learned men has ever possessed. And even better, a grateful nation has given them a first generation of students, traveled and informed as no other could ever have been since man began his restless odyssey on the earth and first sailed forth in search of adventure.

We are now challenged to continue, in the more constructive conditions of peace, the broadening of the scholar's functions undertaken so successfully in war. If we do this, there is no limit to what can be done in lifting the economic and cultural horizons of men everywhere.

The Western scholar shares all the privileges and opportunities of his other American colleagues, but his location and the recent rapid development of his section give him a special and significant role in the nation. As Emerson urged his fellow scholars to look to American scenes, so may we who live in this region properly occupy ourselves with the future of the West.

The new economic and social setting in which the Western scholar must learn and work is reasonably clear. With industrial growth have come insistently the problems of labor and management, and with them the central issue of our domestic economy; that is, the extent to which private enterprise should be under government control. To the long procession of racial groups in the West has been added an increasing Negro population from the South, giving to our coast cities problems not yet happily resolved in the great urban centers of the East. No man who thinks about the West can escape concern on these transcending human problems. But let colleges and the scholar recall Emerson's injunction "to raise and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances." The true scholar will seek to inform and to create an atmosphere in which sound judgments can be made. He will recall that in matters economic

and social, where more than one workable solution generally exists, there is no place for the categorical.

Rare indeed is our material good fortune in the West. Like Renaissance Italy, seventeenth-century France, or eighteenth-century Britain, we have the generous economic base upon which a highly cultivated society may rest. The average annual income in California, for example, is the second highest of any state in the Union. Our economic advantages have drawn scholars to Western colleges and universities to a degree imperiling less-favored states, and placing upon us an even greater social obligation. No longer must the Western scholar, as Carl Becker observed of the Middle Western professors of his youth, "look to the more splendid towers of the East, overanxiously concerned perhaps to know what the wise men there were thinking and doing."

Intellectually and culturally the West has come of age. As in economic matters, our academic colonial days are over. Western scholars would be the first, however, to repudiate any suggestion of an insular culture. Gratefully acknowledging their debt to the older centers of America, and through them to Europe, they rejoice in the opportunity to play a greater part in advancing the best in our common heritage. Themselves a part of varying American forces, they look back across the continent from Los Angeles, San Francisco, or Seattle, understanding and profoundly appreciating a land which in its loveliness includes all the variety of the gentle, green hills of New England, white farmhouses dotting the plains of the Middle West, and stately live oaks along the quiet bayous of Louisiana. The Western scholar has the power and vision to speak with a truly national voice.

It is proper that we ask with President Conant of Harvard that "a scholar's activities should have relevance to the immediate future of our civilization . . . either to man's physical and social needs or to his hopes and aspirations." In the West, where tradition bears less heavily than elsewhere, we are freer to test the social relevance of our scholarship and to reorganize our colleges and universities.

No discussion of the West and its scholarship would be valid without consideration of the land itself, which more than elsewhere has become a part of the aesthetic experience of its people. That part of this magnificent natural treasure which we have not preserved in our parks is now, however, imperiled by the speed with which new communities are replacing former agricultural sections. The preservation of the people's heritage

in mountain, sea, and desert is the common responsibility of every Western scholar. Failure to appreciate this can, in a generation, destroy what man can never rebuild.

Robinson Jeffers has called our Western land "continent's end." This phrase, majestic as it is, reveals only part of our Western destiny. With equal propriety, another poet could name our coast "continent's beginning." For a billion people in and around the great Pacific Basin see us as the front door of the American Republic. Paramount for the Western scholar is the understanding of these peoples of the Far East and their interpretation to his fellow countrymen. The revolution in the Pacific, which lies at the base of our astounding development in the West, has inaugurated a new era in learning, destined both in scope and depth to match any intellectual revolution of the past.

There could be no more exciting adventure than that to which the Western scholar is called. Like the men of the Renaissance, he can engage his youthful energy in new horizons, both at home and overseas.

A constitutional statesman is in general a man of common opinions and uncommon abilities.

—WALTER BAGEHOT, *Sir Robert Peel*

GOVERNMENT BY HABIT

Eldon L. Johnson

THE CHERISHED DOCUMENTS of democracy prove too much. They are too uncritical about the nature of man and too optimistic about the rationality of politics. To shift from the divine right of kings to the divine right of the individual, the individual had to be deified. As a result, the citizen of democracy has fixed in his mind an idealized version of the governmental process and of his own role in it. Since it is a government of the people and by the consent of the governed, it is assumed to be a government of reason, discussion, and objective appraisal—a government peculiarly sensitive to the changing needs of the people.

Lincoln's famous "of the people, by the people, and for the people" tells us only where the center of political gravity lies. "The people," yes; but what is their nature and how do they act politically? Are the "of, by, and for" exercised in the tradition of the people of Fraser's *The Golden Bough*, Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, or Plato's *Republic*? Other definitions of democracy likewise emphasize the popular *who* of government and neglect the popular *how*. Jefferson's statement that government derives its "just powers from the consent of the governed" leaves us to assume that consent means active, rational analysis rather than passive, nonthinking acceptance. We assume the rational, objective man—if not the omniscient man—not because democracy as a form of government requires it, but because democracy as a political ideal prefers it. What we assume as an ideal and what we practice as a reality do not coincide, as no one need be reminded. To be sure, we have government by consent. We also have government by habit. We have government by wide-eyed reason, but we also have government by blind, time-honored usage. We have government by principles freely discussed and government by precepts too "sacred" for discussion. We have active, conscious government, vibrant with the urgent needs of the day; and we have passive, unconscious government, soporific with antiquity. Man has never lived by law or by reason alone; he also lives by custom—primitive man much more than modern man, but yet all men.

We are in transition from primitive man to Plato's philosopher king, neither completely enslaved by habit nor completely committed to reason. Consequently, we have a generous admixture of unthinking habit and critical reasoning in all our political behavior. Nothing else can adequately explain our political institutions or our political processes. But before further explanation, it may be useful to see how we arrived at this transitional stage.

Anticipating by eighty-five years our present-day agitation about the impact of the physical sciences on the social sciences, Walter Bagehot, in his *Physics and Politics*, traced man's political evolution for us. For primitive man to augment his individual strength, Bagehot noted, it was necessary for him to co-operate with his fellows. For him to co-operate, it was necessary that he and his fellows have a certain likeness or sameness, for order, predictability, and the channelizing of actions. In other words, there was a keen need for law, for definite and rigid rules of the game, for assured obedience. The result, as Bagehot said, was "one of the strongest yokes . . . and the most terrible tyrannies ever known among men—the authority of 'customary law' . . . a stern, incessant, implacable rule." Its nature "is that of coarse, casual comprehensive usage, beginning, we cannot tell how, deciding, we cannot tell why, but ruling everyone in almost every action with an inflexible grasp." The result was not legislative law but customary law, not rule by reason but rule by imitation, not government by choice but government by habit. Although antecedent and antithetical to free thought, this stage served the useful purpose of "making the mould of civilisation and hardening the soft fibre of early man."

The "cake of custom" made change extraordinarily difficult, but it began to be broken through as soon as man entered into what Bagehot called the Age of Discussion. The fixity of civilization began to be unfixed as man began to submit subjects to discussion with the intention of being guided by such discussion. This in itself was "a clear admission that the subject is in no degree settled by established rule, and that men are free to choose in it"; and before long "the habit of discussion comes to be established, the sacred charm of use and wont to be dissolved." In Bagehot's view, Herodotus stood at the beginning of the age of discussion in Western history, classical history exemplified it, the Middle Ages reverted to customary law, and the age of discussion emerged again with the rise of the national state and came to fruition under free government. By such stages,

man has learned to have order and choice at the same time—perhaps one should say choice *within* order. Thus the “superannuated yoke of custom” has been lifted, the “bond of ages” has been broken, the “originality of mankind” has been freed, and the desire for betterment has been released—in short, progress is made possible.

Useful as this analysis is, we read Bagehot incorrectly if we conclude that man has entirely freed himself from government by habit. We may even seriously doubt whether this Victorian editor was not unduly optimistic about how far man has come on the road from enslaving habit to free choice. What would he have written had he witnessed the historical phantasmagoria of the last fifteen years—the *herrenvolk* who thought with their blood, the feudalism of ultramodern Japan, the hollow religiosity of Franco’s Spain, or the groveling obedience exacted by Italy’s twentieth-century Caesar? Or, if he looked at present-day America, he would likewise have to conclude that we are still emerging from the Age of Custom and are by no means yet entirely committed to the Age of Discussion. We have government by merit, but we also have government by prestige and antiquity. We meet new needs with old forms. We tackle the problems of twentieth-century science with the tools of eighteenth-century politics—sometimes with politics even more ancient! We condemn proposed solutions to current problems solely because they are novel, untried, unhallowed by time. We have become hypersensitive about the word “planning” because it connotes a rational shaping of the future instead of passive receptivity to the mere lapse of time. Our cherished political ideal for succeeding generations seems to be that of countless identical images in the mirror of the future, with this notable exception: we confidently expect each succeeding image to be more richly festooned with the gifts of science and the gadgets of technology. In science we expect infinite progress, we are amazingly malleable, and we expectantly look to the future. In government we suspect even the suggestion of progress, we are incurably cautious, and we dread the future for the change it may require. This paradox calls for later analysis.

A further complication in the constant interaction of political habit and choice is the obvious fact that what one generation arrives at by choice tends to become fixed on succeeding generations by habit. What is designed to liberate one generation may become the chains of another, particularly in an age of rapidly changing circumstances and environment. But whether originally arrived at by deliberate choice or by inheritance

from timeless antiquity, political custom is a potent force with which we must constantly contend. It shapes not only the most insignificant but also the most momentous decisions in the governance of man. Ample illustration can be found in a random selection from several levels of government.

Local government in the United States is peculiarly the product of inheritance and habit. The American colonists brought their local government with them from England. Environment did gradually produce differences by emphasizing town government in New England and county government in the South. This English heritage, however, was nothing which the Revolution needed to change, as it needed to change the central government. Therefore, these forms were carried westward with the successive waves of settlers into the new lands beyond the Appalachians. Where Southerners went, the new country unhesitatingly adopted Southern institutions of county government. Where New Englanders went, the township idea prevailed. One can roughly trace the history of migration and the sources of settlement in each section of the country by examining the kind of local government in vogue. Habit was no respecter of state lines. In Illinois, for example, the northern two-thirds of the state bears the New England influence and has the township-supervisor form of local government, whereas the southern third of the state equally bears the imprint of the South and has the county-commissioner type. These forms throughout the country were not adopted because careful analysis showed them to be particularly appropriate. It is doubtful whether they were subjected to more critical analysis than the transplantation of corn pone or hoop skirts. What is more disturbing, they have not *yet* received critical analysis in most parts of the country. As a result, we still rely on county government without a real executive but with executive duties scattered among such officials as the sheriff, coroner, assessor, and justices of the peace—all direct descendants from the government of pre-Elizabethan England. In many sections of the country, we still depend on the sheriff to collect taxes, not because his other duties are closely related, but because the Norman kings found that practice suited their purposes eight centuries ago. Englishmen carried the practice to Colonial America, and frontiersmen transported it thence, as lightly and unconsciously as their mother tongue, to the farthest reaches of the new continent.

State government offers numerous examples of the domination of our political thinking by habit. It is on that basis primarily that we can explain

the continuation in forty-seven states of the bicameral, or two-house, legislature. We have ceased to rely on it in comparable policy-determining areas where we are not bound or inhibited by political habit. We no longer think we must have a two-chambered city council to protect our liberties. We would never think of organizing a two-house board of directors in a private business. We do not even insist on a state constitutional convention divided into two houses, although such a convention, in making the fundamental law of the state, would seem to require the most elaborate safeguards for equitable representation and for checks and balances. We continue with the bicameral system, not because we need it, but because we have had it handed down to us from an age which did need it. In American Colonial governments and early state governments, the lower house was the popular branch; the upper house represented the aristocracy and often constituted an advisory council for the governor, which meant in the earliest days that the upper house was directly connected with the monarchy. Two houses clearly were needed so long as such very different constituencies and interests had to be represented and reconciled. That need has entirely vanished. Both branches of the present-day legislature are popular branches, both are chosen with the same suffrage qualifications, and each is in effect a duplicate of the other. But tradition carries on.

Government by habit also produces the almost universal American phenomenon of gross underrepresentation of large cities in state legislatures, a reflection of our failure to keep political processes abreast of the change from a predominantly rural and agrarian society to a predominantly urban and industrial society. Wayne County, Michigan, representing Detroit, is so grossly underweighted that its representation would have to be increased 150 percent, at the expense of rural areas to be sure, for an equitable balance to be restored. Equitable representation would seem to be the essence of republican government, yet a survey in 1941 showed that nineteen states had not adjusted representation to population change since 1925; seventeen had done nothing in more than twenty years; and one had not seen fit to change in more than a full century! This is truly government by both habit and inertia.

Some of these illustrations are from practices which we, fortunately, can survive; but government by habit begins to trifle with our very lives when it preconditions our approach to world government and world peace through the symbols, fetishes, and sacred relics of national sovereignty. National honor, national interest, national self-sufficiency, and the na-

tional veto are the answers supplied not by choice, reason, or discussion but by usage and theory laboriously built up in the last four centuries to justify and perpetuate the national state. We are now enshrouded in a system which did yeoman service in providing the unity, order, and economic growth impossible under feudalism, but which now stands in our path toward a still higher unity at the world level. Man has not always owed his allegiance to the national state; in fact, the practice is almost entirely confined to modern history. He has been bound to the classical city-state, to great empires, and to feudal fiefdoms. There is no reason to believe he cannot shift his allegiance to a world organization, as indeed he aspired to do in the Middle Ages, but the important question is whether he can shake off the yoke of habit quickly enough. We can only hope that man has not so lost his sense of proportion that he invites atomic action to break the political encrustation which Bagehot called the "cake of custom." That miles-high mushroom which fliers reported seeing blossoming over Hiroshima after the atomic explosion consisted in part of the vaporization of prevailing conceptions of national armament, national interest, national sovereignty, and national solutions to problems of international concern. The fliers may well have witnessed not only the end of Hiroshima but also the end of the age of the national state. Yet, our mental state is not sufficiently changed. We are still living in the old world and, realizing its gross inadequacies, struggling toward the new. We are seriously encumbered, however, with habits, usage, and custom appropriate to another age.

The implication of all this is not, as might begin to be suspected, that political habit is entirely a liability and had best be entirely dispensed with, on the doubtful assumption that it could be. On the contrary, unconscious political habit conveniently fills the gaps between our consciously-arrived-at institutions. It supplies the cement and the social cohesion. English and American political history offers many examples, most of them too familiar to need repetition.

Many are no doubt familiar with that ringing declaration of Edmund Burke in the House of Commons in 1782 in defense of the unwritten British constitution, to which some objected because it did not represent a government created by deliberate choice. "Our constitution," he said, "is a prescriptive constitution; it is a constitution whose sole authority is that it has existed time out of mind. . . . It is a presumption in favour of any settled scheme of government against any untried project, that a nation has long existed and flourished under it . . . a nation is not an

idea only of local extent, an individual momentary aggregation; but it is an idea of continuity, which extends in time as well as in numbers and in space. And this is a choice not of one day, or one set of people, not a tumultuary and giddy choice; it is a deliberate election of ages and of generations; it is a constitution made by what is ten thousand times better than choice; it is made by the peculiar circumstances, occasions, tempers, dispositions, and moral, civil, and social habitudes of the people, which disclose themselves only in a long space of time."

Even the most ardent advocate of change would want continuity with the past. Thomas Jefferson, who thought the tree of liberty should often be fertilized by the blood of tyrants and advocated a revolution every generation, stated in the Declaration of Independence that political changes should not be made for "light and transient" reasons. Custom or habit does provide a needed channel within which the river of change may run; it provides a needed frame of reference. It provides some order and continuity within which choice may be exercised. Otherwise all would be chaos. In fact, one of the chief justifications for giving free rein to the uncustomary is to permit a determination as to what is fit to become customary. It is indeed fortunate for us that we can settle some principles and institutions and conveniently proceed to forget them for long periods of time, exactly as the individual develops certain habits which he can perform entirely without conscious effort. When we begin to question seriously or to disagree violently over these fundamentals, over these basic rules of the game, we begin to pull the mortar from our social and political institutions; we have, in other words, a revolutionary situation. Some thinkers entitled to respect assert that we are in such a period of fundamental disagreement at the present time. But, at least, a more palatable approach to political change is that recommended by Burke: we should have a "disposition to preserve and an ability to improve." Habit has its legitimate place.

If choice and habit somehow have to be reconciled in the political sphere, these pertinent questions may be asked: What is the proper balance between the two? What is the role of education in such a reconciliation? How can a *modus operandi* be worked out between politics and science, which is creating most of the problems politics must solve?

The proper balance between government by choice and government by habit, since they must coexist, cannot be described with precision because government is a matter of approximation rather than a matter of

precision. We can only say that every area of habit should be open to unprejudiced investigation at all times; that a pattern of action should not be accepted merely because it is old but because it is as applicable as when it was new; that habit must perpetually renew its validity; that the disposition to change and to experiment should be substituted for the disposition to languish in our own lethargy—in short, that far less government should be by habit and far more by conscious choice. This calls for a change in the *proportion* of choice and habit in our governmental admixture, and a change in our state of mind. It calls for a far greater measure of political toleration than the average citizen now possesses, a far greater adaptability to change, far less comfortable security in accepting the past, and far more deliberate planning for the future. It is true that we have reached this stage in small matters; we have yet to reach it in many of the fundamentals. We do have freedom of investigation, without fear of social or political penalty, in wide areas of specific undertakings; but we have yet to attain it in some of the basic principles. The more habitual the principle, the greater the disapprobation for analyzing or criticizing it. One example will suffice. Anyone may, with relative impunity, probe into the once taboo topic of the democratization of government, or the constitutional problem of government, but one hardly expects such immunity in analyzing what Sir Alfred Zimmern called the “constitutional problem of industry.”

It is obvious that if we are to expect any such shift of balance between government by habit and government by choice, we shall have to place heavy reliance on education, which alone can develop the faculties of choice. A state of mind can be changed by changing the mind, and that is a proper function of education. The teacher, at least in the social sciences, is likely to become increasingly convinced that fact counts less and less and attitude more and more, because fact will soon be forgotten but attitude will endure. A revealing test of one's education would be the examination of what remains after he has forgotten all mere fact and information—what is the residue, the attitude, the outlook on life? Is the critical faculty developed? A liberal education has served its basic purpose when it has developed the critical or analytical faculty and the skills of communication. Critical intelligence makes use of the past without being enslaved, understands the present without narrowness or prejudice, and contemplates the future without fear of change. This individual orientation toward past, present, and future should obliterate the uncritical ac-

ceptance of habit for habit's sake or change for change's sake. It should put an end to those familiar sophomoric apologies which justify the continuation of a political institution on the bald ground of service to time and father. It should also put an end to such youthful effervescence as that of the brilliant young foreign-service officer who was heard telling his friends on a social evening in Washington in 1938: "But Nazism is the single dynamic factor in Europe today!" In fairness it must be said, however, that the subsequent conversation showed less uncritical captivation with change than critical impatience with a seemingly static society, habit-ridden and politically decrepit.

Our educational system, at least our liberal-arts colleges, has done much better in transmitting our heritage of the past, which *may* be made static and noncontroversial, than in interpreting the present or preparing for the future, which *must* be dynamic and often highly controversial. Critical intelligence is best developed by critical discussion and analysis. One is, therefore, justified in doubting whether education is fulfilling its responsibilities unless it shows signs of genuine intellectual ferment, critical social analysis, and vigorous impatience with time as the great solvent of all social problems. Education for life must be as vibrant and challenging as life itself.

Education of the noninstitutional variety, education as daily experience, may, of course, contribute powerfully to government by habit through the myriad forces which tend to make all individuals alike. Almost a century ago, De Tocqueville pointed out that Frenchmen of his day were much more alike than those of even the preceding generation. About the same time, John Stuart Mill expressed great alarm at the same tendency in Great Britain. Speaking of different classes and individuals, he said: "Comparatively speaking, they now read the same things, listen to the same things, see the same things, go to the same places, have their hopes and fears directed to the same objects, have the same rights and liberties, and the same means of asserting them." How modern that sounds, and how much more valid it is today than in Mill's time! Commenting on some of these same forces in our own time, Justice Frankfurter once said the mobility of words has produced an immobility of thought. It should be noted, however, that while these factors may contribute to government by habit, there is nothing inherent within them which compels it. In fact, they may be turned to exactly the opposite ends; they may be powerful forces for change, as they are themselves the potent

results of change. Mill unwittingly recognized this when he attributed the trend of his day to assiduous promotion by "all the political changes of the age." Among these he cited the extension of education, the improvement of the means of communication, the increase in commerce, and the ascendancy of popular government. These factors did militate against individuality, which was Mill's real concern; but they need not prevent further change or further choice. The danger is not, as Mill feared, that men will become alike but that generations will become alike, that present and past will become alike. It is not that men are merely alike that is disturbing. It is that they are alike in their enslavement to custom. The task of education is to make them alike in their freedom from such enslavement.

We cannot reconcile government by habit and government by choice without also reconciling politics and science. Both imply change, but the difference in the rates of change is the difference between the Roman chariot and the supersonic missile. In an age of atomic power, instantaneous communication, and impending supersonic transportation, the old political forms will have to yield or be smashed to bits. Unless we can close the ever-widening gap between the rate of political change and the rate of scientific change—unless we show more alacrity in adjusting political institutions to the political demands imposed upon us by scientific and technological change, we can expect nothing but chronic maladjustment, if not the complete discrediting of free institutions. In the international sphere, as a matter of fact, it is questionable whether we can expect anything short of disaster unless we learn to keep social and political progress more nearly abreast of science and invention. The poet was neither so comic nor prophetic as he thought a few years ago when he said the world will come to an end "not with a bang, but a whimper." The "bang" alternative now appears stronger than rhetoric.

The cause of this widening gap is simple enough—in matters of science we are governed by experimentation, while in matters of government we are the creatures of habit. We certainly do not expect our scientists to be bound by tradition, by what was good enough for father, or by what has been longest in use. We want experimentation and more experimentation, new ideas, drastic solutions, unorthodox ventures; and we are never satisfied. But in the field of government, we are fearful of experimentation; we want the most time-honored technique, the most traditional institutions, the most commonplace, least unusual approaches. We want

to play safe at all costs. We should be appalled if our physicians would doctor us with the medical skill in use at the time of Washington and Jefferson, but we are enamored of the politician who tells us that Washington and Jefferson gave us the final truth about our relations with foreign countries and the dangers of entangling alliances. We should scoff at the chemist who practiced the alchemy of Queen Elizabeth's day or the communications engineer who thought the communications system of Henry II quite good enough for modern society; yet we slavishly adhere in the twentieth century, without suspecting the irony, to political institutions at the county level which stem directly from and bear very close resemblance to county government of Henry II and Queen Elizabeth. That is not to say that politics needs only to become completely scientific; that is, that it needs only to adopt the methods which have produced such fabulous results in the natural sciences. Unfortunately, not all social data yield to such treatment. However, political change would be vastly accelerated if we were to adopt from the natural sciences the spirit of experimentation and the unruffled acceptance of rapid change. We need to recognize that political institutions and practices are garments which we outgrow, just as we calmly recognize constant change and constant sloughing off of old habits in the realm of the natural sciences. We can learn from the atomic physicists who tell us that they tried radical ideas, they thought in new ways, and they found the visionary idea very often proved to be the most practical one in the end.

The greatest revolutionaries of our day are not the bewhiskered eccentrics in their secret cellars; they are the very respectable scientists in their laboratories and workshops. They are altering circumstance, environment, and public needs with a speed unknown to political revolution. Intellect and custom will have to accommodate themselves to these new realities because intellect, custom, and circumstance are the determinants of political action at any given moment. The reappraisal of old habits in the light of new circumstances may call for change; if so, we should welcome it. Or, it may result in confirmation of the ancient practice; if so, the old ideals will be rekindled and many, including democracy itself, show serious need of such rejuvenation if they are to survive in a world of fiercely competing ideologies.

Speaking of the problems raised by science, Bagehot wrote: "In the most intellectual city of the ancient world, in its most intellectual age, Socrates, its most intellectual inhabitant, discouraged the study of physics

because they engendered uncertainty, and did not augment human happiness. The kind of knowledge which is most connected with human progress now was that least connected with it then." But the validity of Bagehot's easy assumption that science means human progress depends on whether we can give a humanitarian direction to science or make humanitarian use of the products of science, and government by habit is patently an inadequate instrument for that high purpose. We must start where we are, to be sure, but that should be only a point of departure.

Custom or habit is the root structure of the tree of government. In one climate the tree will grow, flourish, and minister to the needs of man. In another, it will languish, desiccate, and become a petrified museum piece. Its natural verdure, its response to the seasons, its yielding to the storm, its fruition in proportion to its soil—these are worth cultivating because we shall reap the fruit. Emerson gives us the clue both for government and for the citizen. "The superior beauty," he wrote, "is with the oak which stands with its hundred arms against the storms of a century, and grows every year like a sapling; or the river which ever flowing, yet is found in the same bed from age to age; or, greatest of all, the man who has subsisted for years amid the changes of nature, yet has distanced himself, so that when you remember what he was, and see what he is, you say, What strides! what a disparity is here!"

And so it should be with government.

THE MEXICAN PAINTERS

MacKinley Helm

WHEN THE MEXICAN PAINTER, David Álfaro Siqueiros, came home twenty-five years ago from a military mission to Spain, he found all of his colleagues splashing the walls of secularized churches and convents with historic and folkloric murals executed in impromptu techniques. Diego Rivera, lately returned from thirteen years of copy-work painting in Europe, was applying melted wax color (encaustic) to the walls of *Anfiteatro Bolívar*, the great hall of an eighteenth-century Jesuit college. His subject, the Creation of Man, so far from showing any rebellious mutations in content or style, was an Italianate study of Adam and Eve attended by the evangelical Virtues which St. Paul introduced to his Corinthian neophytes. His only concession to the political ambience was his use of Indian models for some of the allegorical posturing. Meanwhile, José Clemente Orozco—though he had earlier shown a pictorial talent for whores—was painting a luminous gold and rust-colored frescoed madonna in one of the patios of the same edifice; and except that the lady was naked, the style of the painting was found to be, if not Botticellian, at least something far short of socialistic and new.

Jean Charlot, from France, was painting a costume piece on a wet cement surface in a double staircase of the former Jesuit college, while, on the other side of the staircase, Fernando Leal, a graduate of one of the government art schools, made an encaustic mural of the Black Christ of Chalma—contemporary, perhaps, in its folkloric way, yet hardly of political consequence. A wax mural by Fermín Revueltas, in a corridor from the Jesuit patio into the street, evolved another sacred folkloric theme, the more respectable legend of Mexico's patroness; while Ramón Alva de la Canal, painting his side of the corridor in true fresco style, with earth colors, merely worked up the old subject of the Spanish Conquest.

Roberto Montenegro and Xavier Guerrero, working together, had completed story-book murals in tempera in the former Church of Saints

Peter and Paul; and Montenegro alone was making a fresco of an artisan's holiday with Mexican models draped against an imported black sky. Dr. Atl—born Gerardo Murillo of Guadalajara—applied sticks of homemade wax color to the unsurfaced walls of the neighboring convent, and produced an unplanned succession of mountains and valleys and upper-class nudes which proved to be equally fleeting and heterogeneous.

Siqueiros, who had been mailing revolutionary aesthetic instructions from Spain, was shocked by the irrelevance of these usually well-painted pieties. He got up a severe manifesto in the name of the Syndicate of Technical Workers, Painters, and Sculptors which he founded and ran. He addressed himself to the "indigenous races humiliated throughout the centuries; to the soldiers converted to hangmen; to the workers and peasants who are oppressed by the rich; to the intellectuals who are not servants of the bourgeoisie"

"We repudiate the so-called easel art and all such art as springs from ultra-intellectual circles, for it is essentially aristocratic," bawled Siqueiros. "We hail the monumental expression of art because such art is public property. . . . Our supreme objective in art, which today is too often expressed for the individual's pleasure, is to create beauty for all—beauty that enlightens and incites to struggle."

Rivera put his name to the manifesto as the syndicate's secretary of foreign relations; Fernando Leal signed up as treasurer; Xavier Guerrero was secretary for organization; Clemente Orozco joined as a passive associate.

The world-wide publicity which the manifesto enjoyed led the outside world to suppose that a new school of group painting had been formed. No such thing happened. Acres of public wall were let out, on government contract, and native subject matter—some of it perhaps "inciting to struggle"—came into eventual use in the frescoes. But there was no group painting. Not a square meter was ever produced that could not be identified readily as the work of some individual painter. Usually, in Mexico City, the painting was done by Diego Rivera, who treated his companions like water boys, overpainting their murals when the work did not conform to his over-all pattern. Orozco, interrupted over the years by sallies into Greek myth and American history, completed his great major work out in Guadalajara. Siqueiros carried his spray gun to California and Chile. Groups of eight (or sixteen or eleven) sprang

up, here and there, to decorate new schools and markets. But most of the painters merely completed their first conventional murals, signed them with the syndicate's hammer and sickle, and went snobbishly back to their easels. In their hearts they remained bourgeois individuals.

Twenty-five years after that first manifesto—in June of 1947—Orozco, Siqueiros, and Diego Rivera, who had quarreled in public and private during the whole of the time intervening, came together again to write a new declaration. Siqueiros was now for denouncing all folkloric painting. He almost broke up the meeting; for Diego Rivera's latest murals, the artless representations of Aztec customs in the National Palace, are composed of precisely the matter of Siqueiros' contempt. But the three major muralists agreed in the end to denounce easel painting once more, whether foreign or Mexican: perhaps, it was said, because portable pictures were in the big money in the Mexican market. Standing under Siqueiros' new Duco mural of Hernán Cortés, in the foyer of the house of Angelica de Siqueiros' well-to-do mother, Rivera read the manifesto to a group of critics and writers thinly eked out with painters. He said that the painters were like burros circling around water wells. They were repetitious and aimless as they circled their easels.

"Where are the walls you are talking about?" cried the painters. "And who's going to pay us for painting them with the old propaganda? Not the new rightist government!" Then they went home again, back to their easels.

The Big Three themselves have, of course, from time to time worked in the studio. Most of Orozco's portable work—as retrospectively seen in his first government-sponsored show at the *Bellas Artes* in May of this year—has been nearly related to his mural projects: the hundreds of powerful details in ink, wash, charcoal, gouache, and oil color, on paper, board, canvas, all illustrating the care with which his mural paintings are planned. Collectible Orozco items are in great demand, for collectors have at last come to see that Orozco is the first original figure in the Mexican School. Rivera, who has turned out hundreds of mostly unrelatable paintings and drawings, has considerable learning and a respectable talent; but besides being suspiciously facile, his easel painting is often found wanting in the basic matter of taste. The defect is a pity, because the best of the frescoes in the three-storied patios of the Ministry of Education in Mexico City are enough by themselves, in scope and de-

sign and technical excellence, to make a monument to a painter's maturity. And when you have added the sum of his superb drawing and modeling in the Chapingo murals—about forty minutes by motor from Mexico City—to the stirring frescoes at the Detroit Institute of Arts and the exuberant Cortés Palace decorations in Cuernavaca, you will have built up a picture of a heroic and satisfying achievement which is always inventive and sometimes grandly creative.

Orozco, so far as my own knowledge goes, has never been guilty of a vulgar misuse of his natural genius. There have been defects of technique aplenty; and sometimes his work has shown some aridity in matters pertaining to pictorial taste—as in some dull interludes in the general splendor of the *Hospicio* frescoes in Guadalajara. Orozco had no training comparable to Rivera's government-supported apprenticeship. Seeing Europe for the first time at fifty, his style formed and matured, he has had no first-hand chance to model himself upon the masters of fresco—Giotto, Signorelli, Michelangelo—whose influences our northern criticism, which thrives on analogies, has observed in his painting. He came up the hard way, had to learn alone, wastefully, with the result that the baroque magnificence of the best of his painting, except for a measurable likeness to Rouault in its violence, stands alone in its time.

Siqueiros has much less to show from the last twenty-five years. It is hard to say even now whether painting or politics comes first in his life. His small niece, returning from a trip to our country, said, "Uncle David, the most wonderful thing about the United States is that when you turn on the hot water faucet, hot water comes out!" Hot water has poured out of the faucet wherever Uncle David has been—in Spain, in Cuba, New York, and Mexico. He has never, for instance, got over the plague of the Trotsky affair. Public vexation subsides for a time, he decorates a school built by the Mexican government in the ruined town of Chillan in Chile, gets into new scrapes in Havana, and returns to revive the old scandals. He has not, as I write, been absolved from a charge of assault upon Trotsky's house in 1940, some months before Trotsky's death. Yet as a beneficiary of the ancient law of *amparo*, a secular version of Hellenic asylum, he continues to paint under government auspices—humorously signing his work "El Coronelazo," a term used in contempt by the Mexican press. His rare easel pictures, landscapes and animal pieces, are richly modeled and excitingly high-keyed in color.

The avowedly private wing of the School of Mexico City is almost evenly divided between painters who saw something of the decade of the Revolution and those who have matured since the Obregón Reconstruction began; and oddly enough there are more revolutionaries among the young men. The dean of the easel painters is spunky old Dr. Atl. Locally known as the son of Popocatépetl, the volcano which appears in metallic blue Atl-color in the background of his many self-portraits, Dr. Atl is the leading landscapist in a school which has heretofore notoriously neglected the landscape in its humanistic interest in people. He had his first turn at official honors only two years ago, when the federal government made a retrospective survey of his immense landscapes designed to show the earth's surface in its sidereal movement. The old gentleman sat through the bright winter days in the cold galleries at the top of the *Bellas Artes*, wrapped up in mufflers and receiving the homage of thousands: illustrating the *dicho* that the creative Mexican artist is a great public figure. While the big landscapes of the Valley of Mexico would be outsized anywhere but in museums or colonial mansions, no collection of the Mexican School would be complete without, at the least, one of Dr. Atl's outdoor oil sketches or romantic drawings in charcoal.

Although he has taken his cue from the humanistic idea, Antonio Ruiz has likewise not been part and parcel of the political movement which generated the revival of painting. His pictures, tiny, finished, and smooth as the Flemish primitives to which they have an acknowledged affinity, are informed by an ironic, witty, nondidactic intention. A city man of pure Spanish stock, possessed of optimism and a mellow intelligence, Ruiz has seen the high comedy which is always so nearly linked to classical tragedy. His irony seeps through the somber cloud which hovers over the actual Mexican scene. He never pretends that his patient and impoverished countrymen are gay and lighthearted; yet he likes to show them in their objectively hilarious moments. Making only three or four pictures a year, he has pretty much withdrawn from the competitive market—hoping thereby to accumulate enough pictures for a first one-man show.

Carlos Orozco Romero, who grew up with the Revolution but remained passive in it, is a painter's painter in that he is more preoccupied with techniques than with the making of popular pictures. A portraitist, print maker, and teacher, he has only lately allowed his rather hard-bitten

style to warm up a little, to give way to a looser romanticism caught straight from nature; for, after a long preoccupation with the human figure, he has gone back to the soil and its flora.

Manuel Rodríguez Lozano, a painter of the same generation—next after that of Orozco and Diego Rivera—is a product of the School of Paris rather than that of Mexico City, although with Abraham Angel he pioneered in the painting of provincial Mexican subject matter. He draws like an angel. Yet, through some curious sense of aesthetic propriety, and perhaps because of his rather snobbish withdrawal from the Mexican world which he long ago helped to recover, his painting has become so refined—not to say precious—that it scarcely exists; the Mexican forms reduced to unearthly negations and the color to pale greens and whites. Even so, he keeps at work in his spacious white studio—which is more than can be said for Julio Castellanos, whose sensuous paintings of melancholy bathers and soldiers and harlots are so much admired by those who have seen them. Castellanos rarely puts brush to canvas or pencil to paper except as his work as a professor of stagecraft requires.

Carlos Mérida, a Guatemalan by birth and a Maya, was one of the first painters, of whatever nation, to exhibit the new art in Mexico City. He has continued to live in the Mexican capital for these twenty-five years, exhibiting regularly both at home and abroad and becoming the School's most delightful abstractionist. His work is sometimes thought to be "difficult." Actually, it is no more abstruse than the general run of nonrepresentational art. Except in the lithographs, which were designed to document regional dances and costumes, Mérida does not, to be sure, tell visual stories. His paintings are intended to give visual pleasure by purely painterly means: that is, by color and line and the arrangement of forms. Still, many of Mérida's forms, as distinct from the balanced patches of color, are recognizable. They are taken from ancient frescoes and carvings, and sometimes even from recent provincial clay models. Those original figures were abstracted from life, not from Euclid. Hence, even in modern translation to paint they give off emotional feeling.

Rufino Tamayo, who has had annual shows in New York for some years and whose oil paintings now bring upwards of \$2,000, came from the Zapotec country in the state of Oaxaca. Like his ancestors, he uses form and color for feeling. Having passed through a period of de-

pendence on such cubistic devices as were bound to make the spectator think of Picasso and Paris, he has emerged as a leading exponent of what is called *mexicanismo*, a pictorial quality which has grown out of adherence to ancient and native traditions. It appears in Tamayo's paintings in abstract exaggerations of form and reticence of color. Most foreigners painting in Mexico spread on their canvases as many of the five hundred trade colors as they can carry around. Not so the deliberate convert to *mexicanismo*. His palette has been narrowed by conventional usage, by the regional custom which ordains, for instance, what colors may be worn on the person or applied to stucco walls that give on the street. Tamayo may mix many colors in the course of painting twelve oils for a show, but only four or five hues, sometimes a mere two or three—with a free range of values and tones—appear in one picture. The effect is somber, more often than not, but so is the life of indigenous Mexico. Not all of Mexico is a terrace of potted geraniums like the hill town of Taxco.

Interested from his earliest youth in the professional problem of organizing a picture, Tamayo has become more and more complicated. The New York critics, indeed, were not uniformly convinced by his 1947 series of paintings, in which he introduced zodiacal symbols from the pre-Columbian sculptures that, from constant study, have inspired the angularities in which he composes his figures. For myself, I like best what Tamayo can do with his animals when he renders them in a free modern version of Aztec.

Jesús Guerrero Galván, the poet of the post-revolutionary generation of painters, also came up from a pueblo, the Tarascan town of Tonila in the state of Jalisco. He approached oil painting through a sound, old-fashioned, four-year apprenticeship to an academician who had been in his time a pupil of the fleshly French painter, Adolphe William Bouguereau, and has never forgotten those lessons in measurement, design, and the arrangement of colors. But his treatment of forms, even when he is painting in genre, derives from the polished and weighty Tarascan sculptures, which rank, as one sees them now in the Museum of Guadalajara and the National Museum in Mexico City, just after the splendid remains of the classical age of the highly civilized Toltecs. (One hundred fifty Tarascan pieces were this year installed for the summer at the Colorado Springs Fine Art Center, under the patronage of President Miguel Alemán.)

Galván's newest oils, from a series of recollections of childhood, show that his craftsmanship has become flexible. Within the range of purely professional means, it appears that the painter is finding simpler modes of expression than he used in the Bouguereau years; that his eloquence now is dependent upon fewer elements. There is less of academic interest between light and dark than there was, a less arbitrary manipulation of pigmented values. There is also a more tender feeling for landscape and a heightened emotion. Galván still has plenty to say and can be counted on, I believe, to go on producing well and abundantly.

I have been repeatedly asked to say what part the indigenous races have played in the contemporary cultural life of the Latin Americas, and I like to cite, in reply, the examples of Mérida, Tamayo, and Guerrero Galván: city men now, and metropolitan painters, but of Indian origin. Yet the generalization does not follow. It can only be pointed out, in terms of particular contrast, that Angel Torres Jaramillo, who, as "Tebo," was by way of being one of the most talented draftsmen in Mexico City, simply vanished back into the anonymity from which he so briefly emerged; that Máximo Pacheco and Francisco Goitia, both of great promise twenty-five years ago, have dropped out of the running, victims of an inherited sense of pessimistic futility. An Indian friend once supposed that the Indian's will to create had been impaired by generations of slavery; but I have also seen the bright native flame burning out for want of physical fuel. Children brought up in the poverty of the Mexican pueblo are as likely as not to peter out in their youth. They lack the healthy accumulation of expendable power.

Another bright ornament of the middle generation of painters is Federico Cantú, who like Galván was born in the first years of rebellion—but of Basque stock in the northerly state of Nuevo Leon. Cantú was a pupil in one of the first open-air art schools in Mexico City, and then studied and painted in Paris for a number of years. As with Rivera and Carlos Mérida, his work early acquired a finish which that of the stay-at-home painters could rarely match. His painting has puzzled some people because it is not so clearly "Mexican" as that of some of his colleagues. And it is true that Cantú, in some respects, does stand by himself in the school. Unlike Tamayo, he has never consciously tried to withdraw from the historical currents of painting. Possessed of professional scholarship (and professional means) surpassed there only by Rivera himself, Cantú admires the mystical baroque painters, El Greco

and Alessandro Magnasco, and one stunning phase of his work employs the mystical greens, the unearthly yellows, and the turbulent handling of the baroque school.

Cantú likewise is almost alone in his time in the use of the religious tradition. He has made frescoes in churches that are still used as churches, and has enjoyed the patronage of the Archbishop of Mexico. Then, from a parallel strain, one picks out delicious examples of his profane humor. He is an eclectic. Yet after a considerable acquaintance with the whole of his work, I do not see how it could have been produced elsewhere than in the highlands of Mexico; for while it escapes the narrow parochialism of pure *mexicanismo*, it clearly reveals its Mexican provenance by such means as its translation of Catholic forms into Mexican idiom and by its fidelity to the Mexican landscape.

Others of the same generation of artists are school products of the Cárdenas phase of the Revolution: trained in its workshops and press-rooms, agents of its propaganda. One of them, Raúl Anguiano, embraced the revolutionary doctrines at the age of fourteen, and after some years in a print shop emerged as a painter with the humanistic preoccupations of the social-consciousness group dominated by José Chavez Morado, Isidoro Ocampo, and Alfredo Zalce. His work is characterized by a kind of sober gaiety, the light touch deriving from bright colors, the sobriety from the wry figures observed in the street.

In almost every case the plastic quality of the paintings of the so-called social-consciousness painters has improved with the recent decline of political passion. Zalce, the most sensitive of the workshop community, has done his most fluent work when he has simply translated the landscape, especially the hot-country landscape, in clean ink and wash drawings and lush paintings in tropical color. Chavez Morado is at his rhythmic best when he paints his underprivileged subjects enjoying their not infrequent fiestas. If his new paintings lack the sharp bite of his political lithographs, they have gained in aesthetic distinction.

I am happy to say that my precipitate all-out judgment of Guillermo Meza, based five years ago on a necessarily small number of paintings and drawings, has not yet embarrassed me. He has produced, up to now, perhaps three hundred pictures, besides scores of pen and ink drawings, some of the latter in a fascinating fresh technique of oval crosshatching, and they are all of a quality to arouse the wonder of much older artists. Meza owes nothing to Paris and very little, as a matter of fact, to the

tradition which has grown up around him. He has acquired his techniques, except for his spontaneous use of the palette knife, through habitual practice. What he has had to say in his paintings has come from his own head and heart. Hearing that he is self-taught, people have wondered how he can do what he does: how apply color so that it sets up equal vibrations from all parts of the surface and comes out to the eye, from high light and shadow, in undisturbed harmonies; how give such free range to invention without involving himself in the unfelt conceits of the cult of surrealism. The answer is that Meza is a born painter. He began with professional taste which in the ordinary course of events takes years to acquire. He is touched with genius.

Very much in the Mexican fashion today are two other young men in their twenties, Juan Soriano and Ricardo Martínez. Both are entirely nonpolitical and have had therefore to bear the sneers of some of their elders. Both are also somewhat precocious. Reacting from the didactic aspect of the public murals, they have wandered around, sometimes almost too far for conviction, in the field of personal fantasy. But they paint well, and their work, if perhaps not yet profound, is governed by feeling and taste.

The most exciting new figure on the Mexican scene is that of a man who belongs to a generation older than that of Meza, Soriano, and Martínez. He has been working for years but has only lately matured. A few years ago it seemed unlikely that Feliciano Peña, a shy teacher of wood engraving in a workingman's night school, would emerge so delightfully as successor to José María Velasco, Mexico's great nineteenth-century master of landscape. Peña's new paintings, fastidious and immensely detailed, are romantic and lyrical. I found them enchanting. The years have brought knowledge and power to Peña without in the least destroying the unaffected simplicity of the nature exposed in the naïve engravings. He has, I am sure, the indispensable quality which—according to our own great landscapist, John Marin—a good painter must have: love for the paint and the subject matter. Peña paints the Valley of Mexico with tender affection.

I do not propose to argue, as between (say) Siqueiros, as dramatic muralist, and Peña, as romantic easel painter, which more nearly fulfills the high function of art. The complex history of art suggests a great diversity of function. In his various phases the artist has played the role of historian, chronicler, obituarian, priest, penitent, worshiper, sorcerer,

teacher, propagandist, critic, clown, and—in all ages—of designer, so to speak, of the eye-filling spectacle. All of which is to say that in history's nearly continuous flow of plastic expression, the two streams of pure art and applied art have mingled. In Mexico, applied art, the art of the editorial murals, has been giving way to pure art, the pure spectacle, whose sole intention is to delight the senses and raise up the spirit. The new phase is inaugurated by a return to politically indifferent and eye-filling nature. I believe the new direction is sound: for in art, humanism of whatever lofty order is a "partial Ill" which by itself cannot fill up the arroyo of the "universal Good."

Nobody who has not actually watched statesmen dealing with each other can have any real idea of the immense part played in human affairs by such unavowable and often unrecognisable causes as lassitude, affability, personal affection or dislike, misunderstanding, deafness or incomplete command of a foreign language, vanity, social engagements, interruptions and momentary health. Nobody who has not watched "policy" expressing itself in day to day action can realise how seldom is the course of events determined by deliberately planned purpose or how often what in retrospect appears to have been a fully conscious intention was at the time governed and directed by that most potent of all factors,—“the chain of circumstance.”

—HAROLD NICOLSON, *The Congress of Vienna*

A PROBLEM IN CREATION

[A STORY]

Richard K. Arnold

RED WAS LYING ON THE BED, fair-skinned and calm, unaware of everything in the small room except the book she was reading. Young decided he'd better do some concentrating himself. He shuffled through the papers on the card table and pulled out part of a story he was trying to rewrite. It was about a friend who had met an accidental death in the Pacific, a thousand miles from the nearest battle. This friend had been uneducated, and yet had had a fine, inquisitive mind. The problem was to get him down in all his beauty. Yes, it was beauty, all right, because there is usually something beautiful about the fated, and Earl had certainly been fated. A biological sport, that's what he had been. A freak of nature.

The way Earl had died was a mistake; it was a cheat. There were too many unfair ways to die: live wires that waited for an innocent touch; automobile steering wheels, just a fraction of an inch wrong; boulders that crashed down onto mountain highways from steep slopes; the suicide who hit you before he struck the pavement; the ice in the driveway, the careless foot in the bathtub, the bullet meant for someone else, the line drive into the grandstand; the hair, the thread, the nail in the machinery—all the erroneous deaths away from battlefields and contagious hospitals; the ends joining, the jaws snapping ruthlessly shut in the areas of peace and health, the areas of life, in the land of the living. The petty deaths. You really had to be extremely careful with your life, but sometimes even the sharpest watchfulness couldn't help, wouldn't make a bit of difference.

So you were so beautiful but you had to die someday. Young tried to say the hell with it. Death was a subject you buried somewhere in the back of your mind, a thing you tucked away in a far corner of your subconscious and maybe just took out once in a while with morbid curiosity, the way a wounded man will sneak a look at a wide and deep gash in his leg even when he knows the sight will shock and horrify him.

Well, he really did have to think about death if he was going to write

about it. His fingers did a nervous kind of tap dance on the typewriter keys without kicking the letters home. He paused to light a cigarette and smiled when he caught his wife's eye. Red smiled back.

"My Grand Baroque baby," Young said, as the memory of their argument drifted lightly back into his mind.

Red's hands made a gesture of tolerant impatience. "Oh, let's forget the silver. Give me a cigarette, will you, darling?"

Young tossed the pack and matches over onto the bed and felt a little irritated because, after all, Red had started that argument about the silver pattern, and Young thought that, since he was so blameless, he really had the right to remind her of it. But the irritation dissolved inside him. Red's hair had a nice soft shine under the bed lamp. Her eyes were warm and friendly as she smiled at him again.

"It's awfully quiet tonight, isn't it?" he said. Usually there was an unsteady hum this time of evening. The house was on a main street, their room faced the main street, and then, too, their landlady's fourteen-year-old granddaughter invariably pounded the piano for a couple of hours. But tonight their room, the house, the neighborhood were hushed and still. It was so quiet that sometimes you could hear cigarette paper burning as you smoked.

"I guess Mrs. Bell and Jean went to a movie," Red said. She blew out cigarette smoke almost daintily.

"That's where we should have gone," Young said.

"What's the matter, baby? No luck on the story?"

"Oh, you know how Earl was. I can talk about him, but he's hard to get on paper. Like the tone of his voice." The way Earl had talked, and later the way Earl had slipped and fallen off the gangway right smack into the motor whaleboat became vivid to Young again. Death had come so fast, such a surprise. Just thinking about this filled Young with an anxious concern.

"Red, you're always careful, aren't you?"

Red looked puzzled. "How do you mean?"

"I mean, about crossing streets, and when you drive the car and plug in the heater and things like that. All the things you do when I'm not around to watch you."

"You shouldn't worry about me, Young." Red's face was childlike and serene. Her voice seemed to try to be reassuring: "I can take good care of myself."

"No, you can't. I've seen you sometimes, seen you freeze right in the middle of traffic, and if I hadn't been there to yank you out of the way, you'd have been run over or something."

"You shouldn't worry like that," Red said, and half-smiled nervously.

"Ah, Red, I just don't want to lose you, that's all. We've got to be careful about our lives."

"Well, I'm careful, silly." She got up from the bed and Young liked her long-legged walk over to him. She kissed him and said, "You shouldn't worry about things like that." Her tone was that of a gentle mother soothing a problematic but favorite child.

"I guess I've got death on the brain tonight," Young said. His fingers aimlessly tapped at the typewriter.

Red's eyes were warm as she put her cheek down against his. "I know. Sometimes I worry about you, too. But I don't want you to worry about me."

Young heard the front door of the house rattle, and then Mrs. Bell's voice, thin and old. Mrs. Bell never bothered them, and their room was fairly nice. The only trouble was sharing the bathroom, and even there it wouldn't have been so bad if the old lady didn't always forget to unlatch the door on their side when she was through.

Young patted his wife on the back of her legs and shuffled through the papers again. Red went back to the bed and lay down with her book. There was something young and touching about Red's legs. They were beautifully shaped, but they looked a little fragile and unsturdy, like a colt's legs. Her mouth fell open a little, and Young could see that she was back in the world of her book.

Young moved slowly back into the world of his story. The Bells had finished with the toilet and washbasin. He heard the latch unclick, and he could imagine the old woman crawling into bed with her granddaughter, and the granddaughter as far over on her side of the bed as she could manage, so that the old, dry flesh wouldn't touch her.

The boxed-in and fidgety feeling that Young had most of the time in small rooms gradually slipped away, and he felt as if he were back on a ship lying at anchorage in the Western Carolines. The smell of sweat drifted up onto deck from the troop compartments like the smell of spoiled food. A Pacific squall whipped across the sky, dark and heavy and destructive-looking as a raid of locusts, and the sharp, transient rain drummed on the steel plating of the transport. The ship's radio oozed

a female vocal of a Gershwin song, lazy and provocative, and from within his own quarters he could hear dice clacking on the surface of an acey-deucey board. Far off to starboard lay the humid, fertile, uninviting island—a green desert. And standing next to him at the rail on the sheltered outboard passageway was Earl, his face sad and resigned, his attitude humble, his eyes shy and true and perplexed, his mind searching and sensitive.

There he was, with that soft voice and that bright, unexpected smile that transformed his features into the mold of a cocksure but benevolent conqueror.

There he was, and Young's fingers recreated him furiously. As Young wrote, he had the same feeling of the whole relationship as when he had lived it: Earl just had to die. It was in the cards, the stars; in the soft voice and the sad face. Earl was the freak, the pawn, and he just had to die the kind of death that was insignificant in wartime. Earl had the qualities of a hero, but not on this planet. No, here and now, then on that summer day, on the tail end of that civilized war, he had to be a fall guy. Raw of mind and big of heart and razor-edged of feeling, three thousand miles from a woman he loved but didn't trust, Earl just had to go. Young had felt it then. He had seen it then, and he was writing it now.

Young heard his wife's voice and stopped typing. He felt a little woozy and sick, as if he'd gone through a heavy physical workout.

"I'm going to bed," Red was saying. There were faint shadows under her eyes and she rubbed her hand against the back of her neck as she did when she was very tired. Her lips showed a touch of erotic pleasure. Young smiled at that look of the mouth and felt tender for all the nights it reminded him of.

"I'm going to stay up a little longer," he said, and his fingers lightly played an arpeggio on the Underwood.

Young was a little distracted as he went to work on another page. Red undressed over by the closet, and he looked up surreptitiously from time to time. He felt a tinge of paternalism at her slight, vulnerable shoulders; her lovely tilted breasts—well, no paternalism there, the rib bones stuck out a bit, and he was protective again. Everything was slim, well-fashioned, but just a little bit fragile looking. Young felt touched and loving, and thought, Red, Red, please be careful when you cross a

street. In her white cotton nightgown—prim and old-fashioned but warm and comfortable, he guessed—she was a child of twelve getting ready for bed in a Southern frame house.

"It's so quiet, isn't it?" Red said as she came by the card table and opened the bathroom door. In her slender hands she held soap, toothbrush and paste, brush and comb.

"Yes, it's quiet, all right. Unreal," Young said, and watched Red slip into the bathroom and close the door.

He thought of her standing in there, alone in that small, square space, that cubicle that was so tiny compared to the rest of the world. Such an insignificant amount of space and yet containing something tremendously important to him.

The water running in the bathroom pointed up and set off the silence in the room. It was like being in a grave near a waterfall. No, that was silly. What made him think of graves? And besides, it was the bathroom that was the grave. Bathrooms were places of dead things. They were where you rubbed dirt off of your skin, lifeless, dead matter from living pores. Bathrooms were where you brushed old food from between your teeth, and killed living hair with the stroke of a razor. Life, decay; destruction, death. You urinated and excreted in bathrooms and flushed the death away. There were even things for paralyzing, drowning, and, finally, washing away sperm; and those things were used in bathrooms, too. All you had to do was run the water in the basin, yank out the plug in the bathtub, and death was disposed of. Yes, and rinse the toothbrush, scour the razor blade, launder the towels, sterilize the syringe. Bathrooms were efficient, well-equipped, compact mortuaries. In the bathroom there were few reminders of life. Maybe a strand or two on the hairbrush; maybe a fingerprint on a toothbrush; or the delicate mist of somebody's breath on the mirror.

Pretty thoughts. He felt a slight shiver inside himself, and got up from his chair and crossed the room to the bed. He smoked a cigarette and looked back at the table. The only light in the room spread over the card table from the floor lamp. The sheets of paper lay scattered and dimly shining around the typewriter. From where he sat, the paper looked blank. He shivered again when he looked at the chair he'd been sitting in, empty now. The glass dish on the arm of the chair was a sea of dull, gray ashes.

Young sat, almost transfixed. That night he had created a life of

words on paper, but now, as he looked at the patches of whiteness on the checkerboard surface, it was as if everything in the world were empty and dead.

He strained his eyes, but his eyes could see no words, no life. The scene was pitiless in its implications, for it seemed to say: Look at this. Here is your creation, here is a part of your existence, your brains, your guts; here is a section of you lying here like coffee stains on a tablecloth, an end product of living. And, look, no one walking through here, coming near here would stop and examine the paper; no one would suspect that a life was lying on this table. No one could see that here—pressed and flat and cold—was a part of a human being.

Young knew that life stood out on those sheets of paper like a black rabbit in the snow. If you looked at the snow. If you put on your boots and walked in the snow.

The faucet squeaked in the bathroom, the latch clicked on the door. His wife tiptoed into the room.

"What's the matter, Young?" Red's eyes were disturbed as she looked at him.

"Come over here," Young said, softly.

She moved over to him and stood by the bed with her hand on his shoulder. The silence became a faint drone in Young's ears. The room seemed doomed and forsaken. Outside there was not a hint of buses or streetcars, trains or automobiles, of feet or paws.

"I was just imagining I was dead and looking at those papers over there," he said. "I don't know if I can tell you the way it felt."

Red's eyes were half-closed and her head was cocked as she stared at the table. Each sound of her breathing was like the passing of an hour, as if time itself were dying.

"Yes," she finally said, and her voice was very soft, "*it is like death.*" Young watched her face. Her features looked drawn and rather old, and Young could tell from her voice and the pale tightness of her cheeks that she had felt death, too.

His eyes slid back to the table.

"You know," he said, "from here it's almost as though the paper were blank. And as if there were nothing of me over there at all."

Red sat down on the bed next to him. She propped her elbow on one knee and cocked her head on her hand.

It was strange; it was overwhelming. Red was born and raised in the

country, the Southern country with its slow, ebbing life, its black beans and cotton, its Christ. Young belonged to the Eastern and Northern city, with its quick lunches and its slash of movement, its high blood pressure and its pot of gold. They had different stock, different schools in their pasts, and not a friend in common. Their homes, their people, their cultures weren't at all alike. And yet he and Red had stumbled onto each other out of pure chance and then held on out of longing and need. And here in the same room they could both feel the same thing.

Red stirred, and Young saw tears in her eyes. The tears did not roll down her cheeks but swam massed and cloudy in her eyes.

She put her arms around Young, and he closed into them and held her very tight. Young knew that Red got the same feeling and emotion in this room as he had, the feeling of something he would never be able to tell anyone else. The fascination of the table scene fell from him. The sadness grew and lingered, intense and merciless.

"Young," she said, and he felt the moistness of her eyes against his cheek, "I wish we could die at the same time. Sometimes I'm terribly afraid of dying, but if I knew you'd be with me, I don't think I would be."

"Aw, baby," he said and stroked her back gently. "Don't think about that. About you and me, I mean. Not that way."

"I can't help it." Red looked up at Young, her face lovely, fated, frightened. "Looking over at that table I could see how both of us would have to die, and I'm afraid."

"No, no. Don't be afraid."

He held her very close and felt her trembling. This was Red, and she was twenty-three and her growing had ended and now everything went down toward the grave, toward the anonymity, the nothing, from here on. He felt the sadness stick to his throat and in his stomach, and he knew the beauty of this girl that wasn't physical beauty at all, but the beauty of fatedness, realization, and need. Someone not wanting to be alone with death and decay, puzzled, frightened, crying.

He looked over her shoulder at the card table and thought how difficult it was to get even a fragment of such beauty onto the white blankness, to make the words stand out poised to live like a black rabbit in the snow. Young knew that mostly he could only hold the beauty and aliveness in his arms, and that in quiet rooms where you can hear the faintest quiver of your own nostrils, the paper will lie white and cold and pitiless.

THE CRAFT OF THE FILM SCORE

Robert U. Nelson

AT A GATHERING of Hollywood film composers a year or so ago, Adolph Deutsch was stressing the point that concert music and background music for films are two different mediums. "A composer," he said, "should never have one eye on Carnegie Hall and the other on the movies."

The distinction is important. In writing concert music, the composer is all-powerful; he may write anything he chooses, from a string quartet to an opera, and his musical style is his own business. In the films, all this is changed. The composer is no longer a free agent; he must follow the split-second timings of the cue sheet; he must carefully subordinate his music to the dialogue, and he must write in a style which is acceptable to the studio music director and the "front office." The Hollywood composer quickly learns that the main things, so far as the producer is concerned, are the star and the story, and that music occupies much the same incidental position as costumes and sets, and—I say this seriously—as foghorns and other sound effects.

This subservient position means that film music cannot possibly follow, excepting in spots where there is no dialogue, an independent, abstract development. Its form is necessarily less tight than that of concert music, its themes and motifs less rigorously worked out. The difference in structure between a film score and a symphony is so apparent as to cause some people to conclude that film music has *no* form. This is not true, yet the presentation of ideas in a film score is undeniably loose and fragmentary.

Music in the film, as Virgil Thomson points out, serves to impart a feeling of warmth to what would otherwise be a cold and lifeless succession of screen images and spoken words.¹ This creation of a sense of warmth and reality is probably music's most general and important function. In addition, it serves the more specific functions of intensifying the emotional impact of a scene, of giving continuity to a succession of

¹ *The State of Music* (New York, 1939), pp. 174 f.

scenes, and of establishing a locale or period, or of adding local color. Some examples will make these specific functions clear.

Man's Hope, the quasi-documentary picture of the Spanish civil war, closes with a scene showing a group of dead and wounded Loyalist aviators being carried down a steep mountain trail. At first we see only the aviators and their rescuers, but as the party reaches the inhabited lower slopes and is joined by group after group of peasant sympathizers, we finally see a giant cortege filing across the screen. All during the descent, a sequence lasting possibly eight minutes, Milhaud's accompanying music, a strong yet compassionate dirge, gives added poignancy to the visual impressions. At the lowest artistic level, this reinforcing of dramatic mood by musical mood is often routine, as when strings are used as a background to love scenes, or when muted brass accompanies the sinister and macabre. Indeed, Aaron Copland calls the entire method "no more than the hearts-and-flowers tradition," although he admits that it is perfectly legitimate.² The test of the composer is, of course, the way in which he intensifies the emotions shown on the screen—that is, whether he resorts to routine formulas or, like Milhaud, works creatively.

Music used to give continuity is most conspicuous in what are called montages—quick successions of disconnected scenes, without dialogue, which condense or telescope a portion of the story. A good example of this treatment occurs in *First Comes Courage*, a war film now several years old; the montage in this film describes, through a series of quick shots, a method whereby secret messages were transmitted from occupied Norway to England. In rapid order we see lenses being inscribed with invisible ink by a Norwegian underground worker; then their being packed, shipped to England, and unpacked; finally we see them being deciphered at a laboratory. Ernst Toch's music for this sequence is a fugue, which effectively binds together the disparate, fleeting scenes. Although such a completely independent treatment of musical material is rarely possible except in a montage, similar effects of unification are often attainable at other points during a film.

The use of music to establish a locale or period, or to add local color, is very common. In a recent article I cited as examples Adolph Deutsch's employment of sea chanteys in *Action on the North Atlantic*, Alfred Newman's use of hurdy-gurdy music and street songs in *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, and the caliope and jug band in Max Steiner's score for

² *Our New Music* (New York, 1941), pp. 263 f.

Saratoga Trunk.³ A more recent illustration is the singing of Christmas carols by a background chorus in the opening scenes of *The Lady in the Lake*, used to place the action on Christmas Eve. Less usual examples of the treatment include Bernard Herrmann's quasi-Oriental music for *Anna and the King of Siam*, and William Walton's simulation of fifteenth-century English musical style in *Henry V*.

Background music not only performs the functions just described, but performs them so well that it has become an indispensable adjunct in the film. Nevertheless, the music is *only* an adjunct, and nothing more. Its *raison d'être* lies not in itself but in doing something for the picture—imparting warmth, intensifying emotion, and so on. In short—and here I come to the main point of my discussion—the writing of background music is primarily a craft; only secondarily, if at all, is it an art. Moreover, as I have indicated, it is a craft in which peculiarly harassing limitations are placed upon the craftsman.

The craft aspect of film music is one reason why so few Hollywood film composers are drawn from the field of serious composition. Composers of standing, and even young composers of promise, often feel that the possibilities of the medium are too limited; as Jerome Moross recently said to me, "It is impossible to write important music when your sequence lasts just eighty seconds, and holds you to a prescribed series of moods." Other serious composers are reluctant to submit to artistic direction at the hands of producers who know nothing of music, or of studio music directors of questionable taste; or they are unwilling to enter upon the night-and-day schedule required to compose a score at high speed. Another reason for the dearth of serious composers in Hollywood is equally cogent. Producers are reluctant to experiment; with millions invested in a picture, the typical producer prefers the safety of a Steiner, who can always be counted upon to hit a cue upon the nose and to finish his score on time, to the unpredictableness and potential temperament of a Stravinsky, who lacks the Hollywood experience and routine.

A listing of the serious composers who have worked in Hollywood from time to time since 1940 would seem, at first, to refute what I have just said—that there is a dearth of this type of composer in films. These men must be mentioned: Ernst Toch, Louis Gruenberg, George Antheil, Erich Wolfgang Korngold, Hanns Eisler, Aaron Copland, Miklos Rozsa, Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Alexandre Tansman, and Darius Milhaud.

³ "Film Music: Color or Line?" *The Hollywood Quarterly*, II (October 1946), 57-65.

But the appearance of the list is deceptive. Some of these men are not currently writing; Copland has written no score since 1942, Tansman recently returned to France. Most of the others work only occasionally, not being under contract. It is probably near the truth to say that for every composer in Hollywood who has a background of achievement in serious composition, there are five composers whose background is barren of such achievement, and that for every score which the serious composer writes the other men write ten.

Who, then, are these "other men"? Most of them are drawn from the field of entertainment music. Some of those most widely known today, such as Max Steiner and Alfred Newman, have a background in the theater—light opera, vaudeville, musical comedy, and so on. Others, like Victor Young and David Raksin, have served an apprenticeship in dance bands, or, like Bernard Herrmann, in radio. Many have risen within the film studios themselves from the ranks of arrangers and conductors; this group includes men like Hugo Friedhofer and Roy Webb.

Having shown the heavy preponderance of composers trained in entertainment music over those trained in serious composition, I could now make, were I inclined, a plea for a reversal of the proportions. However, I am not sure that such a plea would be appropriate or wise. I will state categorically that the musical sensitivity of the average serious composer is higher than that of the average commercial composer (if I may use, for convenience, this obviously unsatisfactory term), but I am equally sure that the typical Hollywood film has no need of this extra sensitiveness. Aaron Copland once said that ninety percent of these films are getting "just about the kind of music they deserve, no better and no worse. It is the other ten percent—the cream of the cinematic crop—with which the hope of better movie music lies."⁴ Inasmuch as Copland's statements are still true, I see no reason to advocate a mass migration of serious composers to Hollywood. I am not even prepared to say that the ten percent of "cinematic cream" should go entirely to the serious composers now on the ground. Hollywood is a great leveler; the output of some of the commercial composers is extremely literate and imaginative, while that of certain of the serious composers is routine.

In any case, the craft of writing film scores is now followed, for better or for worse, by a small number of serious composers and a much larger number of commercial composers. What kind of music are these men

⁴ "The Aims of Music for the Films," *New York Times*, March 10, 1940, Sec. II, p. 7.

writing? For an answer let us turn to three outstanding films of 1946: *The Best Years of Our Lives*, with music by Hugo Friedhofer; *The Killers*, with music by Miklos Rozsa; and *Anna and the King of Siam*, with music by Bernard Herrmann.⁵

Hugo Friedhofer, the composer of the score for *The Best Years of Our Lives*, received his musical training in California, from Domenico Brescia and Ernst Toch. He has been in Hollywood since 1929, during which time he has orchestrated or composed music for over seventy-five films. The better known of his original scores include *The Lodger*, *Home in Indiana*, and *The Bandit of Sherwood Forest*. His music for *The Best Years of Our Lives* won him an Academy Award for 1946.

Miklos Rozsa, who wrote the music for *The Killers*, studied music at the Leipzig Conservatory and, before leaving Germany, was active as a composer of orchestral and chamber music. His association with films began under Sir Alexander Korda, in London; among his many Hollywood scores are those for *Spellbound* (which won an Academy Award for 1945), *The Lost Weekend*, and *The Macomber Affair*.

Bernard Herrmann, composer of the score for *Anna and the King of Siam*, was trained at New York University and the Juilliard School of Music. Although he has written serious works, he is best known as a conductor and composer of radio programs, especially in conjunction with Norman Corwin and Orson Welles. His film scores—of which he makes one a year—include those for *Citizen Kane*, *The Magnificent Ambersons*, *All That Money Can Buy* (Academy Award winner for 1941), and *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*, in addition to *Anna and the King of Siam*.

The Best Years of Our Lives won the Academy Award as the best picture of 1946. Based upon MacKinlay Kantor's verse novel, *Glory for Me*, from which Robert Sherwood wrote the screen play, it deals realistically with the problems attending the veterans' return to civilian life. One such problem is Sergeant Al Stephenson's conflict between business policy and his new, war-acquired appreciation of human values, as he returns to handle loans at the local bank. Another is the disillusionment of Captain Derry—a former soda jerker, now a veteran pilot—who finds his aviator's training of no help in obtaining for him the

⁵ For authorization to quote musical examples from these films, I am indebted to the following: to Samuel Goldwyn Studios for permission to quote from the score of *The Best Years of Our Lives*; to Universal Pictures Company, Inc., and Miklos Rozsa for permission to quote from the score of *The Killers*; and to Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation, Robbins Music Corporation, and Bernard Herrmann for permission to quote from the score of *Anna and the King of Siam*.

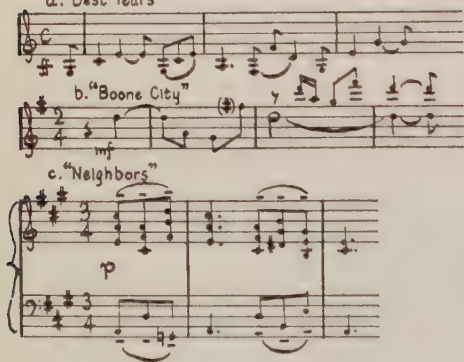
civilian job he had hoped for. A third problem is that of machinist-mate Homer Parrish who, returning from the South Pacific with two prosthetic hooks in place of hands, resents the solicitude of his family and the continued devotion of his sweetheart, Wilma Cameron.

A noticeable trait of the music for *The Best Years* is that there is so much of it. Most realistic films dealing with middle- or lower-class life use music sparingly. Thus, in the currently popular *It's a Wonderful Life*, another film of bourgeois America, there is little music until the last third of the picture, when dream sequences interject an element of fantasy. In Jean Renoir's intelligent picture of the life of Southern tenant farmers, *The Southerner*, the music is similarly inconspicuous; realistic films from abroad, like *The Open City* and *Man's Hope*, use music with equal sparseness. Because of this common tendency to subordinate music in realistic films of everyday life, the sheer size of Friedhofer's score for *The Best Years* is in itself significant, and shows an appreciation of the producer, Samuel Goldwyn, for the possibilities of music in films of this kind.

The score for *The Best Years* is dramatically sound, and well above the average musically. Avoiding the over expressiveness of the late nineteenth century, its style resembles at times that of Copland in works like "Appalachian Spring," at others pays tribute to such diverse influences as Delius, Gershwin, Milhaud, and English folk song.

Friedhofer's main constructive principle is that of the leitmotiv, a device which underlies most of today's background music in Hollywood films. Some of the themes are used to represent persons—Wilma, Marie, Fred, and Peggy. The more important themes, however, are less specific and refer only to a general idea or mood. In this category are the "Best Years" theme (example 1a), used to establish

Example 1. Friedhofer, *The Best Years of Our Lives*
a. "Best Years"



the mood of the entire picture in the main title music and subsequently heard many times; "Boone City" (example 1b), a characterization of the feelings of the three veterans as they think of home; and "Neighbors"

(example 1c), similar to the preceding, and used to describe the small-town friendliness of the Parrish and Cameron families. All of these general themes are straightforward yet perceptibly nostalgic.

Example 2. Friedhofer, *The Best Years of Our Lives*

The musical score is written for piano and features three distinct themes. The first theme, labeled "Best Years", is a simple, chordal melody in the right hand, accompanied by a more complex, arpeggiated pattern in the left hand. The second theme, labeled "Wilma", is a more melodic line in the right hand, with a simple chordal accompaniment in the left hand. The third theme, labeled "Neighbors", is a more complex, arpeggiated pattern in the right hand, with a simple chordal accompaniment in the left hand. The score is written in 4/4 time and features a key signature of one sharp (F#).

The chordal derivation of most of the themes permits them to be combined and developed flexibly. A good example of Friedhofer's treatment is the series of episodes which show, in turn, the armless Homer looking at his high-school athletic trophies while trying to find the answer to the problem of his relationship to Wilma; Wilma's coming to the door; and Homer's decision to show her his helplessness when he is without the hooks. Throughout these scenes the tissue of background music is formed of a continuous development of three themes—"Best Years," "Neighbors," and "Wilma" (example 2). Friedhofer's method is to pass quickly from one theme to another, much in the manner of Wagner; but his construction is looser than Wagner's, and resembles more the stringing together of beads.

There are spots in most films where dialogue drops out and where music and photography carry on the story-telling function alone. A memorable sequence of this kind in *The Best Years* occurs toward the end of the picture. Fred Derry, disillusioned and bitter, has decided to leave Boone City; happening to pass a field at the edge of town where junked planes are stored, he climbs into the cockpit of a B-17 and sits down in the pilot's seat. At once his combat memories flood upon him, and he relives, with mounting excitement, the most vivid of these experiences. Since there is no dialogue, Fred's tension is transmitted to the spectator entirely through Gregg Toland's adroit manipulation of camera angles and Friedhofer's powerful yet organic crescendo in the orchestra.

Another trait which *The Best Years* shares in common with most films is its interpolation of set pieces—songs, dances, and the like. *Among My Souvenirs* is used almost as a theme song in the home-coming scenes; *Lazy River*, *The Beer Barrel Polka*, and other popular pieces form an important element in the night-club episodes; and the ubiquitous “Bridal Chorus” from *Lohengrin* heralds the wedding of Wilma and Homer. Friedhofer’s style accommodates these interpolated pieces gracefully, and the composer even attempts, at times, a fusion of this material with his own.

The Killers is a film of violent passions, suspense, and underworld intrigue, based on Ernest Hemingway’s short story of the same name. In the original, Hemingway leads up to the brutal murder of an apparently commonplace man in an out-of-the-way town but leaves the motive for the projected murder unexplained. The film attempts to supply this motive, using the flashback technique to reconstruct the events leading up to the killers’ arrival. Anthony Veiller’s screen play is deftly made, and the purposely nonstar cast arranged by Mark Hellinger, the producer, and directed by Robert Siodmak, performs convincingly.

With *The Killers* we enter a world of taut, dangerous emotion. This darker emotional climate is reflected, as we should expect, in Rozsa’s music. In place of the relaxed, nostalgic style of *The Best Years*, we hear music of neurotic, violent emotionalism. There are sharp accents, fragmentary rhythms, melodies of tortured chromaticism; often the texture is thick and powerful (see example 3). A noticeable element in the style

Example 3. Rozsa, *The Killers*



is an insistence upon small melodic figures, sometimes treated sequentially (as in example 5) but more often presented in a kind of modified

Example 4. Rozsa, *The Killers*



repetition which is peculiarly Rozsa’s own (example 4). Also conspicuous is a harmonic style compounded of dominant-centered tension chords,

chromaticism, and general indefiniteness of key—a harmonic idiom reminiscent of Scriabin's late-period works—together with occasional Ravel-like polyharmonies (see example 5).

Example 5. Rozsa, *The Killers*



Films of suspense, like *The Killers*, in common with films of horror, mental derangement, and the like, use background music as naturally as half-lights and shadows, and often employ it prodigally; in this way they differ from most realistic films of middle-class life where the music is sometimes asked to justify itself. There are also more opportunities in films of suspense for the music to be heard alone, unopposed by dialogue. In the opening part of *The Killers* a boy runs through the dark streets of the town to warn the doomed man, Swede, at his rooming house; inasmuch as there is no dialogue at this point, the music is free to follow a purely musical development. The quick, nervous style of this scene, with sequence piling upon sequence in ever-rising intensity, is typical of Rozsa's developmental method.

Later in the scene, after Swede refuses to try to escape, and the boy has gone, the killers approach Swede's door. The music is again uninterrupted by dialogue, and here consists only of a sustained, dissonant chord, prolonged almost to the breaking point. Because one knows that the dissonance cannot last, that something must happen to break the tension, the effect of suspense created through this simple means is impressive.

Effective as is Rozsa's music for *The Killers* from a dramatic standpoint, it leaves something to be desired from the musical point of view. For a score which has as much demonstrable movement and contrast as this one, the total result is curiously unvaried. Part of this sameness of effect is, of course, inescapable here, since the music must match the un-

relieved somberness and tension of the dramatic action; and the same may be said for others of Rozsa's scores, such as those for *Double Indemnity* and *The Lost Weekend*. Musically, however, the score for *The Killers* would gain by fewer dominant-discord tensions, less chromaticism, less indefiniteness of key, and a less repetitive and sequential use of musical figures. These devices are all striking, emphatic, and colorful, yet when they are long continued their very excess of interest works against them, for they tend to cancel one another out. Moreover, they are associated rather strongly with the late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century style; and much as I admire Rozsa's technical fluency, I cannot help hoping that his film scores will soon take a more contemporary turn.

Anna and the King of Siam is the screen adaptation of Margaret Landon's book. The story tells of an English governess, Anna Owens, who went to Siam in the 1860's to teach the children of the royal household, and who, by reason of her personal charm and strength of character, came during the course of the years to exert a powerful influence upon the king. In spite of the opportunity which such a subject offers for portraying romantically the exoticism of an Oriental court, the producer, Louis D. Lighton, and the director, John Cromwell, have handled the story with dignity and restraint.

Bernard Herrmann's music for the film is in similar good taste. In describing it, he says, "The music [is] based upon authentic Siamese scales and melodic fragments. I tried to get the sound of Oriental music, with our instruments. The music [makes] no attempt to be a commentary or an emotional counterpart of the drama, but [serves] rather as musical scenery."⁶ In other words, the music has primarily a decorative function, in contrast to the music for *The Killers*, where the main purpose is to intensify the mood of the story.

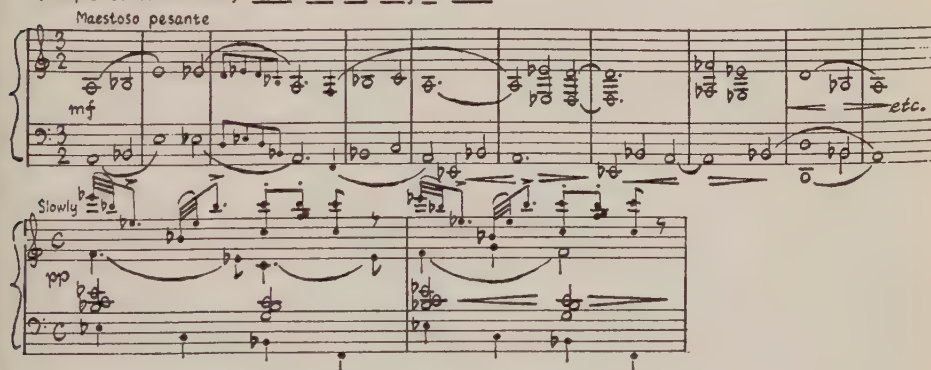
One of the most striking things about Herrmann's score is the novel, clear, metallic sound of the orchestra. This derives partly from the fact that there are many spots in the film which lack dialogue; hence, one hears the music in the theater at approximately the same dynamic level as that at which the orchestra originally recorded it. Another reason, and a more important one, is that Herrmann has scored his music for a nearly stringless ensemble; his orchestra is made up almost altogether of wood wind and brass, and of a wide variety of percussion and "color" instruments: bass drum, kettledrums, cymbals, gongs, glockenspiel, chimes,

⁶ *Film Music Notes*, VI (September-October 1946), 22.

harps, piano, celesta, xylophones, and marimbas. Still another factor which works to produce clarity and brilliance is the lack of harmonic complication; by writing much of the time in unison, or in two parts, or by using seconds, fourths, and fifths to produce essentially pentatonic sonorities, Herrmann permits the clear timbre of the instruments to sound with uninhibited freshness.

The decorative intent of the music emerges clearly in its repetitive, nondevelopmental construction. Themes and motifs are reiterated with little change; *ostinato* patterns are common. Such a construction leads to a consciously monotonous, abstract, and impersonal expressiveness, and this effect is further heightened by the relative lack of dynamic shadings. In music of this type, color and texture must take the place of development. Herrmann's novel color usage has already been mentioned; his craftsmanship in creating textures is similarly ingenious (see example 6).

Example 6. Herrmann, *Anna and the King of Siam*

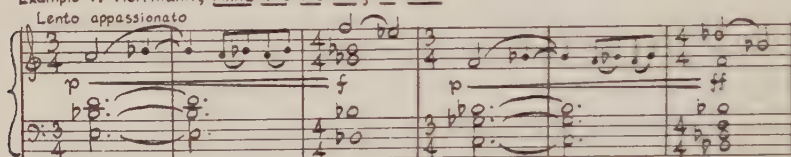


As one would expect in a score which aims at decoration rather than the depiction of character and emotion, there is no attempt to use leit-motifs—another departure from the methods of *The Best Years* and *The Killers*.

In view of the general excellence of the score for *Anna and the King of Siam*, and of the stylistic awareness on the part of the composer which it indicates, it is more than surprising to find short lapses into the banality of the Hollywood routine idiom toward the end of the picture. In certain of the scenes describing Anna's bereavement at the death of her son, Herrmann performs a stylistic about-face. In place of the austerity of quasi-Siamese scales, and of harmony based upon fourths and fifths, he gives us the well-worn emotionalism of appoggiaturas coupled with

seventh chords; in place of the exotic timbres of winds and percussion, he gives us the sentimentality of the strings (see example 7). Not only are these passages stylistically incongruous, but they run counter to Herrmann's professed intention to avoid using music as "an emotional counterpart of the drama." From the standpoint of both style and method, therefore, they constitute a blemish on an otherwise unusual score.

Example 7. Herrmann, *Anna and the King of Siam*



The three scores just discussed are typical of the music being written for the better Hollywood films today. They show the complications and difficulties of the film composer's task, its functional nature, its position as a craft. The style of these scores is only moderately contemporary; little in them is more recent than Ravel, much is earlier. Their construction is generally loose; their musical development is sometimes obvious. The result, in short, is not wholly to our liking, yet it does represent an advance over the film music of ten years ago.

In this fact lies the hope for the coming decade. Already the most flagrant of the routine composers are on their way out. In their place have come men of greater musical understanding, taste, and artistic integrity. The present group of serious composers is the product, almost without exception, of the past ten years; the entertainment mediums, too, have contributed to the influx of new talent—men like Friedhofer, Herrmann, David Raksin, Leigh Harline, Franz Waxman, and Adolph Deutsch. The millennium in film music is definitely not just around the corner, but there is a good chance for a continued slow rise in Hollywood's musical literacy. With that prospect one may possibly, for the present, be content.⁷

⁷ This article was read at the University of Oregon Festival of Contemporary Music, May 16, 1947.

STEINBECK AGAINST STEINBECK*

Donald Weeks

WHEN THE BOYS have killed the bottle and begun on the second gallon of dago red, then men are good, and what they mean to do has been done. Intention becomes fact. There is no tomorrow, no today. There is yesterday always. Then some voice is predestined to sing, "What's the matter with——? He's all right!" Well—what's the matter with Steinbeck? To listen to the professional critics, "He's all right!" To listen to the critics: they said of *Cannery Row*, "another of his small miracles," "his most satisfactory manner," "so boundless an enthusiasm for human nature," "the warm humanity"; they said of the *Wayward Bus*, "very much a *must* novel," "a warm flow of vitality," "his emphasis on healthy positive values." They call Steinbeck "the writer with the most evident love for his fellow humans"; they find in him "the greatest feeling for the basic human values."

Theirs are the louder voices, and what they seem to be saying is that *Cannery Row* and the *Wayward Bus* are as good as *Tortilla Flat* and *In Dubious Battle*. Or, if they are not so good as the earlier books, they are not comparable and are good of their kind. Theirs are the louder voices, but the sharper critics have insisted on the basic sentimentalism in Steinbeck, and, on the other side of that sentimentalism, on the cruelty it covers up. The answer has been to admit Steinbeck's sentimentalism. Yes, Steinbeck is sentimental; he has called himself sentimental.

There is this to be said for sentimentality: that to affairs of no consequence it gives consequence. It must never be serious; it must never be maudlin; it may be vinous, like the forty Scandinavians with glasses in their hands who solemnly sang,

Sent Looiss Voomans, vit you diment errings
Chessed det men aroun de apon strings.

Steinbeck said, "It was unique in international feelings. It was very beautiful." Always, with Steinbeck, the reader is first puzzled by the

* Excerpts from *Cannery Row* by John Steinbeck, and from *Sea of Cortez* by John Steinbeck and Edward F. Ricketts, are here used by permission of The Viking Press.

tone of such remarks: serious or not? Because Steinbeck rationalizes his sentimentality.

In *Tortilla Flat*, Steinbeck wrote a masterpiece of sentimentality. In the Foreword to the Modern Library Edition (the book appeared first in 1935, the Modern Library reprint of it in 1937) he was unwilling to let the story stand for what it was. He described the citizens of *Tortilla Flat* as "people whom I know and like, people who merge successfully with their habitat. In men this is called philosophy, and it is a fine thing." He protested that he would never have written about these people if he had known that they would be thought quaint by "literary slummers." Steinbeck then described the elder sister of a school friend and said ". . . still I can't think of the hoor-lady as (that nastiest of words) a prostitute, nor of the *piojo's* many *uncles*, those jolly men who sometimes gave us nickels, as her clients." The Foreword to *Tortilla Flat* ends with a protest that *Cannery Row* denies, "But I shall never again subject to the vulgar touch of the *decent* these good people of laughter and kindness, of honest lusts and direct eyes, of courtesy beyond politeness. It will not happen again." I can't see much difference between this Foreword and denying that grandmother is a drunkard because she's so nice to the kids.

To me, the Foreword is a rationalization in terms of the philosophy which from 1935 on Steinbeck fails to bring into coherence with his art. To me, it is a philosophy which encourages Steinbeck to rationalize his sentimentality. This philosophy he may have acquired from his friend, Dr. Edward Ricketts, without ever understanding its relation to his art, and especially to his sentimentality. It is a philosophy best expressed in *Sea of Cortez* (1941), written in collaboration with Dr. Ricketts, and worst expressed in *Cannery Row* (1945), where Ricketts appears slightly disguised as Doc, and where passages of *Sea of Cortez* reappear as fiction. *Cannery Row* is dedicated to "Ed Ricketts who knows why or should." Steinbeck came to know Ricketts when the Steinbecks moved to Pacific Grove in 1930. Edward Ricketts runs a marine biological supply house in Monterey. He is the author of *Between Pacific Tides* and of the annotated bibliography which makes up half of *Sea of Cortez*. It is said that Steinbeck financed the expedition to Lower California described in *Sea of Cortez*, *A Leisurely Journal of Travel and Research*. There is no statement of the division of labor in the book. The writing is, of course, John Steinbeck's. It is fair to assume that the ideas of the narrative are

shared by both authors. To me, the confusions in the book, whether the speculations are playful (as Steinbeck called them) or not, are real.

I want to quote two long passages from *Sea of Cortez* and then have done with that kind of quoting, which is no substitute for reading the book. Much of *Sea of Cortez* is an essay in favor of nonteleological thinking, and much of it is an essay on the life of our times critical in a way more in the spirit of Jeremiah than of the scientist who accepts the fact that "*a thing is because it is.*" The italics are not mine.

What we personally conceive by the term "teleological thinking," as exemplified by the notion about the shiftless unemployed, is most frequently associated with the evaluating of causes and effects, the purposiveness of events. This kind of thinking considers changes and cures—what "should be"—in the terms of an end pattern (which is often a subjective or an anthropomorphic projection); it presumes the bettering of conditions, often, unfortunately, without achieving more than a most superficial understanding of those conditions. In their sometimes intolerant refusal to face facts as they are, teleological notions may substitute a fierce but ineffectual attempt to change conditions which are assumed to be undesirable, in place of the understanding acceptance which would pave the way for a more sensible attempt at any change which might still be indicated.

Non-teleological ideas derive through "is" thinking, associated with natural selection, as Darwin seems to have understood it. They imply depth, fundamentalism, and clarity—seeing beyond traditional or personal projections. They consider events as outgrowths and expressions rather than as results; conscious acceptance as a desideratum, and certainly as an all-important prerequisite. Non-teleological thinking concerns itself primarily not with what should be, or could be, or might be, but rather with what actually "is"—attempting at most to answer the already sufficiently difficult questions *what* or *how*, instead of *why*.

It would be easy to make fun of the language of this passage. Whatever one is arguing for is always clear, deep, and fundamental. There is no point in discussing the relative merits of teleological and nonteleological thinking. Obviously, after centuries of one kind of thinking, another kind has full rights to explore the universe for whatever it can get out of it. But from their nonteleological thinking, Steinbeck and Ricketts draw an attitude toward "the incompetent or maladjusted or unlucky" that is relevant to Steinbeck's fiction. The fact that the unemployed are made up of the incompetent involves no causality.

. . . . collectively it's just "so"; collectively it's related to the fact that animals produce more offspring than the world can support. The units may be

blamed as individuals, but as members of society they cannot be blamed. Any given individual very possibly may transfer from the underprivileged into the more fortunate group by better luck or by improved aggressiveness or competence, but all cannot be so benefited whatever their strivings, and the large population will be unaffected. The seventy-thirty ratio will remain, with merely a reassortment of the units. And no blame, at least no social fault, imputes to these people; they are what they are "because" natural conditions are what they are. And so far as we selfishly are concerned we can rejoice that they, rather than we, represent the low extreme, since they must be one.

So if one is very aggressive he will be able to obtain work even under the most sub-normal economic conditions, but only because there are others, less aggressive than he, who serve in his stead as potential government wards. In the same way, the sight of a half-wit should never depress us, since his extreme and the extreme of his kind, so affects the mean standard that we, hatless, coatless, often bewhiskered, thereby will be regarded as only a little odd. And similarly, we cannot justly approve the success manuals that tell our high-school graduates how to get a job—there being jobs for only half of them!

This type of thinking unfortunately annoys many people. It may especially arouse the anger of women, who regard it as cold, even brutal, although actually it would be tender and understanding, certainly more real and less illusionary and even less blaming, than the more conventional methods of consideration. And the value of it as a tool in increased understanding cannot be denied.

There is much more like this in *Sea of Cortez* on the adjustment of primitive peoples to their environment, on man as a product of disease, on the virtues of laziness and of alcohol, on the tremendous wastefulness of life. These speculations, as they are called in the Index of *Sea of Cortez*, playful speculations if we take Steinbeck at his word, could be accepted as playful if they did not turn up in *Cannery Row* with such disastrous effect.

My biologist friends tell me that speculations on purpose have ruined many a biologist, who if he were a good biologist would be willing to leave teleology to the philosopher, who if he were a good philosopher would leave it to the psychologist. For the artist, his philosophy may be the sum of the books he has read and the friends he has listened to. I like playfully to speculate what the reading of W. H. Sheldon's *Varieties of Human Physique* and *Varieties of Temperament* would have taught Steinbeck and Ricketts and how Sheldon would explain the glorification of the viscerotonic boys (those who live by the stomach) of *Tortilla Flat* by the possibly cerebrotonic Steinbeck. I am sure that

Steinbeck would underline Sheldon's statement that "it may be well, in the long run, that we cannot get at viscerotonia, for this component may constitute a kind of insurance or reservoir of safety for the species."

It is just at this point that the trouble starts. The philosophy of *Sea of Cortez* commits Steinbeck to realism, and Steinbeck is not a realist. He cannot describe objectively. His feelings commit him to celebration. When you come right down to it, forty Scandinavians with glasses in their hands singing "St. Louis Blues" contribute about as much to international understanding as Marlene Dietrich did to the invasion of Africa when she kicked off her shoes and in her bare feet followed her man across the burning sands of the Sahara (have you forgotten the scene in *Morocco*?). The forty Scandinavians are "unique" and "beautiful"—and of no consequence if we are to take them seriously as we are asked to take seriously Mack and the boys in *Cannery Row*.

From the idea that a "thing is because it is," a writer can derive a wide range of emotions. One of these emotions, perhaps the narrowest and most intense but also the most transforming, is the sentimentality which takes the incompetent, the maladjusted, the unlucky Mack and the boys and describes them as "the Virtues, the Graces, the Beauties" of modern Monterey, where other men are destroying themselves in competition. Steinbeck prays for the boys, "Our Father who art in nature, who has given the gift of survival to the coyote, the common brown rat, the English sparrow, the house fly and the moth, must have a great and overwhelming love for no-goods and blots-on-the-town and bums, Mack and the boys. Virtues and graces and laziness and zest. Our Father who art in nature." Such language is not descriptive of things as they are. It is a language that gives value to certain things because they survive, as more of us survive than Steinbeck is willing to admit. Since the sentimentalist likes to believe that men are good by instinct—with Steinbeck the instinct to survive *is* that good—he has trouble with choice. At least men think they choose. Steinbeck says that Mack and the boys avoid the traps of our culture, "walk around the poison, step over the noose." The question seems to be whether the traps and nooses which Steinbeck finds in modern life are what he says they are.

Sea of Cortez contrasts the neuroticism of modern culture with what Steinbeck feels is the naturalness of primitive men, such as the Indians of Lower California. Without exaggerating the perfections of primitive life, Steinbeck yet makes it clear that modern man has lost some kind

of health which primitive man has. He is made angry by the great gap between our ideals and our practice. "And . . . in our structure of society, the so-called and considered good qualities are invariable concomitants of failure, while the bad ones are the cornerstones of success." It is a long passage in *Sea of Cortez*, and Doc says the same thing in almost the same words in *Cannery Row*:

It has always seemed strange to me. . . . The things we admire in men, kindness and generosity, openness, honesty, understanding and feeling, are the concomitants of failure in our system. And those traits we detest, sharpness, greed, acquisitiveness, meanness, egotism, and self-interest, are the traits of success. And while men admire the quality of the first they love the produce of the second.

Doc likes Mack and the boys because they "are healthy and curiously clean. They can do what they want. They can satisfy their appetites without calling them something else." In *Sea of Cortez*, Steinbeck (and Ricketts) writes, "In an animal other than man we would replace the term 'good' with 'weak survival quotient' and the term 'bad' with 'strong survival quotient.'" Doc thinks that Mack and the boys "survive in this particular world better than other people." That's bad? Or good? As Sheldon says, "The life of a viscerotonic individual seems to be organized primarily to serve the gut." That's Mack and the boys.

To be fair, Steinbeck does qualify, but only once so far as I can find. In *Cannery Row*:

It's all fine to say, "Time will heal everything, this too shall pass away. People will forget"—and things like that when you are not involved, but when you are, there is no passage of time, people do not forget, and you are in the middle of something that does not change. Doc didn't know the pain and self-destructive criticism in the Palace Flophouse or he might have tried to do something about it.

But Doc is too like the boys: "you know how they tried to give me a party. That was their impulse."

At this point I'll take the risk of being misunderstood. I want to call the celebration of impulse in Steinbeck the philosophy of the wino. I am not, of course, applying the term to Steinbeck himself. But any writer can get just as tight with a typewriter as with alcohol. Sentimentality is the worst jag a writer can get. When Steinbeck gets sentimental, life becomes warm, beautiful, satisfying, and when that happens, I can't see how Steinbeck differs from the boys at work on the second gallon.

Then men explain all, rationalize everything, and cannot leave alone the reasons for their own failure. Then writers write about flies "very happy" eating cake; about the smell of grass and lupine so sweet it sets you "panting almost sexually"; and about hills—"rounded, woman-like hills, soft and sexual as flesh," an image I thought Somerset Maugham had "done in" with the hills of Nebraska in *Rain*. I take the three illustrations from the *Wayward Bus*.

The sentimentalist puts himself in the position of limiting his range of expression to absolutes. For contrast, Steinbeck turns to cruelty and dirt. No one can say that men are not cruel and dirty minded. They are, and often gratuitously. But a writer who relies on an alternation of black and white makes of his novel a primitive movie in which the frames move so slowly that the eye catches the flicker. *Cannery Row* and the *Wayward Bus* are in British slang "flicks." The blacks and the whites never merge.

The Josh Billings story, chapter xii of *Cannery Row*, is an example. It's a vulgar, funny story. It's the kind of story the boys in the frat house tell the pledges at dinner. Since one of the pledges will remain an adolescent for the next forty years, it's the kind of story you may hear at some dinner table. Chapter xii comes in the middle of the trip the boys take to the Carmel Valley frog hunting. The death of Josh Billings in 1885 has nothing to do with the frog hunt. *Cannery Row* being no Tristram Shandy, no monumental book filled with long, wonderful irrelevancies, so strong a fragment calls attention to the slightness of the book, which is not husky enough to sustain the incident. The story serves as some subconscious check on Steinbeck's sentimentalism toward Gay and the Model T. Gay has just been described in chapter xi as "the little mechanic of God, the St. Francis of all things that turn and twist and explode, the St. Francis of coils and armatures and gears." And John Steinbeck knows what Gay would say to that.

In the *Wayward Bus*, an example of cruel funny business (to quote the blurb, "all of them invented by Steinbeck") is the rape of Mrs. Pritchard by Mr. Pritchard. Since Mrs. Pritchard has learned a lesson from the girls on the bus, she bites her lip, scratches her cheeks till they bleed, and rubs dirt in. The purpose of these wounds is to get an orchid house. There is a moral ambiguity to this episode that is curious, but more pertinent to this criticism is the inadequacy of the scene as art. Such a scene leaves me cold. In the *Wayward Bus*, I am too aware of Stein-

beck's trying to claim humanity for his characters by a conscious use of psychology. As Mildred Pritchard said to Juan Chicoy, "I know thousands of case histories." And this one sounds straight out of Krafft-Ebing, a book I thought a fellow got out of his system in college. The characters of much modern fiction are flat because writers bring to characterization their reading of psychology, and that knowledge runs to types as transparent as the cast of *Orphan Annie*. In *Of Mice and Men* and *The Moon Is Down*, Steinbeck tried "an experiment in making a play that can be read or a novel that can be played . . . to find a new form that will take some of the techniques of both." As Lewis Gannett says in his Introduction to *The Portable Steinbeck*, "This was a problem that was to concern him for years." The *Wayward Bus* reads like a movie, an uncensored movie. Any writer finds a form which allows the fullest expression of what he does best, but the different ways in which we read a novel and see a play are worth remembering. The reader asks more of a novel in characterization. He does not want men and women simplified for him. He wants them whole.

The novel of types is a form that carries great authority when the types are used for satire, and when one type—say, the sentimental—is used to show a likeness to another type—the cruel. But when the cruel is used to compensate for the sentimental, I am reminded of Dickens' saying (and who should know better?) that any bungler can stir the emotions. Tears and goose flesh are the very surface of emotion.

What is the matter with Steinbeck? I repeat the question because I cannot take seriously *Cannery Row*, the *Wayward Bus*, or *The Moon Is Down*, which I think is even more limited by its occasional character as a novel of the war. It is by his fiction that Steinbeck will be judged. There is no novel since *The Grapes of Wrath* (1939) to justify a statement that he is still developing as a writer. To go back and quote Mildred Pritchard in full, "I know thousands of case histories, but I can't make the advances."

Of one thing I am sure: there is no simple answer to the question. Each one of us would resent a simplification of personal problems that we find complex. In the artist the complexity of a problem is increased by the radar-like sensibility of the man who is usually conscious of what is happening to him and is made uneasy by any rationalization to which he turns. I see no reason not to say certain things about Steinbeck with the understanding that they are parts of a whole beyond any critic's

knowledge. Steinbeck wrote of *Sea of Cortez*, "The rage and contempt of the critics will be amusing and like old times." I am not writing in rage or contempt but out of a sincere concern that Steinbeck's later novels have been so inhuman, so deeply contemptuous, I would say, of men and women, for I call that art contemptuous which asks me to take its black and white as the color of life.

Steinbeck has spoken his fear of success, as an artist should, but success has brought him wealth and that mobility of the rich which often makes them come back home as mere visitors and tourists. The tempering of poverty that Steinbeck knew in his earlier years is not necessarily a lifetime discipline. To be able to come and go as he likes may be of no advantage to a writer whose best work is drawn from a single source: California. For one kind of artist the legend of Antaeus, who lost his strength when he lost his touch with earth, may be more than legend, may be the very necessary warning of the limits of his art. In choosing scenes that he already knew for *Cannery Row* and the *Wayward Bus*, Steinbeck seems to be acknowledging this limitation of his art, but in a superficial way.

It is obvious that for the successful writer in America there is some failure of criticism to do its job. I doubt that Steinbeck's publishers or agents or friends say very much that matters about the quality of his later works. These are the people who count as critics, because an author can easily shake off the reviews. I should say the evidence is clear that there is now no critic intimate with Steinbeck, no one to challenge the writer's best. A critic comparing Steinbeck with Dickens (on the basis of their sentimentality and love of men) does a disservice to Steinbeck because there is nothing to show that Steinbeck is one of the great physical phenomena of writing like Dickens, Balzac, or Tom Wolfe. His best work indicates that he is not a naïve artist, but profits by care.

Steinbeck is said to fear being thought arty. We all know what he means. But the people he celebrates, at least in *Cannery Row*, are not much different from the "artists" he fears. The world of the incompetent, the maladjusted, and the unlucky usually overlaps that of the poor artist. The difference between Mack and the boys and the artist is that the artist gets something done. If he doesn't, he is one of the boys. A real artist can be one of the boys just so far and no further. He can share with them all freedom from responsibilities except the responsibility to his own competence. I had hoped to finish without mentioning

the confusion of our times, but I am not going to be able to. In a more conventional society, Steinbeck might well have been arty, but being confused like the rest of us as to where he belongs, he has turned to identify himself with the group traditionally closest to the Bohemian. He has identified himself with the world of good intentions.

The best intentions of Steinbeck's characters find easy, natural, and sometimes their only fulfillment in sex. I want to conclude, then, by saying something about Steinbeck's attitude toward sex. Here I find him so surprisingly naïve in his assumptions that by contrast the *Ladies Home Journal* or the *Reader's Digest* are distilled sophistication on the same subject. Steinbeck plainly assumes that the people he describes have the secret of sexual success. He seems to take it for granted that primitive peoples have no sexual problems. I wonder how far he has been influenced by D. H. Lawrence, whom he was said to admire. I could take the sex in Steinbeck if it were not for two uses he makes of it. One is its use to create suspense. Steinbeck seems not to understand the weakness of sex as an artistic device. With his attitude toward it, it doesn't matter who sleeps with whom. In the *Wayward Bus*, tedium sets in early because of this fact, which was supposed to provide the excitement of the last pages of the novel. The other use he makes of sex is as a means to criticize middle-class morality in America. Here he is fighting a battle already won and endangering the victory by confusing the issue. The fight was not fought to guarantee promiscuity. Man's nature takes care of that. The fight was not fought just for freedom of expression. Some of the living men and women who fought that fight in this country have said that they fought for freedom to learn. This may sound like a schoolteacher talking. It's a point on which a schoolteacher can talk if he gets around at all among kids in college. A teacher does not simplify problems either intellectually or emotionally. He knows the practices that come naturally and the learning that is hard won. When he doesn't know, he turns to those who are trying to find out. I want to quote Sheldon once more. The italics are his. "A rich background of sexual experience appears to exert about the same effect [as psychoanalysis in enriching consciousness and bringing tolerance and perspective], *in those who can assimilate it*. But the latter seem to be in the minority. Both psychoanalysis and overt sexuality are seen sometimes to coarsen the ordinary person, to render him more obnoxiously aggressive and more crassly sophisticated."

I thought of Steinbeck as I read in the papers of the Fourth of July week-end riot in Hollister, California. If you missed the story, this is what happened: Four thousand motorcyclists gathered in Hollister, a town of about four thousand, for a three-day meeting. The party got rough, rough enough that the sheriff had to establish a kind of martial law to put an end to the breaking of bottles in the street, the racing through the town, the driving of motorcycles into bars, the usual antics that turn a fiesta into a bust. There were all the elements of a Steinbeck novel: A country which Steinbeck knows well. The kind of men Steinbeck writes well about. The grand kermess. There was the man whose foot was cut off. There was the fellow whose friends picked the lock of the jail; he came back because he was hungry. There was the sheriff who philosophized, "You can't drink winter whiskey on a summer stomach." There were the sleepers in the haystacks. It fell together in my mind in terms of the Steinbeck who wrote *In Dubious Battle* and *The Red Pony*. It was not a novel many men could write. They know neither the country nor the people, and knowledge of them alone could spark life into the story. But when I thought of the story in terms of *Cannery Row* and the *Wayward Bus*, it didn't seem such a good idea. I thought I knew what was the matter with Steinbeck.

I could be wrong.

I want to be wrong.

THE HUMORLESS INDIAN

Virgil K. Whitaker

"But does the Indian really have a sense of humor?" I have been asked that question hundreds of times. For no piece of American folklore is more firmly established than that of the stolid, impassive Indian, whose only reaction, whether to life's tragedy or its comedy, is a dignified but unexpressive "ugh." This particular bit of folklore is, of course, utterly false. It arose, doubtless, because in any society grief and laughter are expressed—and often, I suspect, actually felt—according to the prevailing notions of what is proper. I have seen Indians dance all day in the blazing sun of the Southwest without the slightest expression of pain or fatigue, but I have also seen young men from the same group moan and groan over a minor football injury which, according to Anglo-Saxon tradition, should have been ignored—at least in public. The Indian was perhaps judged to have no sense of humor when he failed to see the point of the white man's joke and preferred, or felt it safer, to enjoy his own in private. For a sense of humor he does have—quite the richest and most all-pervasive that I have ever encountered.

It was perhaps fitting punishment for my own adherence to the popular fallacy that my introduction to Indian hu-

mor was a little grim. My first day on an Indian reservation I spent with a party of range inspectors and Indians who were locating sites for cattle waterings. Under the July sun we first bounced in a car from grass clump to grass clump, and then walked and walked across the New Mexico range. At intervals, some Indian would direct a gesture toward me suggesting that I take in the belt around my too-ample waist a notch or two; then he would chuckle to himself for a while. I did not share his amusement in the least. So I was a little surprised to find how much I did enjoy the teasing and joking that accompanied our lunch, and how quickly, as the days passed, I came to adopt the same vein of humor, or attempted humor, as the normal manner of friendly conversation. Fortunately, among Indians as among others, laughter is often a reward for good intentions rather than a recognition of positive achievement.

The Indian's voice is softer and better modulated than his white neighbor's, his manner quieter and more dignified. His laughter is a chuckle rather than a guffaw, but it is just as genuine as any other man's and gives him just as much pleasure. It is also much pleasanter for others: I never returned from an Indian

council meeting without thinking my teachers' voices strident and their laughter harsh.

Much of Indian humor, as of all humor, arises from the age-old battle between the sexes. Young men are teased about their girl friends, and vice versa; men about their wives, and vice versa. A few simple substitutions have to be made because adolescent boys and girls are kept apart and the roles of men and women are strictly defined; otherwise the jokes are much the same, except that the Indian's are more realistic and direct. The principal of an Indian boarding school was discussing with a group of seniors their plans after graduation, and turned toward a boy who was notoriously partial to one of the heaviest girls in the school. "Well, Juanico," said he, "what are you going to do?" "Raise fat kids," cut in one of the other boys, and that became a standard school joke for the rest of the year.

The Indian, too, finds laughter a great help through times of disappointment and embarrassment. I was told of a youngster who somehow fell, as he played, from the rock of Acoma. Being luckier than the priest whose story is part of *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, he landed in drifted sand at the bottom and suffered only a fractured leg, which in due time was set and placed in a cast. Since he was skeptical of the white man's doctor and medicine, he pulled the cast off. Next time the doctor encased the leg in a formidable structure, the basis of which was wire chicken fence. "Well," said the doctor with some satisfaction, "you won't get

that one off." The boy reflected a minute, and then gave the doctor a sweet, superior smile. "You won't either," he answered. As a matter of fact, the local blacksmith finally removed it.

Sometimes an attempt to cover up embarrassment is not so completely successful. One Sunday a group of our Navahos was playing basketball with an improvised team from the local air base. Being rusty and uncoached, the soldiers fouled continually. The Navahos' fighting blood was aroused, and the game became the roughest I expect ever to see. The leading Navaho player was a fine young fellow with a heart of gold but a face which, even when masked in its habitual grin, made one think uneasily of Geronimo. He collided head-on with a soldier, who somehow somersaulted over him and landed headfirst on the floor. He helped the soldier up gravely, then noticed a cut on his forehead. "Mph!" he said, "scalped you!" and favored his victim with an unusually satanic grin.

The boarding-school basketball teams were always fascinating, not merely because they played a clean, fast, exciting game, but also because their reactions were unpredictable and their jokes inscrutable. One night, our boys had been beaten miserably by a very much inferior team from a small school. Far from being downhearted, they kept up, while they dressed and rode home, an elaborate joke that involved variations on the theme: "We gotta pray." I never did see the point of the joke, but since it kept a badly defeated team laughing steadily for an hour and a

half, it was obviously a good one, at least for the purpose it served.

Indian humor is modified, of course, by habit and point of view. During a showing of *Bambi*, I was astounded when the students laughed gaily at the scenes in which the fawn wanders helpless after its mother has been killed—scenes which seemed to me genuinely pathetic. But our students had never acquired sympathy for animals; their callousness toward even their own pets was, in fact, one of their least engaging traits. Furthermore, when one kills deer regularly for meat and skins, has one any right to be sentimental about the results?

Indian humor can also be cruel to human beings. Often it involves the most cutting and effective ridicule. All groups have their grouches, but few dispose of them so effectively as did his colleagues in polishing off one old Indian. His face had years before set into deep lines of disapproval, down which the perspiration rolled, and he bored council meetings by invariably delivering a lengthy and irrelevant harangue against every proposal—while most of the members took refuge in unconcealed sleep. Chief Drizzle Puss, one of them called him, and so he remained, “chief” being, incidentally, a side glance at the white man’s strange habit of trying to give every Indian that title.

One of our school boys, who has since done many excellent *gouaches* in the Indian style, first attracted attention by displaying this satiric humor in impish form. His first picture, still amateurish in its drawing, showed a Pueblo Indian

in traditional costume kneeling before a priest in full vestments, who was placing the wafer on his tongue. It was all very reverent—except that the embroidery on the tip of the priest’s stole was a dollar mark!

This gift of satire and ridicule has, in fact, been erected by Pueblo culture into an instrument of community control and discipline. Few people enjoy being made fun of, and Pueblo people are no exception to this rule. They are, furthermore, unusually sensitive to gossip as well as ridicule. There is in each tribe an organization of religious clowns (*koshare* or, as Bandelier calls them, “Delight Makers”) who, among other duties, entertain the crowd between movements of some of the ritual dances. There are innumerable tales of their performances, generally of their ridicule of tourists or of the white man’s more irrational customs. But some of their activity consists in mockery of offending members of their own group, much as Aristophanes singled out those in Athens of whom he disapproved for personal mention in his comedies.

I remember vividly a performance in one of the Hopi villages. As the dancers withdrew after completing their turn, the clowns came forward. One of them had his body painted like the rest but his breechcloth made of a flour sack, so that, as he capered around, one could read, in reverse, “Sunshine Flour” trailing to his rear. Apparently the clowns were ridiculing young girls—perhaps just home from boarding school—who had taken to the follies of their white sisters. One of the clowns was first arrayed, with

much pantomime and dashing about, in an enormous frizzled wig, which was promptly adorned with several bright-colored ribbons. Then a gaudy and somewhat décolleté dress was laboriously hauled over him, to the accompaniment of grunts from the clowns and continuous laughter from the crowd surrounding the plaza and seated on the roof tops. Several seams, which gave way in the process, added to the hilarity. Finally the mannequin was made up by an indiscriminate application of lipstick, rouge, and paint. Having finished his toilet, the other clowns stood off to survey their handiwork. They speedily showed by pantomime that they were acutely dissatisfied with the result, a judgment with which the crowd indicated agreement. So a process of simplification began. First the hair was cut; then the clowns began scrubbing off the cosmetics with whatever dirt was handy. In the struggle, the failing seams gave way completely, and removing the dress was therefore simple. The remarks that accompanied all this, which I could not understand, brought bursts of laughter from the crowd, from whose glances I inferred that there were allusions to persons present. The next item of entertainment apparently consisted in demonstrating how ridiculous men would look if they made themselves up in similar fashion. Since the clowns were limited in their general application of false hair and cosmetics only by their extremely slight costumes, the humor became more and more uninhibited and obviously less concerned with the reform of manners. When I left, one of the

clowns was having his navel accented with lipstick. It seems strange that clowns painted from head to foot should condemn women for adorning their faces, but all cultures delight in such inconsistencies.

As a result of this kind of thing, even the Indian youngsters develop an incredible skill as mimics—as I know to my cost. Shortly after I had spoken to an assembly in one of the boarding schools, the students put on a program of their own. The main attraction was an imitation of my speech given by one of the girls, who had been talked into the necessary courage by the girls' adviser. Her repetition of what I had said certainly proved that she had listened to me closely; her imitation of my mannerisms was, as my friends on the faculty assured me, devastatingly accurate. One of the senior boys, however, explained to me that she was a rank amateur, and then proceeded to illustrate three or four more touches that she should have used to polish her performance.

On another occasion, several of the teachers and I learned by experience to appreciate the Indians' training in handling difficult social problems by a proper application of ridicule. We were eating at the boarding-school club, and, as boarders do, we fell to complaining of the food. Our theme on this day was our unsatisfied hunger. Half-joking, half in earnest, we complained more and more volubly, each stimulating the others to new eloquence. Imagine our pleasure when the schoolgirl who waited on us brought in

a large platter of leftover macaroni and cheese, my favorite dish . . . our surprise at a big bowl of cold boiled potatoes, also from the refrigerator . . . our embarrassment over the remains of an ample roast, set before us with all dignity despite roars of laughter from the other tables. Enough bowls and platters followed to clean out the refrigerators and fill the table, all served with perfect gravity. We never complained of the food again—well, hardly ever.

Enough has been said, I hope, to show that the Indian has at least as good a sense of humor as his white neighbor. In finding material for laughter he has one inestimable advantage. He is surrounded by one hundred forty million white people, whose strange ways are an unfailing source of amusement.

For one thing, the white man has created, in motion pictures and comic strips, a figure that he calls an Indian. Apparently the less reflective Indians, at any rate, do not associate this creature with themselves, but find him vastly amusing, either as a strange person of romance or as an example of the white man's usual ignorance. The boarding-school students certainly took no offense. I could hardly believe my ears when I first heard them roar with amusement as another redskin bit the dust in the Friday-night movie. They loved "Westerns," which they found exciting and amusing, "Indians" and all, and from which they drew subjects for mimicry during the following week. They also enjoyed the absurdity involved. As the spring field day ap-

proached, some of the older students, who liked to draw and did it excellently, made posters announcing the great event. What they produced were thoroughly sophisticated caricatures of the white man's unconscious caricature of the Indian. Austere figures, with long noses and one feather in the hair, proclaimed: "Ugh! Run Much Saturday. Ugh!" The posters, each one different, were more fun than the field day, exciting as that was.

The same spirit accounts, I think, for the willingness of Indians to help perpetuate the bogus Indian costume which is now standard. The traditional costumes of the Pueblo and Navaho women and those of some Pueblo men, notably at Isleta, are dignified and beautiful. Furthermore, they are still worn; but one seldom sees them in popular magazines, and then only the Navaho. I have before me now a recent issue of an illustrated magazine published in the Southwest, its cover decorated with a colored picture of an Indian in full regalia. His costume is the usual hodgepodge, never worn anywhere by any Indian tribe. It has no relationship whatever to anything ever used in the Southwest, and is perhaps closest to a caricature of the costume of the Plains Indians. Several men I knew had such outfits, in which they arrayed themselves to welcome visiting notables or otherwise to assist publicity agents. I was often puzzled by their willingness to participate in such a farce. But the Indian is fundamentally polite and agreeable. So, if white men wish to make fools of themselves, he probably con-

siders it the politest course to help them do so, especially since the result has little resemblance to a real Indian.

One need visit only one major Indian dance to agree that the tourists present a far more amazing spectacle than the dancers. The latter have a dignity and a seriousness worthy of their high religious purpose, and their costumes have the beauty of tradition and solemn ritual. The clothes of the singers and of the crowd of spectators are a riot of color, but somehow they blend into a rich tapestry. Indian crowds are always quiet and well behaved. But the tourists—or, at least, those who attract attention—are another matter. Their dress has every conceivable characteristic except good taste; and two of them can make more racket and cause more disturbance than a thousand Indians. Sometimes the natives and their friends suffer in silence; sometimes the clowns retaliate by directing their traditional weapon—ridicule—at the offender.

Sometimes, however, the clowns devote themselves to a more general consideration of the strange ways of their white visitors. Two of them will pretend to recognize each other across the plaza. After they have completed a

conversation of normal length and banality by yelling at each other at fifty yards' distance, they will finally plow through dancers and spectators to greet each other. Their exuberant affection leads them to knock each other down with hearty slaps on the back. They arise, coughing and sputtering, but with enough wind left to yell "Hi, Bill" or "Hi, Tom" several times more. Politeness requires that they sit down to talk; so they fall over as many people as possible while hunting for a place to sit. Then they look into several doors or windows, exclaiming with surprise that the inhabitants actually have beds, and speculating as to how cheaply the Navaho rugs can be bought. Next they have a violent—and loud—argument over what they shall do, and then they go off in opposite directions, stepping, as they go, on various spectators who are sitting against the houses along the plaza. And so on, in ways that the clowns have seen but find incomprehensible.

Since the Indian has endured—and is still enduring—so much mistreatment and so much suffering at the hands of white men, it is fortunate that he can at least find a little humor in their antics.

THOREAU*

Ralph Waldo Emerson

HENRY DAVID THOREAU was the last male descendant of a French ancestor who came to this country from the Isle of Guernsey. His character exhibited occasional traits drawn from this blood in singular combination with a very strong Saxon genius.

He was born in Concord, Massachusetts, on the 12th of July, 1817. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1837, but without any literary distinction. An iconoclast in literature, he seldom thanked colleges for their service to him, holding them in small esteem, whilst yet his debt to them was important. After leaving the University, he joined his brother in teaching a private school, which he soon renounced. His father was a manufacturer of lead pencils, and Henry applied himself for a time to this craft, believing he could make a better pencil than was then in use. After completing his experiments, he exhibited his work to chemists and artists in Boston, and having obtained their certificates to its excellence and to its equality with the best London manufacture, he returned home contented. His friends congratulated him that he had now opened his way to fortune. But he replied, that he should never make another pencil. "Why should I? I would not do again what I have done once." . . .

At this time, a strong, healthy youth, fresh from college, whilst all his companions were choosing their profession, or eager to begin some lucrative employment, it was inevitable that his thoughts should be exercised on the same question, and it required rare decision to refuse all the accustomed paths, and keep his solitary freedom at the cost of disappointing the natural expectations of his family and friends: all the more difficult that he had a perfect probity, was exact in securing his own independence, and in holding every man to the like duty. . . .

* EDITOR'S NOTE: A hundred years ago this year, Henry David Thoreau ended his successful experiment in solitary living. For two years, 1845 to 1847, he had lived in a hut of his own construction at the edge of Walden Pond, supporting himself by occasional hours of manual labor and proving to his own satisfaction "that man could be as independent of his kind as the nest-building bird." In the confused and hurried world of 1947, *The Pacific Spectator* takes pleasure in marking the centenary by reprinting Emerson's estimate of, and tribute to, Thoreau.

A natural skill for mensuration, growing out of his mathematical knowledge, and his habit of ascertaining the measures and distances of objects which interested him, the size of trees, the depth and extent of ponds and rivers, the height of mountains, and the air-line distance of his favorite summits,—this, and his intimate knowledge of the territory about Concord, made him drift into the profession of land-surveyor. It had the advantage for him that it led him continually into new and secluded grounds, and helped his studies of Nature. His accuracy and skill in this work were readily appreciated, and he found all the employment he wanted.

He could easily solve the problems of the surveyor, but he was daily beset with graver questions, which he manfully confronted. He interrogated every custom, and wished to settle all his practice on an ideal foundation. He was a protestant *à l'outrance*, and few lives contain so many renunciations. He was bred to no profession; he never married; he lived alone; he never went to church; he never voted; he refused to pay a tax to the State; he ate no flesh, he drank no wine, he never knew the use of tobacco; and, though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun. He chose, wisely, no doubt, for himself, to be the bachelor of thought and Nature. He had no talent for wealth, and knew how to be poor without the least hint of squalor or inelegance. Perhaps he fell into his way of living without forecasting it much, but approved it with later wisdom. "I am often reminded," he wrote in his journal, "that, if I had bestowed on me the wealth of Croesus, my aims must be still the same, and my means essentially the same." He had no temptations to fight against,—no appetites, no passions, no taste for elegant trifles. A fine house, dress, the manners and talk of highly cultivated people were all thrown away on him. He much preferred a good Indian, and considered these refinements as impediments to conversation, wishing to meet his companion on the simplest terms. He declined invitations to dinner-parties, because there each was in every one's way, and he could not meet the individuals to any purpose. "They make their pride," he said, "in making their dinner cost much; I make my pride in making my dinner cost little." When asked at table what dish he preferred, he answered, "The nearest." . . .

He chose to be rich by making his wants few, and supplying them himself. In his travels, he used the railroad only to get over so much country as was unimportant to the present purpose, walking hundreds of miles, avoiding taverns, buying a lodging in farmers' and fishermen's

houses, as cheaper, and more agreeable to him, and because there he could better find the men and the information he wanted.

There was somewhat military in his nature not to be subdued, always manly and able, but rarely tender, as if he did not feel himself except in opposition. He wanted a fallacy to expose, a blunder to pillory, I may say required a little sense of victory, a roll of the drum, to call his powers into full exercise. It cost him nothing to say No; indeed he found it much easier than to say Yes. It seemed as if his first instinct on hearing a proposition was to controvert it, so impatient was he of the limitations of our daily thought. This habit, of course, is a little chilling to the social affections; and though the companion would in the end acquit him of any malice or untruth, yet it mars conversation. Hence, no equal companion stood in affectionate relations with one so pure and guileless. "I love Henry," said one of his friends, "but I cannot like him; and as for taking his arm, I should as soon think of taking the arm of an elm-tree."

. . . . In 1845 he built himself a small framed house on the shores of Walden Pond, and lived there two years alone, a life of labor and study. This action was quite native and fit for him. No one who knew him would tax him with affectation. He was more unlike his neighbors in his thought than in his action. As soon as he had exhausted the advantages of that solitude, he abandoned it. In 1847, not approving some uses to which the public expenditure was applied, he refused to pay his town tax, and was put in jail. A friend paid the tax for him, and he was released. The like annoyance was threatened the next year. But, as his friends paid the tax, notwithstanding his protest, I believe he ceased to resist. No opposition or ridicule had any weight with him. He coldly and fully stated his opinion without affecting to believe that it was the opinion of the company. It was of no consequence, if every one present held the opposite opinion. On one occasion he went to the University Library to procure some books. The librarian refused to lend them. Mr. Thoreau repaired to the President, who stated to him the rules and usages, which permitted the loan of books to resident graduates, to clergymen who were alumni, and to some others resident within a circle of ten miles' radius from the College. Mr. Thoreau explained to the President that the railroad had destroyed the old scale of distances,—that the library was useless, yes, and President and College useless, on the terms of his rules,—that the one benefit he owed to the College was its library,—that, at this moment, not only his want of books was imperative, but he wanted a large

number of books, and assured him that he, Thoreau, and not the librarian, was the proper custodian of these. In short, the President found the petitioner so formidable, and the rules getting to look so ridiculous, that he ended by giving him a privilege which in his hands proved unlimited thereafter.

No truer American existed than Thoreau. His preference of his country and condition was genuine, and his aversion from English and European manners and tastes almost reached contempt. He listened impatiently to news or *bon mots* gleaned from London circles; and though he tried to be civil, these anecdotes fatigued him. The men were all imitating each other, and on a small mould. Why can they not live as far apart as possible, and each be a man by himself? What he sought was the most energetic nature; and he wished to go to Oregon, not to London. "In every part of Great Britain," he wrote in his diary, "are discovered traces of the Romans, their funereal urns, their camps, their roads, their dwellings. But New England, at least, is not based on any Roman ruins. We have not to lay the foundations of our houses on the ashes of a former civilization."

But, idealist as he was, standing for abolition of slavery, abolition of tariffs, almost for abolition of government, it is needless to say he found himself not only unrepresented in actual politics, but almost equally opposed to every class of reformers. Yet he paid the tribute of his uniform respect to the Anti-Slavery party. One man, whose personal acquaintance he had formed, he honored with exceptional regard. Before the first friendly word had been spoken for Captain John Brown, he sent notices to most houses in Concord, that he would speak in a public hall on the condition and character of John Brown, on Sunday evening, and invited all people to come. The Republican Committee, the Abolitionist Committee, sent him word that it was premature and not advisable. He replied,—"I did not send to you for advice, but to announce that I am to speak." The hall was filled at an early hour by people of all parties, and his earnest eulogy of the hero was heard by all respectfully, by many with a sympathy that surprised themselves. . . .

He had a strong common sense, like that which Rose Flammock, the weaver's daughter, in Scott's romance, commends in her father, as resembling a yardstick, which, whilst it measures dowlas and diaper, can equally well measure tapestry and cloth of gold. He had always a new resource. When I was planting forest-trees, and had procured half a peck of acorns,

he said that only a small portion of them would be sound, and proceeded to examine them, and select the sound ones. But finding this took time, he said, "I think, if you put them all into water, the good ones will sink"; which experiment we tried with success. He could plan a garden, or a house, or a barn; would have been competent to lead a "Pacific Exploring Expedition"; could give judicious counsel in the gravest private or public affairs.

He lived for the day, not cumbered and mortified by his memory. If he brought you yesterday a new proposition, he would bring you to-day another not less revolutionary. A very industrious man, and setting, like all highly organized men, a high value on his time, he seemed the only man of leisure in town, always ready for any excursion that promised well, or for conversation prolonged into late hours. His trenchant sense was never stopped by his rules of daily prudence, but was always up to the new occasion. He liked and used the simplest food, yet, when some one urged a vegetable diet, Thoreau thought all diets a very small matter, saying that "the man who shoots the buffalo lives better than the man who boards at the Graham House." He said,—"You can sleep near the railroad, and never be disturbed: Nature knows very well what sounds are worth attending to, and has made up her mind not to hear the railroad-whistle. But things respect the devout mind, and a mental ecstasy was never interrupted." He noted, what repeatedly befell him, that, after receiving from a distance a rare plant, he would presently find the same in his own haunts. And those pieces of luck which happen only to good players happened to him. One day, walking with a stranger, who inquired where Indian arrow-heads could be found, he replied, "Everywhere," and, stooping forward, picked one on the instant from the ground. At Mount Washington, in Tuckerman's Ravine, Thoreau had a bad fall, and sprained his foot. As he was in the act of getting up from his fall, he saw for the first time the leaves of the *Arnica mollis*.

His robust common sense, armed with stout hands, keen perceptions, and strong will, cannot yet account for the superiority which shone in his simple and hidden life. I must add the cardinal fact, that there was an excellent wisdom in him, proper to a rare class of men, which showed him the material world as a means and symbol. This discovery, which sometimes yields to poets a certain casual and interrupted light, serving for the ornament of their writing, was in him an unsleeping insight; and whatever faults or obstructions of temperament might cloud it, he was not dis-

obedient to the heavenly vision. In his youth, he said, one day, "The other world is all my art; my pencils will draw no other; my jack-knife will cut nothing else; I do not use it as a means." This was the muse and genius that ruled his opinions, conversation, studies, work, and course of life. This made him a searching judge of men. At first glance he measured his companion, and, though insensible to some fine traits of culture, could very well report his weight and calibre. And this made the impression of genius which his conversation sometimes gave.

He understood the matter in hand at a glance, and saw the limitations and poverty of those he talked with, so that nothing seemed concealed from such terrible eyes. I have repeatedly known young men of sensibility converted in a moment to the belief that this was the man they were in search of, the man of men, who could tell them all they should do. His own dealing with them was never affectionate, but superior, didactic,—scorning their petty ways,—very slowly conceding, or not conceding at all, the promise of his society at their houses, or even at his own. "Would he not walk with them?" "He did not know. There was nothing so important to him as his walk; he had no walks to throw away on company." Visits were offered him from respectful parties, but he declined them. Admiring friends offered to carry him at their own cost to the Yellow-Stone River,—to the West Indies,—to South America. But though nothing could be more grave or considered than his refusals, they remind one in quite new relations of that fop Brummel's reply to the gentleman who offered him his carriage in a shower, "But where will *you* ride, then?"—and what accusing silences, and what searching and irresistible speeches, battering down all defences, his companions can remember!

Mr. Thoreau dedicated his genius with such entire love to the fields, hills and waters of his native town, that he made them known and interesting to all reading Americans, and to people over the sea. The river on whose banks he was born and died he knew from its springs to its confluence with the Merrimack. He had made summer and winter observations on it for many years, and at every hour of the day and the night. The result of the recent survey of the Water Commissioners appointed by the State of Massachusetts he had reached by his private experiments, several years earlier. Every fact which occurs in the bed, on the banks, or in the air over it; the fishes, and their spawning and nests, their manners, their food; the shadflies which fill the air on a certain evening once

a year, and which are snapped at by the fishes so ravenously that many of these die of repletion; the conical heaps of small stones on the river-shallows, one of which heaps will sometimes overfill a cart,—these heaps the huge nests of small fishes; the birds which frequent the stream, heron, duck, sheldrake, loon, osprey; the snake, muskrat, otter, woodchuck, and fox, on the banks; the turtle, frog, hyla, and cricket, which make the banks vocal,—were all known to him, and, as it were, townsmen and fellow-creatures; so that he felt an absurdity or violence in any narrative of one of these by itself apart, and still more of its dimensions on an inch-rule, or in the exhibition of its skeleton, or the specimen of a squirrel or a bird in brandy. He liked to speak of the manners of the river, as itself a lawful creature, yet with exactness, and always to an observed fact. As he knew the river, so the ponds in this region.

One of the weapons he used, more important than microscope or alcohol-receiver to other investigators, was a whim which grew on him by indulgence, yet appeared in gravest statement, namely, of extolling his own town and neighborhood as the most favored centre for natural observation. He remarked that the Flora of Massachusetts embraced almost all the important plants of America. . . . He returned Kane's "Arctic Voyage" to a friend of whom he had borrowed it, with the remark, that "most of the phenomena noted might be observed in Concord." He seemed a little envious of the Pole, for the coincident sunrise and sunset, or five minutes' day after six months: a splendid fact, which Annursnuc had never afforded him. He found red snow in one of his walks, and told me that he expected to find yet the *Victoria regia* in Concord. He was the attorney of the indigenous plants, and owned to a preference of the weeds to the imported plants, as of the Indian to the civilized man,—and noticed, with pleasure, that the willow bean-poles of his neighbor had grown more than his beans. "See these weeds," he said, "which have been hoed at by a million farmers all spring and summer, and yet have prevailed, and just now come out triumphant over all lanes, pastures, fields, and gardens, such is their vigor. We have insulted them with low names, too,—as Pigweed, Wormwood, Chickweed, Shad-Blossom." He says, "They have brave names, too,—Ambrosia, Stellaria, Amelanchia, Amaranth, etc."

I think his fancy for referring everything to the meridian of Concord did not grow out of any ignorance or depreciation of other longitudes or latitudes, but was rather a playful expression of his conviction of the indifference of all places, and that the best place for each is where he

stands. He expressed it once in this wise:—"I think nothing is to be hoped from you, if this bit of mould under your feet is not sweeter to you to eat than any other in this world, or in any world."

The other weapon with which he conquered all obstacles in science was patience. He knew how to sit immovable, a part of the rock he rested on, until the bird, the reptile, the fish, which had retired from him, should come back, and resume its habits, nay, moved by curiosity, should come to him and watch him.

It was a pleasure and a privilege to walk with him. He knew the country like a fox or a bird, and passed through it as freely by paths of his own. He knew every track in the snow or on the ground, and what creature had taken this path before him. . . . Under his arm he carried an old music-book to press plants; in his pocket, his diary and pencil, a spy-glass for birds, microscope, jack-knife, and twine. He wore a straw hat, stout shoes, strong gray trousers, to brave shrub-oak and smilax, and to climb a tree for a hawk's or a squirrel's nest. He waded into the pool for the water-plants, and his strong legs were no insignificant part of his armor. On the day I speak of . . . he drew out of his breast-pocket his diary, and read the names of all the plants that should bloom on this day, whereof he kept account as a banker when his notes fall due. The *Cypripedium* not due till to-morrow. He thought, that, if waked up from a trance, in this swamp, he could tell by the plants what time of the year it was within two days. . . . Presently he hears a note which he called that of the night-warbler, a bird he had never identified, had been in search of twelve years, which always, when he saw it, was in the act of diving down into a tree or bush, and which it was vain to seek; the only bird that sings indifferently by night and by day. I told him he must beware of finding and booking it, lest life should have nothing more to show him. He said, "What you seek in vain for, half your life, one day you come full upon all the family at dinner. You seek it like a dream, and as soon as you find it you become its prey."

. . . He would not offer a memoir of his observations to the Natural History Society. "Why should I? To detach the description from its connections in my mind would make it no longer true or valuable to me: and they do not wish what belongs to it." His power of observation seemed to indicate additional senses. He saw as with microscope, heard as with ear-trumpet, and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard. And yet none knew better than he that it is not the

fact that imports, but the impression or effect of the fact on your mind. Every fact lay in glory in his mind, a type of the order and beauty of the whole.

. . . . His intimacy with animals suggested what Thomas Fuller records of Butler the apiologist, that "either he had told the bees things or the bees had told him." Snakes coiled round his leg; the fishes swam into his hand, and he took them out of the water; he pulled the woodchuck out of its hole by the tail, and took the foxes under his protection from the hunters. Our naturalist had perfect magnanimity; he had no secrets: he would carry you to the heron's haunt, or even to his most prized botanical swamp,—possibly knowing that you could never find it again, yet willing to take his risks.

No college ever offered him a diploma, or a professor's chair; no academy made him its corresponding secretary, its discovered, or even its member. Possibly these learned bodies feared the satire of his presence. Yet so much knowledge of Nature's secret and genius few others possessed; none in a more large and religious synthesis. For not a particle of respect had he to the opinions of any man or body of men, but homage solely to the truth itself. . . . He grew to be revered and admired by his townsmen, who had at first known him only as an oddity. The farmers who employed him as a surveyor soon discovered his rare accuracy and skill, his knowledge of their lands, of trees, of birds, of Indian remains, and the like, which enabled him to tell every farmer more than he knew before of his own farm; so that he began to feel a little as if Mr. Thoreau had better rights in his land than he. They felt, too, the superiority of character which addressed all men with a native authority.

Indian relics abound in Concord,—arrow-heads, stone chisels, pestles, and fragments of pottery; and on the river-bank, large heaps of clamshells and ashes mark spots which the savages frequented. These, and every circumstance touching the Indian, were important in his eyes. His visits to Maine were chiefly for love of the Indian. . . . Occasionally, a small party of Penobscot Indians would visit Concord, and pitch their tents for a few weeks in summer on the river-bank. He failed not to make acquaintance with the best of them; though he well knew that asking questions of Indians is like catechizing beavers and rabbits. . . .

He was equally interested in every natural fact. The depth of his perception found likeness of law throughout Nature, and I know not any genius who so swiftly inferred universal law from the single fact. He

was no pedant of a department. His eye was open to beauty, and his ear to music. He found these, not in rare conditions, but wheresoever he went. He thought the best of music was in single strains; and he found poetic suggestion in the humming of the telegraph-wire.

His poetry might be bad or good; he no doubt wanted a lyric facility and technical skill, but he had the source of poetry in his spiritual perception. . . . He admired Æschylus and Pindar; but, when some one was commending them, he said that "Æschylus and the Greeks, in describing Apollo and Orpheus, had given no song, or no good one. They ought not to have moved trees, but to have chanted to the gods such a hymn as would have sung all their old ideas out of their heads, and new ones in." His own verses are often rude and defective. The gold does not yet run pure, is drossy and crude. The thyme and marjoram are not yet honey. But if he want lyric fineness and technical merits, if he have not the poetic temperament, he never lacks the causal thought, showing that his genius was better than his talent. He knew the worth of the Imagination for the uplifting and consolation of human life, and liked to throw every thought into a symbol. The fact you tell is of no value, but only the impression. For this reason his presence was poetic, always piqued the curiosity to know more deeply the secrets of his mind. He had many reserves, . . . and knew well how to throw a poetic veil over his experience. All readers of "Walden" will remember his mythical record of his disappointments:—

"I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtledove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travellers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks, and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who have heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud; and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves."¹

. . . . His biography is in his verses. His habitual thought makes all his poetry a hymn to the Cause of causes, the Spirit which vivifies and controls his own.

I hearing get, who had but ears,
And sight, who had but eyes before;
I moments live, who lived but years,
And truth discern, who knew but learning's lore.

¹ *Walden*, p. 20.

And still more in these religious lines:—

Now chiefly is my natal hour,
And only now my prime of life;
I will not doubt the love untold,
Which not my worth or want hath bought,
Which wooed me young, and woos me old,
And to this evening hath me brought.

. . . . Thoreau was sincerity itself. . . . A truth-speaker he, capable of the most deep and strict conversation; a physician to the wounds of any soul; a friend, knowing not only the secret of friendship, but almost worshipped by those few persons who resorted to him as their confessor and prophet, and knew the deep value of his mind and great heart. He thought that without religion or devotion of some kind nothing great was ever accomplished: and he thought that the bigoted sectarian had better bear this in mind.

His virtues, of course, sometimes ran into extremes. It was easy to trace to the inexorable demand on all for exact truth that austerity which made this willing hermit more solitary even than he wished. Himself of a perfect probity, he required not less of others. He had a disgust at crime, and no worldly success would cover it. He detected paltering as readily in dignified and prosperous persons as in beggars, and with equal scorn. Such dangerous frankness was in his dealing that his admirers called him "that terrible Thoreau," as if he spoke when silent, and was still present when he had departed. I think the severity of his ideal interfered to deprive him of a healthy sufficiency of human society.

The habit of a realist to find things the reverse of their appearance inclined him to put every statement in a paradox. A certain habit of antagonism defaced his earlier writings,—a trick of rhetoric not quite outgrown in his later, of substituting for the obvious word and thought its diametrical opposite. He praised wild mountains and winter forests for their domestic air, in snow and ice he would find sultriness, and commended the wilderness for resembling Rome and Paris. "It was so dry, that you might call it wet."

. . . . To him there was no such thing as size. The pond was a small ocean; the Atlantic, a large Walden Pond. He referred every minute fact to cosmical laws. Though he meant to be just, he seemed haunted by a certain chronic assumption that the science of the day pretended

completeness, and he had just found out that the *savants* had neglected to discriminate a particular botanical variety, had failed to describe the seeds or count the sepals. "That is to say," we replied, "the blockheads were not born in Concord; but who said they were? It was their unspeakable misfortune to be born in London, or Paris, or Rome; but, poor fellows, they did what they could, considering that they never saw Bate-man's Pond, or Nine-Acre Corner, or Becky-Stow's Swamp. . . ."

Had his genius been only contemplative, he had been fitted to his life, but with his energy and practical ability he seemed born for great enterprise and for command; and I so much regret the loss of his rare powers of action, that I cannot help counting it a fault in him that he had no ambition. Wanting this, instead of engineering for all America, he was the captain of a huckleberry-party. Pounding beans is good to the end of pounding empires one of these days; but if, at the end of years, it is still only beans!

But these foibles, real or apparent, were fast vanishing in the incessant growth of a spirit so robust and wise, and which effaced its defeats with new triumphs. His study of Nature was a perpetual ornament to him, and inspired his friends with curiosity to see the world through his eyes, and to hear his adventures. They possessed every kind of interest.

He had many elegances of his own, whilst he scoffed at conventional elegance. Thus, he could not bear to hear the sound of his own steps, the grit of gravel; and therefore never willingly walked in the road, but in the grass, on mountains and in woods. His senses were acute, and he remarked that by night every dwelling-house gives out bad air, like a slaughter-house. He liked the pure fragrance of melilot. He honored certain plants with special regard, and, over all, the pond-lily,—then, the gentian, and the *Mikania scandens*, and "life-everlasting," and a bass-tree which he visited every year when it bloomed, in the middle of July. He thought the scent a more oracular inquisition than the sight,—more oracular and trustworthy. The scent, of course, reveals what is concealed from the other senses. By it he detected earthiness. He delighted in echoes, and said they were almost the only kind of kindred voices that he heard. He loved Nature so well, was so happy in her solitude, that he became jealous of cities. . . . The axe was always destroying his forest. "Thank God," he said, "they cannot cut down the clouds!" "All kinds of figures are drawn on the blue ground with this fibrous white paint."

I subjoin a few sentences taken from his unpublished manuscripts, not

only as records of his thought and feeling, but for their power of description and literary excellence.

"Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk."

"The chub is a soft fish, and tastes like boiled brown paper salted."

"The youth gets together his materials to build a bridge to the moon, or, perchance, a palace or temple on the earth, and at length the middle-aged man concludes to build a wood-shed with them."

"The locust z-ing."

"Devil's-needles zigzagging along the Nut-Meadow brook."

"Sugar is not so sweet to the palate as sound to the healthy ear."

"I put on some hemlock-boughs, and the rich salt crackling of their leaves was like mustard to the ear, the crackling of uncountable regiments. Dead trees love the fire."

"The bluebird carries the sky on his back."

"The tanager flies through the green foliage as if it would ignite the leaves."

"If I wish for a horse-hair for my compass-sight, I must go to the stable; but the hair-bird, with her sharp eyes, goes to the road."

"Immortal water, alive even to the superficies."

"Fire is the most tolerable third party."

"Nature made ferns for pure leaves, to show what she could do in that line."

"No tree has so fair a bole and so handsome an instep as the beech."

"How did these beautiful rainbow-tints get into the shell of the fresh-water clam, buried in the mud at the bottom of our dark river?"

"Hard are the times when the infant's shoes are second-foot."

"We are strictly confined to our men to whom we give liberty."

"Nothing is so much to be feared as fear. Atheism may comparatively be popular with God himself."

"Of what significance the things you can forget? A little thought is sexton to all the world."

"How can we expect a harvest of thought who have not had a seed-time of character?"

"Only he can be trusted with gifts who can present a face of bronze to expectations."

"I ask to be melted. You can only ask of the metals that they be tender to the fire that melts them. To nought else can they be tender."

There is a flower known to botanists, . . . which grows on the most inaccessible cliffs of the Tyrolese mountains, where the chamois dare hardly venture, and which the hunter, tempted by its beauty, and by his love, (for it is immensely valued by the Swiss maidens,) climbs the cliffs to gather, and is sometimes found dead at the foot, with the flower in his hand. It is called . . . by the Swiss *Edelweisse*, which signifies *Noble Purity*. Thoreau seemed to me living in the hope to gather this plant, which belonged to him of right. The scale on which his studies proceeded was so large as to require longevity, and we were the less prepared for his sudden disappearance. . . . His soul was made for the noblest society; he had in a short life exhausted the capabilities of this world; wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home.

You can hold back from the suffering of the world, you have free permission to do so and it is in accordance with your nature, but perhaps this very holding back is the one suffering you could have avoided.

—FRANZ KAFKA, *The Great Wall of China*

INDEX TO VOLUME I

- ADVENTURER TOO SOON, Bernard DeVoto, 369-75
- APPRAISAL, *The Spectator's*, 97-104, 214-24, 285-95, 391-98: If We Shadows Have Offended, by Robert Hamilton Ball, 97-104; F. S. C. Northrop's *The Meeting of East and West*, by Robert Grinnell, 214-24; China Through American Eyes, 1940-46, by Laurence Sears, 285-95; Transfiguration or Renewal? by Lewis Mumford, 391-98
- ARNOLD, RICHARD K., A Problem in Creation, 428-34
- AUTHORS, *The Spectator's*: Winter, ii, 132; Spring, iii, x-xi; Summer, iii, viii-x; Autumn, iii, vii
- BAILEY, THOMAS A., Finnish Facts, 336-38
- BALL, ROBERT HAMILTON, If We Shadows Have Offended, 97-104
- BREAKDOWN OF INTELLECTUAL COMMUNICATION, THE, Louis B. Wright, 27-35
- CALIFORNIA CENTENNIALS: A STUDY IN EXTREMES, Robert G. Cleland, 225-34
- CAN LAW SUPPLANT FORCE IN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS? A. C. Krey, 76-87
- CARHART, ARTHUR H., Don't Fence Us In! 251-64
- CARPENTER, FREDERIC I., The Time of William Saroyan's Life, 88-96
- CHINA THROUGH AMERICAN EYES, 1940-46, Laurence Sears, 285-95
- CLELAND, ROBERT G., California Centennials: A Study in Extremes, 225-34
- COLUMBUS LEGEND, THE, Francis R. Johnson, 56-57
- CONSENT AND COERCION IN GOVERNING, T. V. Smith, 315-25
- CRAFT OF THE FILM SCORE, THE, Robert U. Nelson, 435-46
- DECLINE OF THE PROFESSIONAL AMERICAN THEATRE, THE, Hubert C. Heffner, 58-75
- DEVOTO, BERNARD, Queen City of the Plains and Peaks, 162-74; Adventurer Too Soon, 369-75
- DODDS, JOHN W., Let Radio Be Fair to Us! 376-90
- DONAT, JOSEPH, Engraving of Frontispiece: Wild Horses—Mexico, *facing* 361
- DON'T FENCE US IN! Arthur H. Carhart, 251-64
- EATON, WALTER PRICHARD, Little Less Than a God, 265-71
- ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT IN THE ORIENT: SOME PROBLEMS, Eugene Staley, 144-61
- EDITORIAL STATEMENT, I
- EDUCATION FOR CONVERSATION, Max Radin, 2-13
- EMERSON, RALPH WALDO, Thoreau, 464-77
- F. S. C. NORTHROP's *The Meeting of East and West*, Robert Grinnell, 214-24
- FINNISH FACTS, Thomas A. Bailey, 336-38
- FORESTER, C. S., London Revisited, 131-37
- FRONTISPIECE: WILD HORSES—MEXICO, Millard Sheets and Joseph Donat, *facing* 361
- GAY, ROBERT M., Mosaic: A Personal Essay, 175-83
- GOVERNMENT BY HABIT, Eldon L. Johnson, 405-16
- GRANDMOTHER ENGLAND TAKES IN THE WILD WEST, Helene Maxwell Hooker, 305-14
- GRIFFITH, BEATRICE, Who Are the *Pachucos*? 352-60
- GRINNELL, ROBERT, F. S. C. Northrop's *The Meeting of East and West*, 214-24
- HEFFNER, HUBERT C., The Decline of the Professional American Theatre, 58-75
- HELM, MACKINLEY, The Mexican Painters, 417-27
- HOOKE, HELENE MAXWELL, Grandmother England Takes in the Wild West, 304-14
- HUMORLESS INDIAN, THE, Virgil K. Whitaker, 458-63
- "I DREAMED I SAW JOE HILL LAST NIGHT," Wallace Stegner, 184-87
- IF WE SHADOWS HAVE OFFENDED, Robert Hamilton Ball, 97-104
- JOHNSON, ELDON L., Government by Habit, 405-16
- JOHNSON, FRANCIS R., The Columbus Legend, 56-57
- JOSÉ RIZAL, Daniel E. Kerman, 326-35
- KERMAN, DANIEL E., José Rizal, 326-35
- KREY, A. C., Can Law Supplant Force in International Affairs? 76-87
- LET RADIO BE FAIR TO US! John W. Dodds, 376-90

- LET'S BE FAIR TO RADIO, Hartzell Spence, 339-51
- LEWIS, OSCAR, The Outlook for Western Publishing, 138-43
- LILLARD, RICHARD G., Timber King, 14-26
- LITTLE LESS THAN A GOD, Walter Prichard Eaton, 265-71
- LONDON REVISITED, C. S. Forester, 131-37
- LYON, E. WILSON, The Western Scholar, 399-404
- MEXICAN PAINTERS, THE, MacKinley Helm, 417-27
- MORRISON, THEODORE, "The Fault, Dear Brutus," 235-50
- MOZAIC: A PERSONAL ESSAY, Robert M. Gay, 175-83
- MUMFORD, LEWIS, Transfiguration or Renewal? 391-98
- NELSON, ROBERT U., The Craft of the Film Score, 435-46
- NISEI SINCE PEARL HARBOR, THE, Henry Tani, 203-13
- NITZE, WILLIAM A., Pascal and the Modern Dilemma, 361-68
- OUTLOOK FOR WESTERN PUBLISHING, THE, Oscar Lewis, 138-43
- PASCAL AND THE MODERN DILEMMA, William A. Nitze, 361-67
- PRELUDE TO BIKINI, Hugh Hildreth Skillings, 36-55
- PROBLEM IN CREATION, A, Richard K. Arnold, 428-34
- PROFESSOR IN SCANDINAVIA, THE, Walde-
mar Westergaard, 296-304
- QUEEN CITY OF THE PLAINS AND PEAKS, Bernard DeVoto, 162-74
- RADIN, MAX, Education for Conversation, 2-13
- ROOD, JOHN, What's It Supposed to Be? 196-202
- SEARS, LAURENCE, China Through American Eyes, 1940-46, 285-95
- SHAW: IRONIST OR PARADOCTOR? Alan Reynolds Thompson, 113-29
- SHEETS, MILLARD, Design of Frontispiece: Wild Horses—Mexico, *facing* 361
- SICK AMERICAN NOVEL, THE, Sophus Keith Winther, 105-12
- SKILLING, HUGH HILDRETH, Prelude to Bikini, 36-55
- SMITH, T. V., Consent and Coercion in Governing, 315-25
- SPENCE, HARTZELL, Let's Be Fair to Radio, 339-51
- STALEY, EUGENE, Economic Development in the Orient: Some Problems, 144-61
- STEGNER, WALLACE, "I Dreamed I Saw Joe Hill Last Night," 184-87
- STEINBECK AGAINST STEINBECK, Donald Weeks, 447-57
- STERLING, J. E. WALLACE, Who Is Clio? Where Is She? 272-84
- STEWART, GEORGE R., The West as Seen from the East (1800-1850), 188-95
- TANI, HENRY, The Nisei Since Pearl Harbor, 203-13
- "THE FAULT, DEAR BRUTUS," Theodore Morrison, 235-50
- THOMPSON, ALAN REYNOLDS, Shaw: Ironist or Paradoctor? 113-29
- THOREAU, Ralph Waldo Emerson, 464-77
- TIMBER KING, Richard G. Lillard, 14-26
- TIME OF WILLIAM SAROYAN'S LIFE, THE, Frederic I. Carpenter, 88-96
- TRADITION AND THE SKEPTIC, 56-57, 184-87, 336-38, 458-63: The Columbus Legend, by Francis R. Johnson, 56-57; "I Dreamed I Saw Joe Hill Last Night," by Wallace Stegner, 184-87; Finnish Facts, by Thomas A. Bailey, 336-38; The Humorless Indian, by Virgil K. Whitaker, 458-63
- TRANSFIGURATION OR RENEWAL? Lewis Mumford, 391-98
- WEEKS, DONALD, Steinbeck Against Steinbeck, 447-57
- WEST AS SEEN FROM THE EAST (1800-1850), THE, George R. Stewart, 188-95
- WESTERGAARD, WALDEMAR, The Professor in Scandinavia, 296-304
- WESTERN SCHOLAR, THE, E. Wilson Lyon, 399-404
- WHAT'S IT SUPPOSED TO BE? John Rood, 196-202
- WHITAKER, VIRGIL K., The Humorless Indian, 458-63
- WHO ARE THE *Pachucos*? Beatrice Griffith, 352-60
- WHO IS CLIO? WHERE IS SHE? J. E. Wallace Sterling, 272-84
- WINTHER, SOPHUS KEITH, The Sick American Novel, 105-12
- WRIGHT, LOUIS B., The Breakdown of Intellectual Communication, 27-35

THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR

A Journal of Interpretation

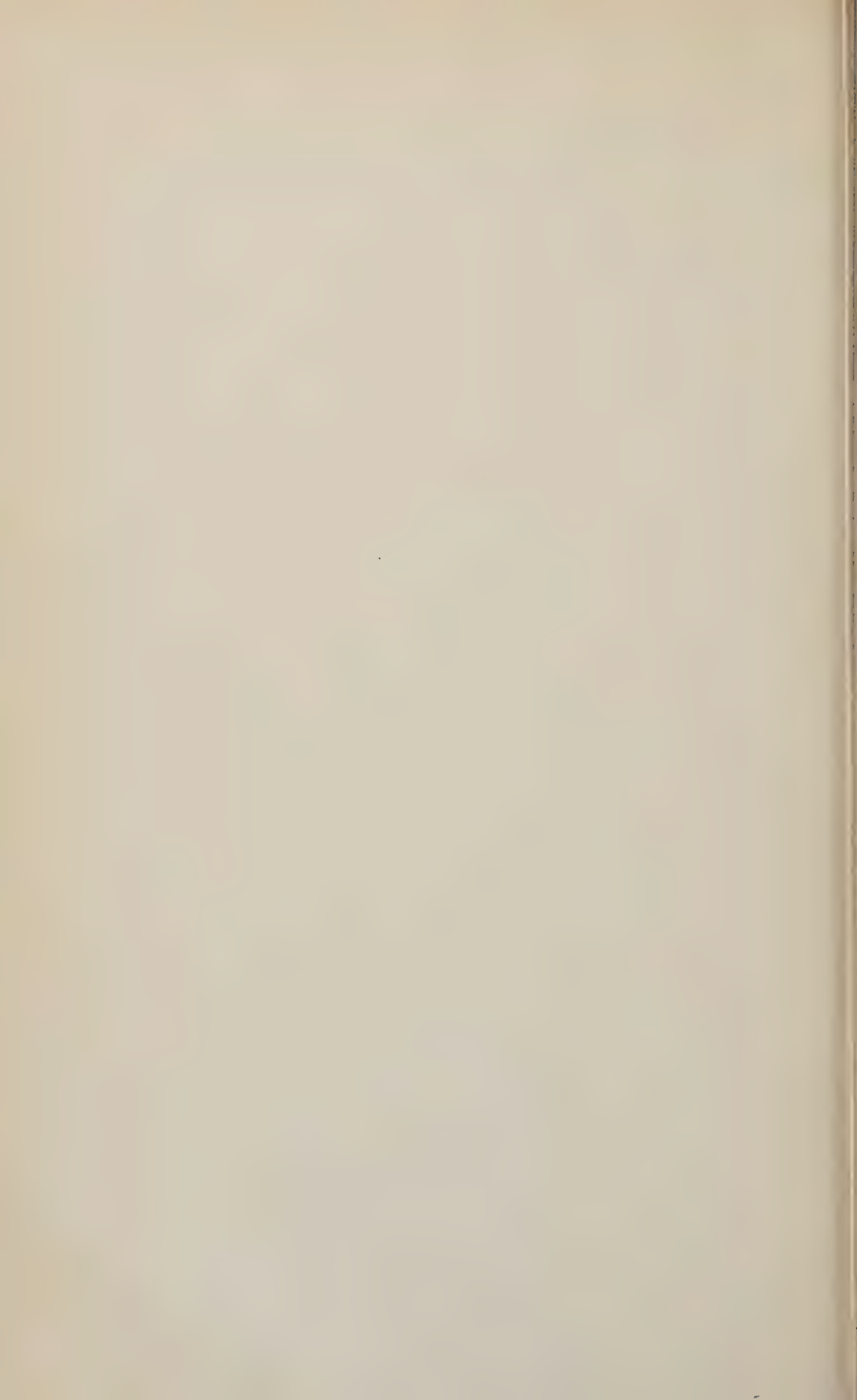
Advisory Board

R. F. ARRAGON, *Reed College*
JAMES CALDWELL, *University of California*
ROBERT G. CLELAND, *Huntington Library*
CH'EN SHOU-YI, *Pomona College*
ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN, *San Francisco Chronicle*
FREDERICK HARD, *Scripps College*
JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*
PAUL JORDAN-SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*
E. WILSON LYON, *Pomona College*
WILLIAM A. NITZE, *University of California, Los Angeles*
MILLARD SHEETS, *Scripps College*
ARCHER TAYLOR, *University of California*
FRANKLIN WALKER, *Mills College*
SOPHUS WINTHER, *University of Washington*

THE PACIFIC COAST COMMITTEE FOR THE HUMANITIES acknowledges the assistance in the founding of *The Pacific Spectator* of the following

Sponsoring Educational Institutions

CLAREMONT GRADUATE SCHOOL	PACIFIC UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC	POMONA COLLEGE
IMMACULATE HEART COLLEGE	REED COLLEGE
LA VERNE COLLEGE	SCRIPPS COLLEGE
LOYOLA UNIVERSITY	STANFORD UNIVERSITY
MILLS COLLEGE	UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
MOUNT SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE	UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE	UNIVERSITY OF REDLANDS
WHITTIER COLLEGE	UNIVERSITY OF SAN FRANCISCO
	UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA
	UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON







3 8198 322 311 034

ANNEX

Ref.
Period

87679

